Oct. 25, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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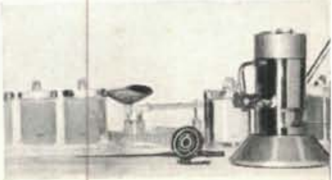

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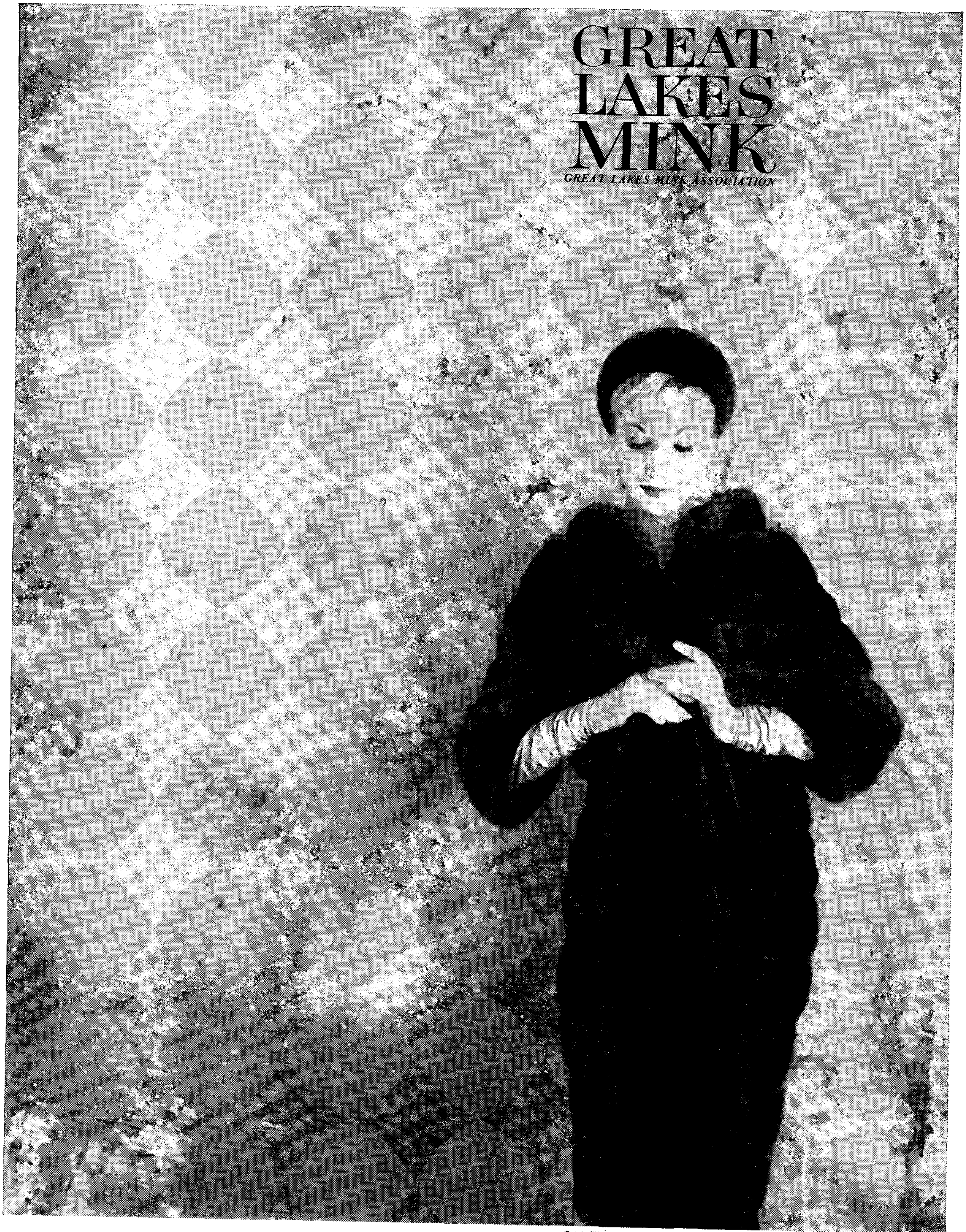
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson in a cast directed by George Abbott. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girls in 509—A play that makes wide, satirical gestures but delivers nothing but jokes. Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are as funny as they can manage to be as a pair of Republican fugitives from socialism. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy gives a wonderfully strong performance as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's restrained and eloquent play about three crucial years in the late President's life. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Théâtre National Populaire—The final performances of a three-week repertory presented by S. Hurok, under the auspices of the French government. Hugo's "Marie Tudor," with Maria Casarès and Jean Vilar, Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2:30 and 7. . . . ¶ De Musset's "Lorenzaccio," with Gérard Philipe, Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's "Don Juan," with Jean Vilar, Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8; Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2:30 and 7. . . . ¶ Corneille's "Le Cid," with Gérard Philipe, Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8; Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992.)

A Touch of the Poet—Eugene O'Neill's play about life in the United States back in the Colonial period, which is a satisfactory drama and has the estimable services of Helen Hayes. This is its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Visit—About a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are stunning as the victim and the vengeful lady, and the whole thing is chillingly powerful theatre. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The World of Suzie Wong—A small, trite hymn to love in Hong Kong, lavishly orchestrated, and played with quiet skill and sincerity by a new actress named France Nuyen. Others in the cast are William Shatner and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS: Concerning the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, George L. Smith, and Eileen Heckart have the leading roles in William Inge's play. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL:** Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel reduced by Ketti Frings to a coherent play. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft are the whole cast of William Gibson's play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Once More, with Feeling—Joseph Cotten and Arlene Francis in a comedy by Harry Kurnitz. Directed by George Axelrod and produced by Martin Gabel and Henry Margolis. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—A comedy by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, starring Cyril Ritchard (who also staged it), Miss Skinner, Charlie Ruggles, and Walter Abel. Presented by the Playwrights' Company. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Goldilocks—Elaine Stritch and Don Ameche in a handsomely dressed musical treatment of early motion-picture days that is fast, funny, and sometimes even thoughtful. Book by Jean and Walter Kerr, music by Leroy Anderson, and lyrics by Joan Ford and the Kerrs. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **JAMAICA:** A tale of old West India, featuring Lena Horne. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Robert Preston) who falls in love with a librarian. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Frederick Loewe (music). Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WEST SIDE STORY:** This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet." With Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Make a Million—A comedy by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, with Sam Levene and Don Wilson. Directed by Jerome Chodorov and produced by Joel Spector and Sylvia Harris. Opens Thursday, Oct. 23. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Patate—An adaptation by Irwin Shaw of a French comedy by Marcel Achard. Tom Ewell, Lee Bowman, and Susan Oliver head a cast directed by H. C. Potter. Presented by Gilbert Miller. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 28. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Leslie Stevens' comedy, starring Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer. Paul Gregory is the producer and Joseph Anthony the director. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Dog Suit—Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Carmen Mathews in a comedy by Albert Beich and William H. Wright, taken from Edwin Corle's novel "Three Ways to Mecca." A presentation of the Producers Theatre, directed by Ralph Nelson. Opens Thursday, Oct. 30. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Oct. 24-26: "Lucia di Lammermoor." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 31: "Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays

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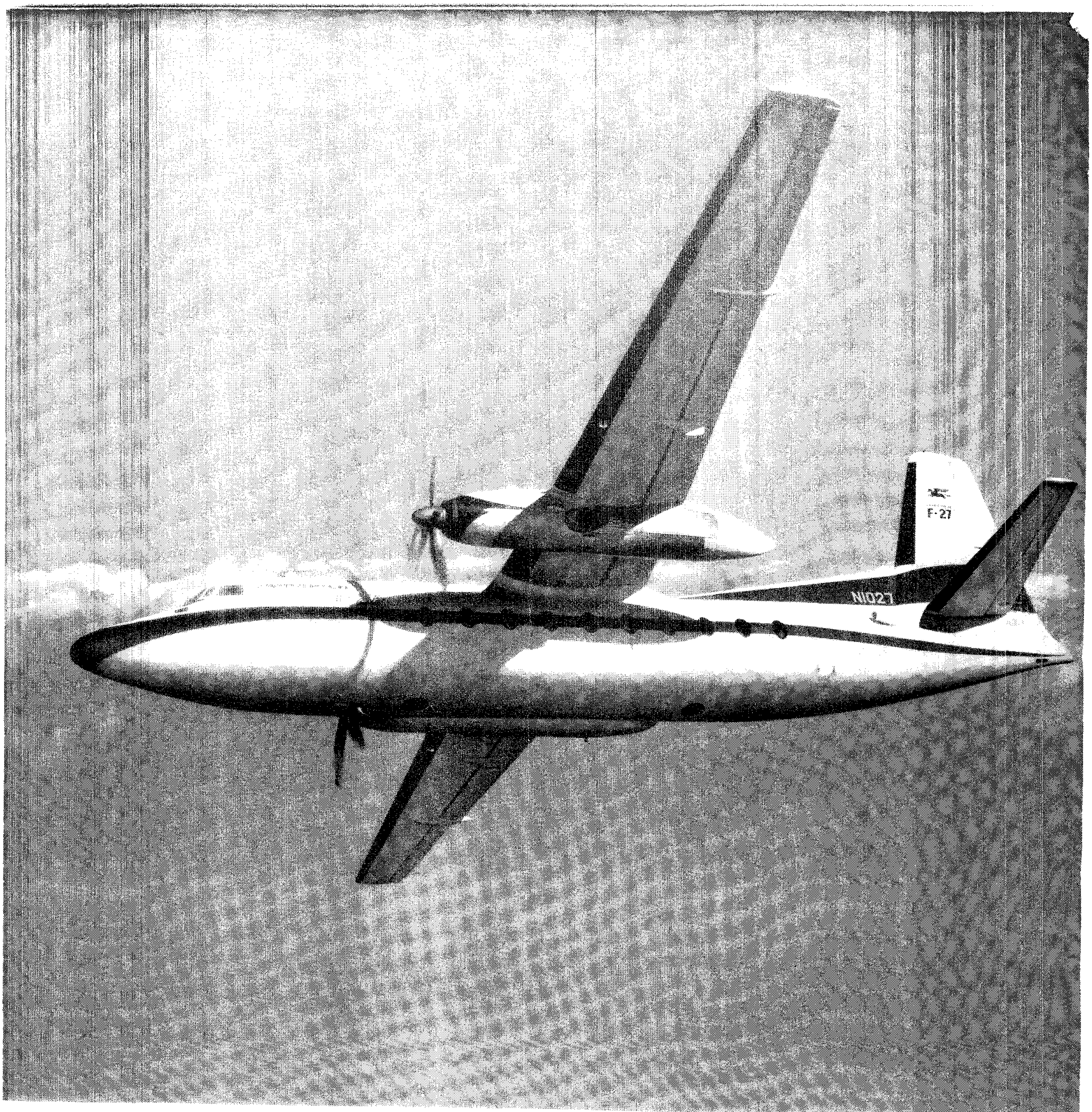
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 36, October 25, 1958. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Deathwatch—Vic Morrow, Stefan Gierasch, Harold Scott, and George Maharis make up the cast of this play by Jean Genet. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

The Family Reunion—Lillian Gish, Florence Reed, and Fritz Weaver in T. S. Eliot's play. Stuart Vaughan is the director. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Golden Six—Viveca Lindfors in Maxwell Anderson's new play, directed by Warner LeRoy. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 23-24, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, Oct. 25. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Héloïse—A powerful and intelligent reconstruction of the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag figure as the unfortunate lovers in a workmanlike but not altogether inspired production. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Ivanov—This early effort by Anton Chekhov cannot compare with his later great plays, but it can compare (and very favorably, too) with other current Off-Broadway productions. The role of the enervated provincial gentleman mentioned in the title is persuasively enacted by Paul Stevens, and he receives firm and thoughtful support from the rest of the players. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—As Leopold Bloom, Zero Mostel singlehandedly rescues this dramatization of a segment of James Joyce's novel, chiefly by annihilating the author's conception of the character and substituting his own flamboyant personality. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Trois," and "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Giselle," "Pas de Trois," and "Sombreros." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Dance Recital—Talley Beatty, Myra Kinch and her company, and Diane and Vol Quitzow and their company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2:30.)

Ceylon National Dancers—Presented for a single performance by the Asia Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 1-4210.)

MISCELLANY

Mabel Mercer—Romantic and satiric songs. The fourth program in a series called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Oct. 27, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

ANTA Program—Two short plays ("Maidens and Mistresses at Home in the Zoo," by Meade Roberts, with Leueen MacGrath, and "Song of Songs," by Jean Giraudoux) presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the first in a projected series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133, Ext. 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The greatest show on earth, though not precisely the animal kingdom that the Ringling Brothers had in mind. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra pipe the customers aboard.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Sigmund Romberg is now the guest of honor (*in absentia*) of the Cotillion Room, whose lofty reaches susurrate, or something like it, whenever Earl Wrightson and an assisting posse go to work on the music of the old maestro. This happens at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Nothing stirring Mondays, not even a mouse.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The permanent party in the Persian Room is the *cordon-bleu* dance band belonging to Ted Straeter and the perky quintet of Mark Monte. The most prominent transient is Hildegarde, singer, pianist, walker, talker, whose concept of night life is basically *autre temps*. She sounds off at dinner and supper. The place is closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous remains pale and cool and beautiful and dignified all the time. Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays Darjeeling-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and sauce-béarnaise music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the giant Grill, Sammy Kaye's orchestra is luring the timid out onto the dance floor and the bold up onto the bandstand for such bits of child's play as audience participation. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Constance Moore, an assured and fashionable blonde, sings spiritedly at dinner and supper in the Maisonette about the problems that confront even the most assured and fashionable blondes. On Thursday, Oct. 30, Fernanda Montel assumes Miss Moore's portfolio. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their usual bubbly dance music all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, who's been doing road work for years and years, has thought better of it and settled himself in the Café Lounge, where his piano and his band play for tea dancing, dinner dancing, and supper dancing, day in, day out.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The shooting stick and the opera cloak are rife in the checkroom of the Embassy Club, through whose halls the prancing music of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's band resounds after nine every night but Sunday. There's dinner music, too, for those who haven't yet been wired for Muzak.

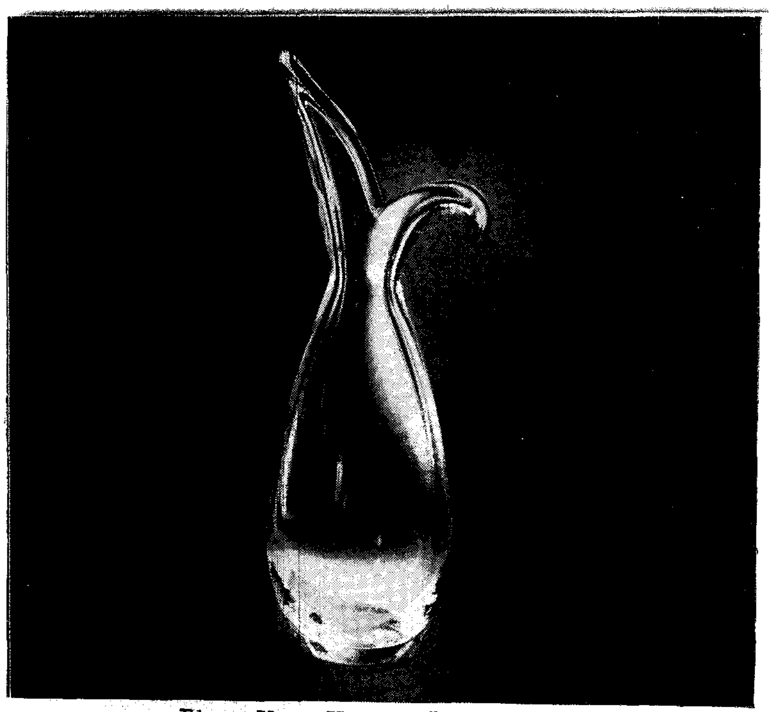
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—During dinner and supper in the Empire Room, the clarion call of Big Ben is understudied by Gordon MacRae, hero of a million operettas. Emil Coleman's men and Béla Babai's rout devise the dance music, which begins at dinnertime. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's browsing music, Mondays through Thursdays, by the Norman Paris trio, whose abode is just this side of paradise, and by Jozsi Ribari's group. On Fridays and Saturdays, the two outfits play for dancing. Their term of duty is seven to twelve. They're away Sundays, when the Babai orchestra does the dance job from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room is high enough up to be above the rain belt, which is mainly in the plain below. Languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage burbles now and then from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The sort of well-maintained park in which you can easily imagine lords and ladies at their stately play. Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. On Sundays, the pianist is Joel Forbes.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): It takes all kinds, and here they are, from Greenland's icy mountains to Broadway's and Park Avenue's coral strands. After eight, Rack Godwin, a piano technician of vast imagination, demonstrates what can be done in a small space with a lot of old ivory. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First childhood, second childhood, and other harmless games take place in this bar-and-grill run by Goldie Hawkins. He and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single houseparty piano from dinnertime until curfew rings the night out. Five, though, is the opening hour for both bar and music, with Bob Printz occupying the chair of applied pianism until seven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Rome is built in a night as Theo



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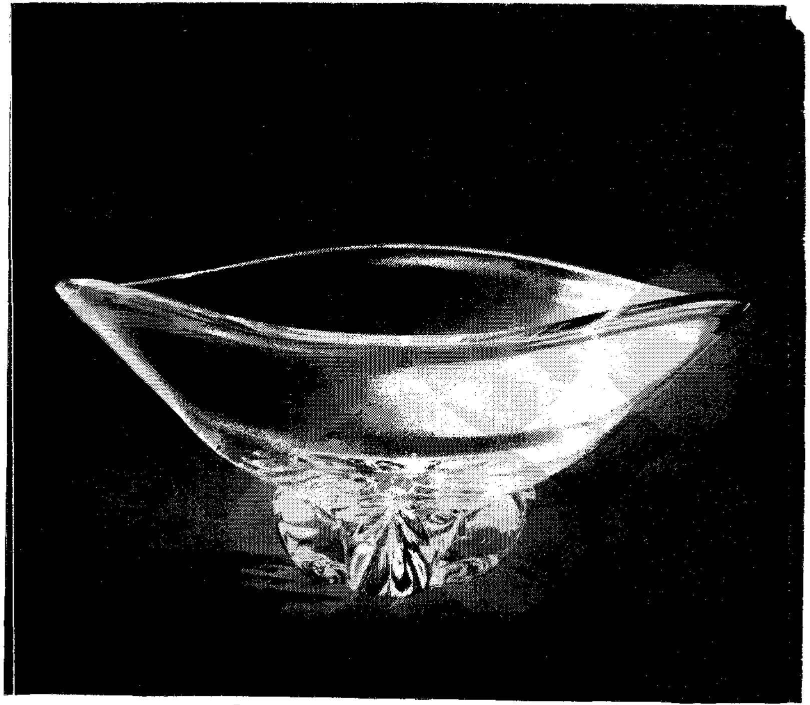

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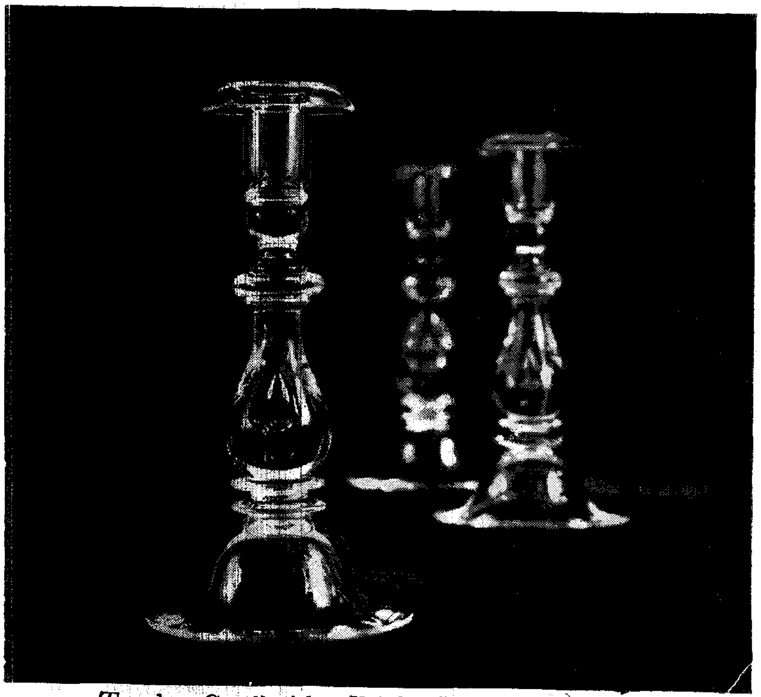

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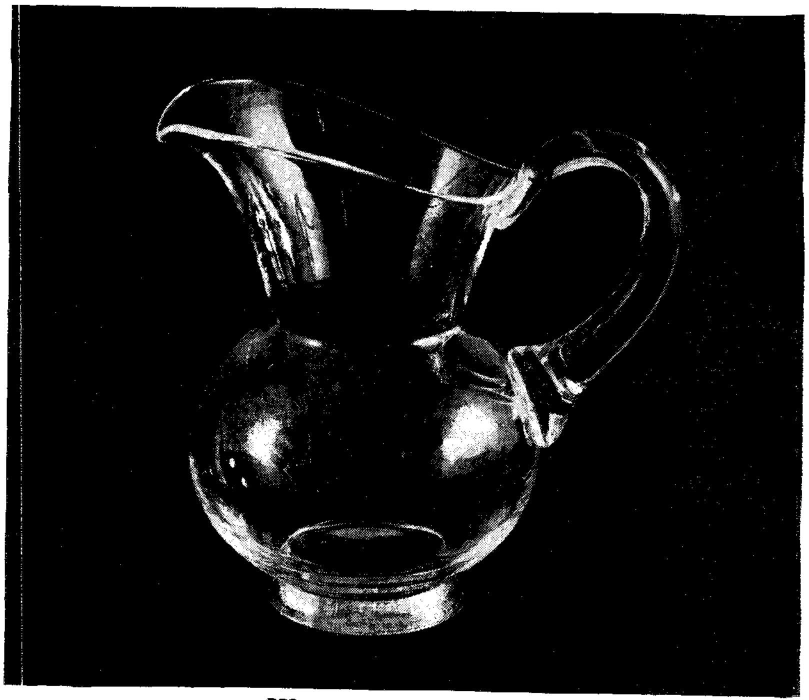

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fanidi's circumnavigating violinists gently swing and sway from one table to the next. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a mass of mixed emotions (passion and nostalgia are prominent), patrols this hall of mirrors. His fandangos, which run from nine to one, are tinkly at the dinner hour, far more fervent later on. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The small world of Mabel Mercer, a *salonnière* whose one-of-a-kind ballads are compounded of wise words, witty words, and a pocketful of wry words. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion-at-arms, is her pianist. Don't look for her before eleven. Closed Sundays.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, administrator of the law of eminent domain in the realm of drawing-room piano, is back of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two. The scenery is subdued without being glum. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Up to a point, it's like owning your own castle on the Loire. Wandering from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The twilight hour in Granada, when the chef is in his glory and the local musicians are breaking out the piano and the guitar. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not even the major-domo, a splendid example of the Hungarian military man, can repress the tendency of the entire staff to sing, probably because he sings himself. Plenty of indigenous instrumentation, too, but none of it overbearing. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls are a show in themselves; the principal amusement (after ten) is listening music. Aaron Bell's trio is easy as pie until midnight, fast as light cavalry thereafter; Jacques Kayal, a new French pianist, sings all the Continental tongues with a nice mixture of fervor and formality. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to an ample supply of casual piano.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays.... **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of an enterprise devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, shies away from many of the ills that cocktail pianists are prone to. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, there's the on-the-beam piano of Al Mello from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The setting could be carnival in Venice, the music (throbbing violins, operatic tenors, South American sopranos) could be the banks of the Seine, the Danube, or just the East River. Closed Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The thimble-size bar of the Stanhope Hotel is a study in cool modern décor. From nine to twelve-thirty every night but Monday, the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, which is yearning, burning Andalusian, is in charge.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Reopens Friday, Oct. 24, with a completely new extravaganza. The *dea ex machina* will be Jane Russell, and the *machina* will be plentiful, including a pride of Jack Cole dancers and a million or two girl sprites, all showing off their dress and undress uniforms. The house guests can dance, too.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): In between throwing martyrs to lions, there is (unaccountably) Nat King Cole, piping ballads in such a persuasive manner that the sound of gladiators honing their swords is for the moment forgotten. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse, armed only with piano, bull fiddle, and two ragamuffin voices, are putting that old devil sound barrier in its place. The other workers in the vineyard are Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who make up their one-act comedies on the spur of the moment, and Dorothy Loudon, a trumpeter swan who enjoys a series of dizzy spells. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. Nine-forty-five is kickoff time on Fridays and Saturdays, ten-thirty the rest of the week. ... ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Six shining faces (Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, Jack Fletcher, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall) in shining armor, which is provided in ample measure by the most recent revue put together by Julius Monk, lord of this domain. It is taken off its leash at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The nether half of Julius Monk's wayside inn. This contains, after ten-thirty, the songs of Portia Nelson, who was never more alert, alive, aware. The piano team of Don Evans and Carl Norman lends wings to her words. The bar opens at five, the music at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The cuisine, décor, mood, and management couldn't be more Florentine. Calm, dispassionate piano by Dick Hankinson illuminates the scene from time to time; after the theatre, Isobel Robins airs sonatas that you'll never find in the dime stores, and Dean Sheldon does simultaneous neat tricks with lyrics and a bongo drum. On Thursday, Oct. 23, Orson Bean adds his own comic chalk talks. Closed Mondays. ... **DELMONICO,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A new sound bounces around the stately Café Lounge after eleven—the piano and voice of Hugh Shannon, whose happy-go-lucky ditties deal with the American counterparts of the "Threepenny Opera" characters. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, other entertainment appears from time to time, such as Phil Leeds, a wit of exceeding grace, and Gigi Durston, a caroller long absent from night life. Miss D. is off Sunday, when old movies are added; Mr. L. is off Monday, when amateur talent has its brief moment. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, another venture arrives, this one including Phyllis Diller, a girl who talks as though she leaves one cocktail party only to go to another.... **DEN AT THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): The old root cellar of the Hotel Duane has again been put to evening use. It now serves principally as a platform for Milt Kamen, an extemporaneous speaker, philosopher, and semanticist of huge wingspread, and Barbara Dane, one of the newest crop of jazz singers. Closed Sundays.... **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Mary Small, who has decided to get her soprano back in show business, has chosen this segment of the Casbah to do it in. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): As the name implies, it's the sternpost of another operation, the Midtown Café, from which it's wholly divorced—as it is from the rest of the world. Janice Mars, who sings the very best songs the way they were written, is in charge; Baldwin Bergersen, playing the appropriate sort of piano, takes up one corner. All quiet on Sundays.... **BON**

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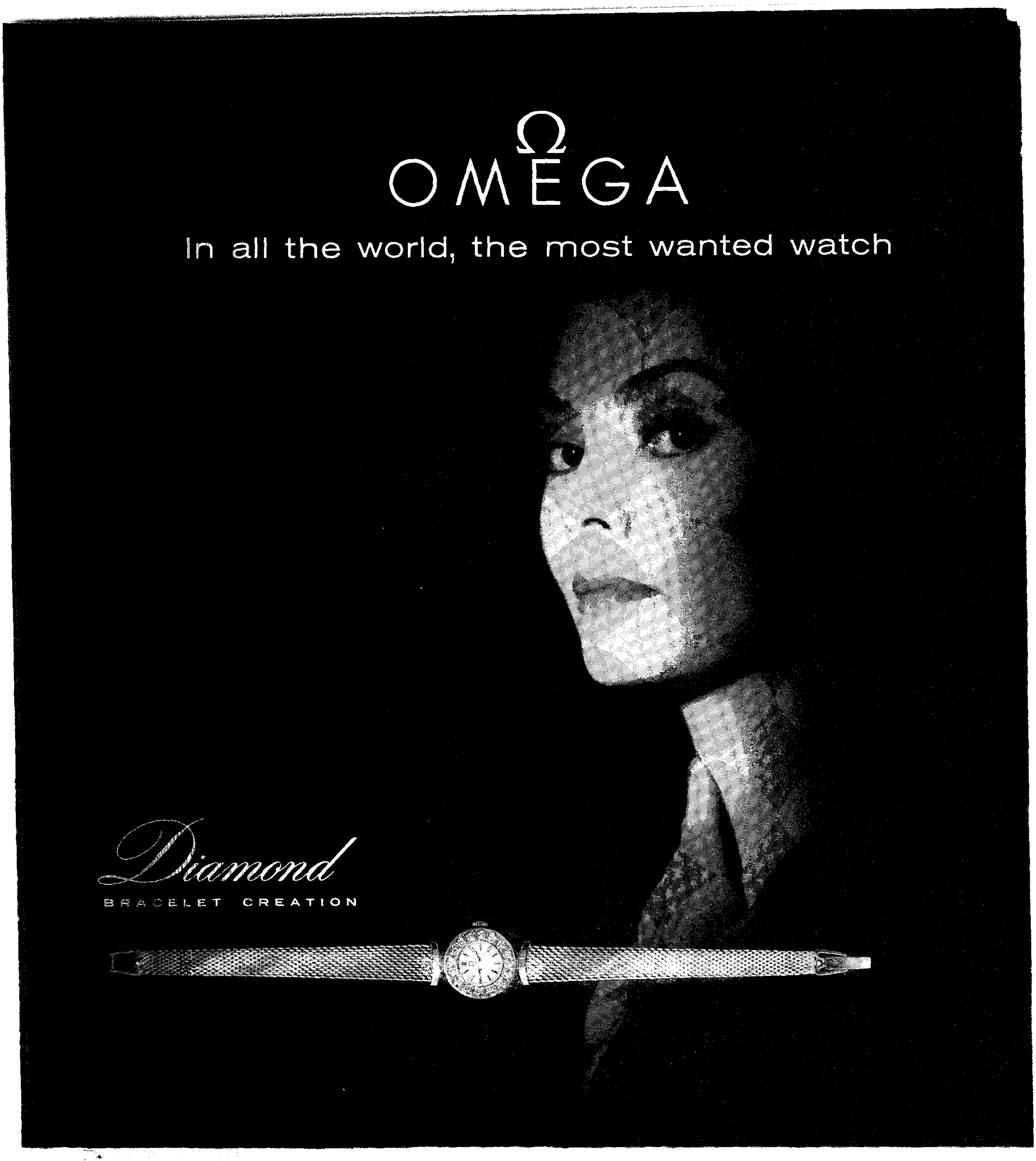

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, who was shouting from the housetops when rock 'n' roll was a pup, still owns the town's largest exhibition of rent-party ballads; the cantatas let loose by Kaye Ballard come fresh every hour from the psychiatric ward. The other music is Jimmie Daniels' airy lyrics, and the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Possibly the smallest theatrical enterprise in town, pigeonholed up a flight of stairs but large enough to house a revue in which four young people are involved, the most gang-agley of them being Bobo Lewis. The words don't always distinguish between satire and cliché, but the average is well above the passing mark. This goes on twice nightly, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): This East Side bramble patch is the East Coast *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, a chanticleer whose hymnals to the rising sun begin while it is still dark. His accompaniment is his own four-wheel-drive piano and Russ Haddock's trio. Mr. Short takes Mondays off; the Haddocks take Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bob Hammer gets custody of the piano. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, the great mouthpiece, is still talking about whatever it is he talks about, and looking just as bewildered as you are by what he is saying. Phineas Newborn, Jr., and his trio do quiet, sensible, and sensitive handwork between lectures. Sundays there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place is closed Mondays. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, Anita O'Day, an oriole of wonderfully convoluted flight patterns, will succeed Mr. Corey. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): King Arthur slept here, but only for one night. It reverberates to the quartet of Tyree Glenn, whose trombone has the electric drive of Gabriel's horn, and a quartet operated by Joe Bushkin, whose piano now seems to be on a sentimental journey. Both groups are away Sundays, when other hands take over. At dinnertime, there's hearts-and-flowers serenading by Ving Merlin's threesome. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Rampart Street just about as it looked in 1910, and just about as it sounded, too, what with the likes of Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk on the bandstand. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut Sundays. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Home of the free, home of the brave, home of a famous lullaby. Johnny Richards' band is the decibel tester right now; on Thursday, Oct. 30, Buddy Rich's gang and Machito's carousers will take over the assignment. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are up in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his trio are off and running on the oval track that circles the bar. Zero hour is nine-thirty, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Pee Wee Erwin band, which has hot feet, is thoroughly happy on this range. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): It's always warm weather when good Dixielanders get together. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are such men as Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, and Claude Hopkins. On Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday nights, a quintet owned by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins raises its frenzied head. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Old friends are best friends, and the back room, after some months of largely unproductive experimentation, is again offering Mary Lou Williams, a famous progenitor of what's new in music. She uses a trio for demonstration purposes. Her day's work starts at nine, and she stays away Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The local powerhouse, who can overcome the most persistent room noise, is Dorothy Donegan, playing piano with her fingers, feet, and elbows—often, it seems, just for laughs. She and her trio report at nine-thirty. Another group is also there. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The abstruse thought processes of Lennie Tristano are set down on the piano by the Master himself. He and his quartet, seated on a plateau in the middle of a very cheerful hero-sandwich assembly plant, appear Wednesday through Sunday every week. Every Monday and Tuesday, Eddie Costa's trio, which believes in rather sombre, tight-lipped jazz, tees off. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Joe Saye's trio begins at eight-thirty its examination of the possibilities of the new music. The scenery is picturesque, the acoustics are beautifully efficient. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The most modern music offered here isn't even the "Lambeth Walk;" it's the "Plymouth Rock." On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, the old-timers on display should be Willie the Lion Smith, Charlie Shavers, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A tiny bit of dance floor in the middle of the Hotel Duane, and a tiny group of musicians beside it to urge on anyone inclined toward footwork. Helen Streiff's voice joins in on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

SAUL BAIZERMAN—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in bronze and hammered copper; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

EDWARD CHAVEZ—Sensitively handled abstract oils, based mainly on New Mexican landscape themes; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

ROBERTO CRIPPA—Abstractions by one of the younger Italian artists; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS—Pastels, including figure studies and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

NICOLAS DE STAËL—Landscapes and still-lifes (1953-54); through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

RONNIE ELLIOTT—Gently sentimental abstractions, in the Tachiste manner; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH FLOCH—Paintings of interiors; through Nov. 8. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

FREDERICK FRANCK—Recent paintings, as well as drawings of Africa; through Friday, Oct. 31. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI—A memorial exhibition of paintings by a talented interpreter of the New York scene, who died in 1956; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

PARIS PRIMITIVES—A retrospective exhibition of paintings by Camille Bombois and Louis Vivin; through Nov. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GABOR PETERDI—Abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED ROGOWAY—Paintings, mostly figures;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Nov. 8. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Rood—Abstract metal sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Tobias Schneebaum—Landscapes and figures; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Iaroslav Serpan—Abstractions; through Nov. 7. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hedda Sterne—New paintings, combining delicacy of feeling with a new broadness and forcefulness of design; through Nov. 3. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Sculptures—At the CHALETTE, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sculptures by painters, including Renoir, Gauguin, and Jackson Pollock; through Nov. 29. . . . HANSA, 210 Central Park S.: The second annual exhibition of works by Calvin Albert, Peter Grippe, and other members of the New Sculpture Group; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-third annual exhibition, comprising paintings by six artists, including Stuart Davis and Charles Sheeler, plus sculptures by William Zorach; through Nov. 8. . . . EMMERICH, 17 E. 64th St.: Oils by, among others, Adolph Gottlieb, Theodoros Stamos, and Adja Yunkers; through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The October offering consists of paintings selected by Will Barnet, Paul Burlin, and Ernest Fiene; through Friday, Oct. 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.). . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Noel Davis, Ben Benn, Paul Riba, and others; through Friday, Oct. 31. . . . TANAGER, 90 E. 10th St.: Nine gallery members, among them Perle Fine, Angelo Ippolito, and Philip Pearlstein; through Nov. 6. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Three painters (Alexander M. Bing, William Halsey, and Nicholas Marsicano) and three sculptors (Joseph Konzal, Jorge de Oteiza, and Raymond Rocklin); through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Afro, Alan Davie, and Mirko; through Saturday, Oct. 25.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists from Sisley and Rodin to Picasso and Lipchitz; through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: A loan exhibition of distinguished paintings purchased through the gallery, in a tenth anniversary showing; through Saturday, Nov. 1.

Chinese; Group Show—Paintings by five winners of John Hay Whitney Fellowship awards, including Seong Moy and James Leong; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Mi Chou, 36 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Japanese; Group Show—Paintings, determinedly Western in style, by eighteen members of the Gutai Group, of Osaka; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Ralston Crawford; starting Tuesday, Oct. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Andrew Wyeth; starting Monday, Oct. 27. . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Stephen Etnier; starting Monday, Oct. 27. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Balcomb Greene; starting Monday, Oct. 27. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Kay Sage; starting Monday, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Group shows at the NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.; starting Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) JAMES, 70 E. 12th St.; starting Friday, Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; starting Tuesday, Oct. 28.

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings and sculptures by American and European artists, among them Reginald Marsh, Massimo Campigli, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Jacob Epstein, at the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, Sixth Ave. at 58th St., Friday through Sunday, Oct. 24-26, from 10 to 10, for the benefit of the Treatment Center of the New

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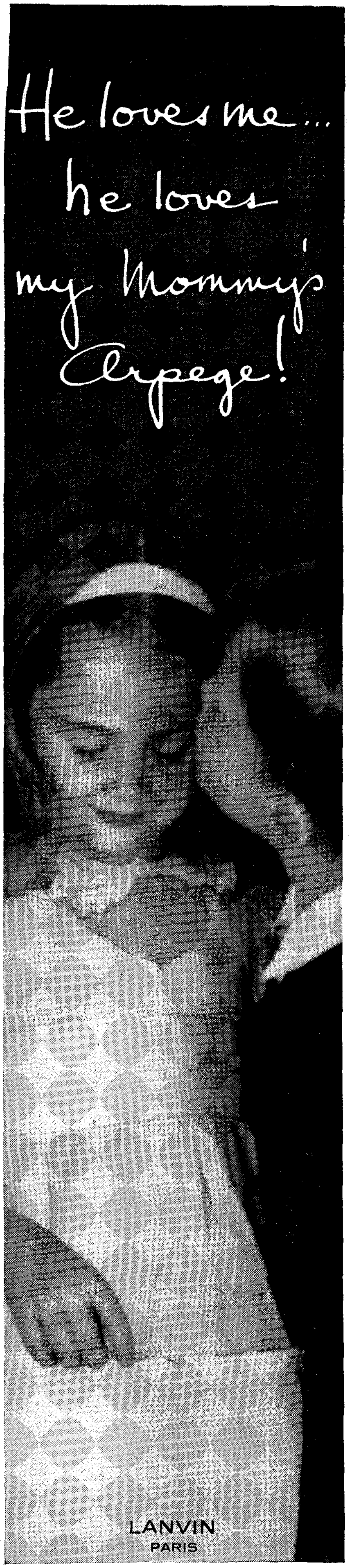
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LANVIN PARIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

York Psychoanalytic Institute. . . . ¶ Another exhibition and sale, of paintings and sculptures by American and Israeli artists and French Impressionists (including Robert Motherwell, Alexander Calder, and Renoir), will take place at Technion House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St., Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 28-Nov. 2, from 1 to 10, for the benefit of the Israel Institute of Technology, in Haifa.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works dating from Colonial times to the present, principally from the Museum's collection, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, George Inness, Mary Cassatt, Georgia O'Keeffe, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of sculptures, reliefs, collages, and graphics by Jean Arp; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven paintings and sculptures (by, for instance, Léger and Brancusi) collected by the late Philip L. Goodwin; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A group of European paintings and sculptures (by Seurat, Lipchitz, Mondrian, and others) that have been given or promised to the Museum; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Dec. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—African sculptures, including figures, masks, and religious objects in wood, stone, metal, ivory, and clay; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of Finnish rugs and rug designs, plus an exhibit of pottery, silver, wall hangings, glass, and other craft items on loan from various museums; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirteenth annual of abstract paintings and sculptures by members and guests of the Spiral Group, including Joseph Meert, Herbert Kallem, and Harold Baumbach. After Sunday, Oct. 26, the Museum will be closed until Sunday, Nov. 2, when there will be a new show. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of oils, collages, pastels, and water colors by Arthur G. Dove; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, acquired since May, 1957; through Nov. 9. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 11—Monday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Mario Del Monaco, George London, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 7:45: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Cesare Siepi, Kurt Baum, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Belen Amparan, Eugenio Fernandi, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles, Mildred Miller, Barry Morell, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Daniele Barioni, Cesare Bardelli, and Fernando Corena.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8: The company's première of Benja-

JAY THORPE

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min Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30: "The Abduction from the Seraglio," in English.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "Carmen."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2:30: "The Ballad of Baby Doe."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "The Silent Woman."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Turandot."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "The Rape of Lucretia."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio," in English.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30: "La Cenerentola."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8980. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 24, at 2:30; and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30 (all with Eugene Istomin, piano); and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3 (with Lee Luvisi, piano).... ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 31, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3 (all with Gyorgy Cziffra, piano).

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in the second of two all-Bach programs. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3 and 9.)

Singing Boys of Mexico—Luis Berber directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

José Iturbi—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Fine Arts Quartet—The last in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:40.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of early German baroque music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Anita Cerquetti and Daniele Barioni—Soprano and tenor, in a recital postponed from Sunday, Oct. 12. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 5:30.)

Sunday Concert Society—The first in a series of eight concerts, this one by six members of the Vienna Octet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call PL 7-0782.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Robert Gerle—Violin. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:40.)

Maria Luisa Faini—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

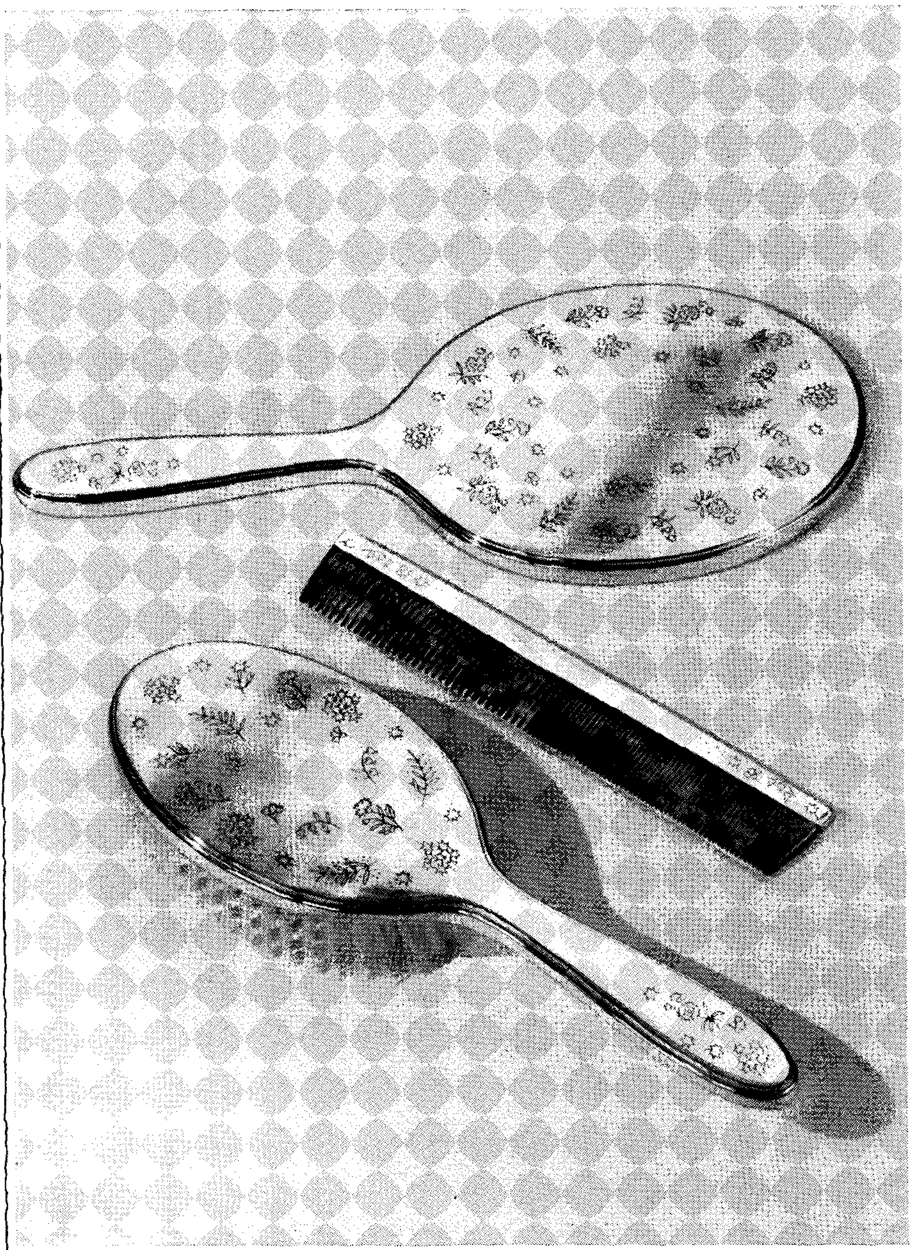
Calypso Carousel—West Indian singers, dancers, drummers, and musicians. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Marian McPartland's trio, Gil Mellé's quartet, Barbara Lea, Sam Most, Teddy Charles, Zoot Sims, Joe Cinderella, and Mose Allison are scheduled to appear. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Hogan (Kid) Bassey vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Madison



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 31. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 25: Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 1: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Swarthmore vs. Wesleyan, at Swarthmore, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (*Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct.* 25.). . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 1.)

Polo—At Meadow Brook Club, Jericho: Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3:30.

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 25, at 7:15: A match between two teams of old-time Knicks, and Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 29. Post time will be 1:15 through Saturday, Oct. 25; after that, it will be at 12:45. The Interborough Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 23, and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Wednesday, Nov. 5. Post time will be 1:30 through Saturday, Oct. 25; after that, it will be at 1. The Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 25. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia; starting Monday, Oct. 27, it will leave at 9:45.). . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Tuesday, Oct. 28, through Wednesday, Nov. 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.)

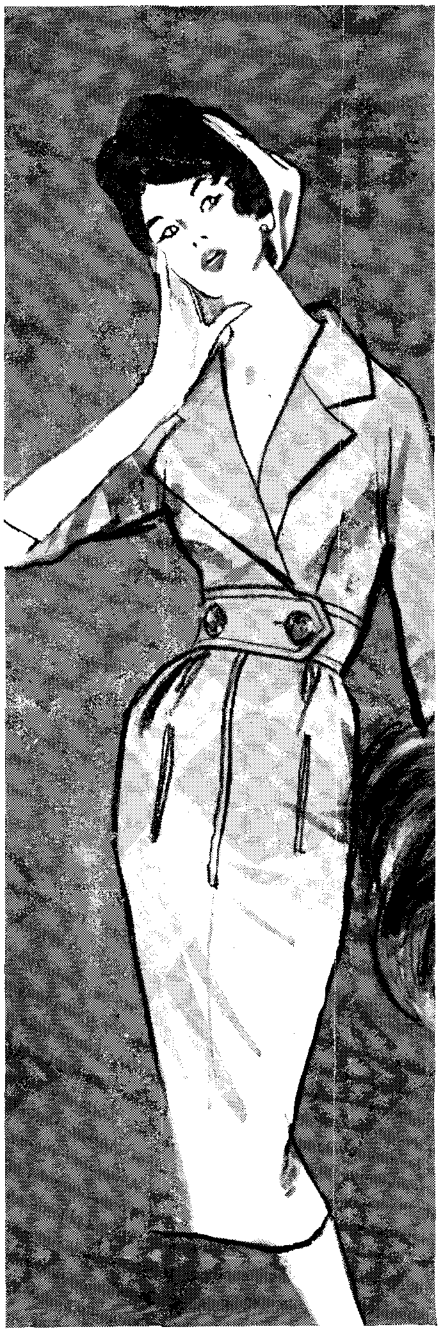
FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Thomas Schippers conducting the opening children's concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Nov. 1, at noon.)

Musical Plays—At THEATRE EAST: "I Wish I May." (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3.). . . MERRI-MIMES: "The Arabian Nights." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Eclipse at Danger Island," has to do with the total solar eclipse as it was seen on Oct. 12 from Danger Island, in the South Pacific. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and



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8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Saturday mornings from 9 to 9:15, and on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. In addition, on Friday, Oct. 24, from 3 to 4, WOR-TV will cover United Nations Day ceremonies from the General Assembly Hall, with Dag Hammarskjöld; the Boston Symphony, conducted by Charles Munch; Pablo Casals, cello; and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily; on Friday, Oct. 24, the last tour will leave at noon.

Poetry and Drama Readings—At **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, Y.M.H.A.: Jean Vilar and Wallace Fowlie reading from the works of St.-John Perse, Thursday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ W. H. Auden reading from his own poetry, Thursday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ George Barker reading from his own poetry, Saturday, Nov. 1. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**: A group of actors, sponsored by Peggy Wood, in a reading of Noël Coward's "Private Lives." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST. 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

French Book Illustrations—Picasso, Rouault, Maillol, and Matisse are among the artists represented in a display of books published between 1945 and 1958; through Dec. 16. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W. at 77th St.—An exhibition in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt made up of portraits, books, letters, campaign items, and Homer Davenport cartoons—everything but a big stick; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ "America in Daguerreotypes": A survey of the works of Louis J. M. Daguerre and his followers; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Prints of the Crystal Palace and the fire that destroyed it, in 1858, comprise a special commemorative exhibit; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ A display of eleven costumes, illustrating the change in New York fashions from Dutch days to the late nineteenth century; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, at 1:45: Part I of the Arthur J. Sussel collection—Americana, including furniture by Philadelphia cabinetmakers of the eighteenth century, Philadelphia and other silver, a group of one hundred Pennsylvania Fraktur paintings, Gaudy Dutch ware and spatterware, brass and iron utensils, and hooked rugs. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 28-29, at 1:45: English literature, sporting books, and other literary material from the library of the late Clendenin J. Ryan. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 1:45: Primitive art, including pre-Columbian, African, and Oceanic examples; Persian and other antiquities; Oriental art; and a collection of chess sets. The property of Jay C. Leff. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 24.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

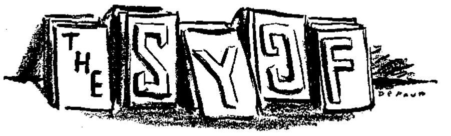
The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Oct. 29.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—The subject of natural childbirth explored in a French film that is at once dramatic and enlightening. As an Alpine village doctor who proves that this method of parturition is feasible, Jean Gabin is a memorable figure, and Nicole Courcel is most convincing as a young woman who agrees to follow his instructions during her pregnancy. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Defiant Ones—A first-rate melodrama, produced and directed by Stanley Kramer, in which Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis portray a pair of fugitives from a chain gang in flight from a posse. While describing their adventures, Mr. Kramer, without sententiousness, underlines some of the causes of race prejudice and indicates a possible cure. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Gigi—All kinds of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually snares a fine rich fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the picture is a good-looking affair, and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—In this Anglo-American film about a section of the Royal Navy in the Second World War, Sophia Loren is cast as a moody young woman who feels that she owes it to the memory of her deceased sweetheart, a tugboat captain, to offer her favors to a succession of his colleagues. It's hard to make much sense of her carryings-on, but the picture, which was directed by Carol Reed, contains some stirring scenes of tugboats at their wartime work. William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are among the intrepid mariners on view. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)



The Matchmaker—A happy glimpse of the way things were in Manhattan and Yonkers in the late nineteenth century. As a lady who poses as a marriage broker in order to snag a wealthy Yonkers merchant for herself, Shirley Booth is wonderfully effective, and Paul Ford is estimable as her prey. Anthony Perkins, as the merchant's clerk, and Shirley MacLaine, as a milliner, make a fine pair of young lovers. The picture is based on Thornton Wilder's play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Oct. 26.)

The Reluctant Debutante—A cheerful little item, in which Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison disport themselves as the parents of a nubile young lady who has taken a shine to a jazz musician instead of giving her affections to the rich guardsman Miss Kendall has picked out for her. Miss Kendall and Mr. Harrison are supported by John Saxon and Sandra Dee. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Oct. 28.)

Rooney—John Gregson is most appealing in this English film about a Dublin bachelor running like the wind before a pack of women anxious to lead him to the altar. Barry Fitzgerald, playing an ancient who is related to some of the pursuing females, is also his usual diverting self. Quite a jolly affair all around. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 25, tentative. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 28, tentative.)

The Roots of Heaven—Save-the-Elephant Week in French Equatorial Africa, with Trevor Howard leading the fight to keep the hunters away from the mammoths. Directed by John Huston, the film is handsome pictorially, and intermittently exciting. Along with Mr. Howard, we have Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles, all participating competently. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Seventh Seal—A Swedish film, directed by Ingemar Bergman, which presents an interesting parable about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century when the plague was raging. Mr. Bergman's camera is highly dramatic, and his cast is excellent. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting Oct. 29. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 29, tentative.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting Oct. 29. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 29, tentative.)

Giant (1956)—Some of the denizens of Texas, both human and bovine, displayed in their native habitat. Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Oct. 29.)

Juarez (1939)—Romance and revolution in the Mexico of Carlotta and Maximilian. With Bette Davis, Paul Muni, and Brian Aherne. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize winner. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 26-28.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 26-28.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Tea and Sympathy (1956)—An adaptation of Robert Anderson's play about a boys' boarding school, with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 26-28.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series directed by Paul Rotha—Through Oct. 25: "Worker and Warfront Magazine, No. 14" (1944), "Total War in Britain" (1945), and "A City Speaks" (1946). . . . ¶ Oct. 26-29: "The Balance" (1946), excerpts from "The Story of Printing" (1946), and "The World Is Rich" (1947). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Oct. 23: "Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr.
From Oct. 24: "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Night Heaven Fell" (in English), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 27: "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.
From Oct. 28: "Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE DEFIANT ONES.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Oct. 23: "The Girl on the Third Floor" (in French), Marina Vlady, Peter Van Eyck.
From Oct. 24: "The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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26	27	28	29			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 28 (tentative): **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.
From Oct. 29 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 25: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.
Oct. 26-28: "Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer; and "Frontier Gun," John Agar, Joyce Meadows.
From Oct. 29: **GIANT**, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 25 (tentative): **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.
Oct. 26-28 (tentative): "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire; and "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones.
From Oct. 29 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 28: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.
From Oct. 29: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 25: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.
Oct. 26-28: "Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer; and "Frontier Gun," John Agar, Joyce Meadows.
From Oct. 29: **GIANT**, revival.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
JULIUS CAESAR, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 28 (tentative): **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.
From Oct. 29 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE KEY.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 28: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.
From Oct. 29: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Oct. 25 (tentative): "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis.
Oct. 26-28 (tentative): "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.
From Oct. 29 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "The Whole Truth," Stewart Granger, Donna Reed.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 28 (tentative): **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.
From Oct. 29 (tentative): "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 25: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.
Oct. 26-28: "Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer; and "Frontier Gun," John Agar, Joyce Meadows.
From Oct. 29: **GIANT**, revival.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 28: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.
From Oct. 29: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 25: "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.
Oct. 26-28: **THE OLD MAID**, revival; and **STAGE DOOR**, revival.
From Oct. 29: "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "The Whole Truth," Stewart Granger, Donna Reed.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 28 (tentative): "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi.
From Oct. 29 (tentative): **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Pather Panchali" (in Bengali), Kanu Bannerji.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 28: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.
From Oct. 29: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 25: "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas; and "A Royal Affair" (in French), Maurice Chevalier.
Oct. 26-28: **TEA AND SYMPATHY**, revival; and "Desk Set," revival, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.
From Oct. 29: "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 25: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.
Oct. 26-28: "Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer; and "Frontier Gun," John Agar, Joyce Meadows.
From Oct. 29: **GIANT**, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
From Oct. 23, at 8:30: "Tosca" (in Italian). (Opening night is a benefit performance. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Sundays at 6. Reserved seats only.)

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Oct. 26: **THE MATCHMAKER.**
From Oct. 27: "Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE SEVENTH SEAL (in Swedish).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 28: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.
From Oct. 29: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
JUAREZ, revival; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.

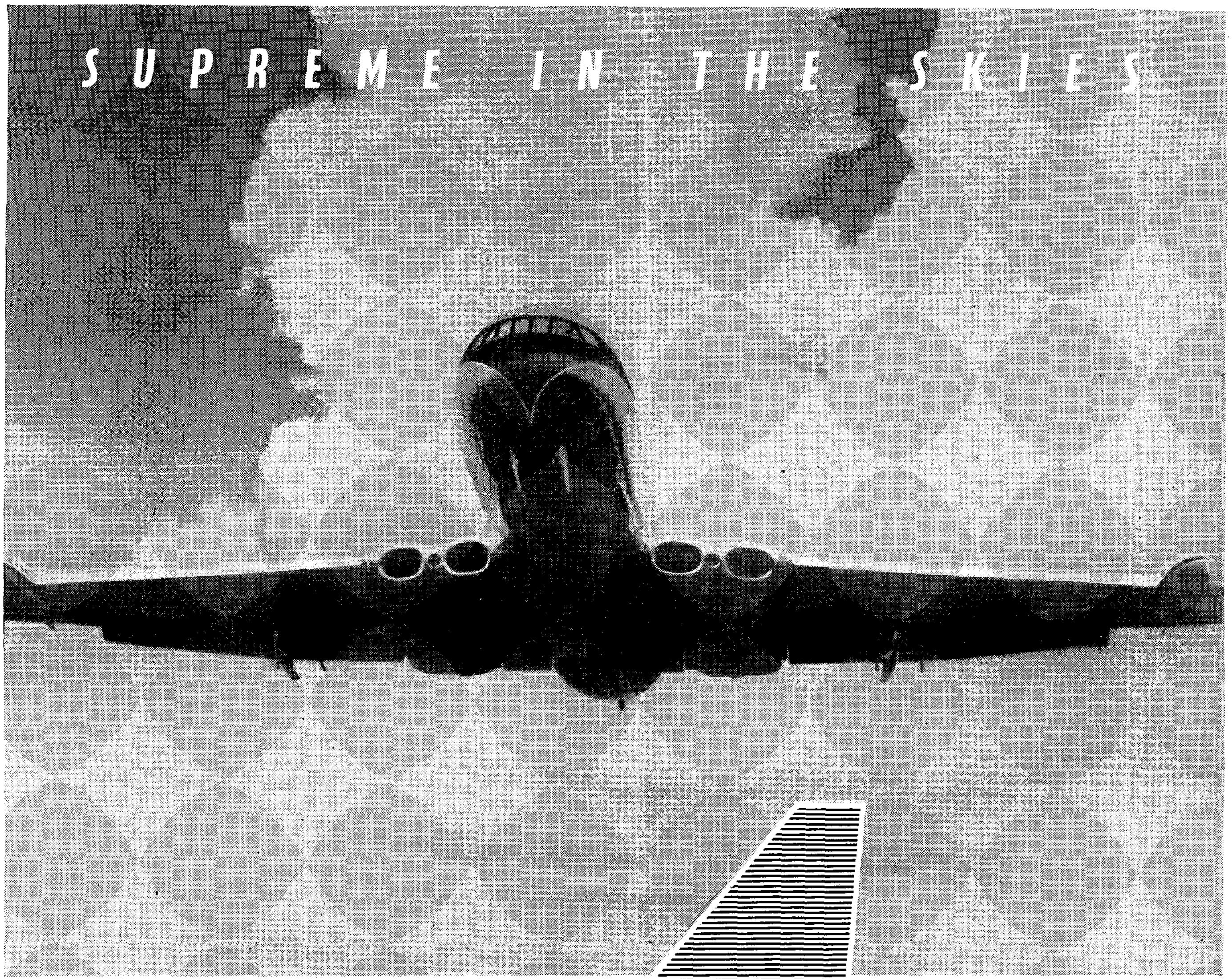
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 23: "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Naked Eye," revival, a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.
From Oct. 24: "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone; and "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 28: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.
From Oct. 29: "Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer; and "Frontier Gun," John Agar, Joyce Meadows.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Oct. 28: **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.
From Oct. 29: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 28: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Wolf Larsen," Barry Sullivan.
From Oct. 29: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 25: "Harry Black and the Tiger," Stewart Granger, Barbara Rush; and "Rx Murder," Rick Jason, Marius Goring.
Oct. 26-28: "Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer; and "Frontier Gun," John Agar, Joyce Meadows.
From Oct. 29: **GIANT**, revival.



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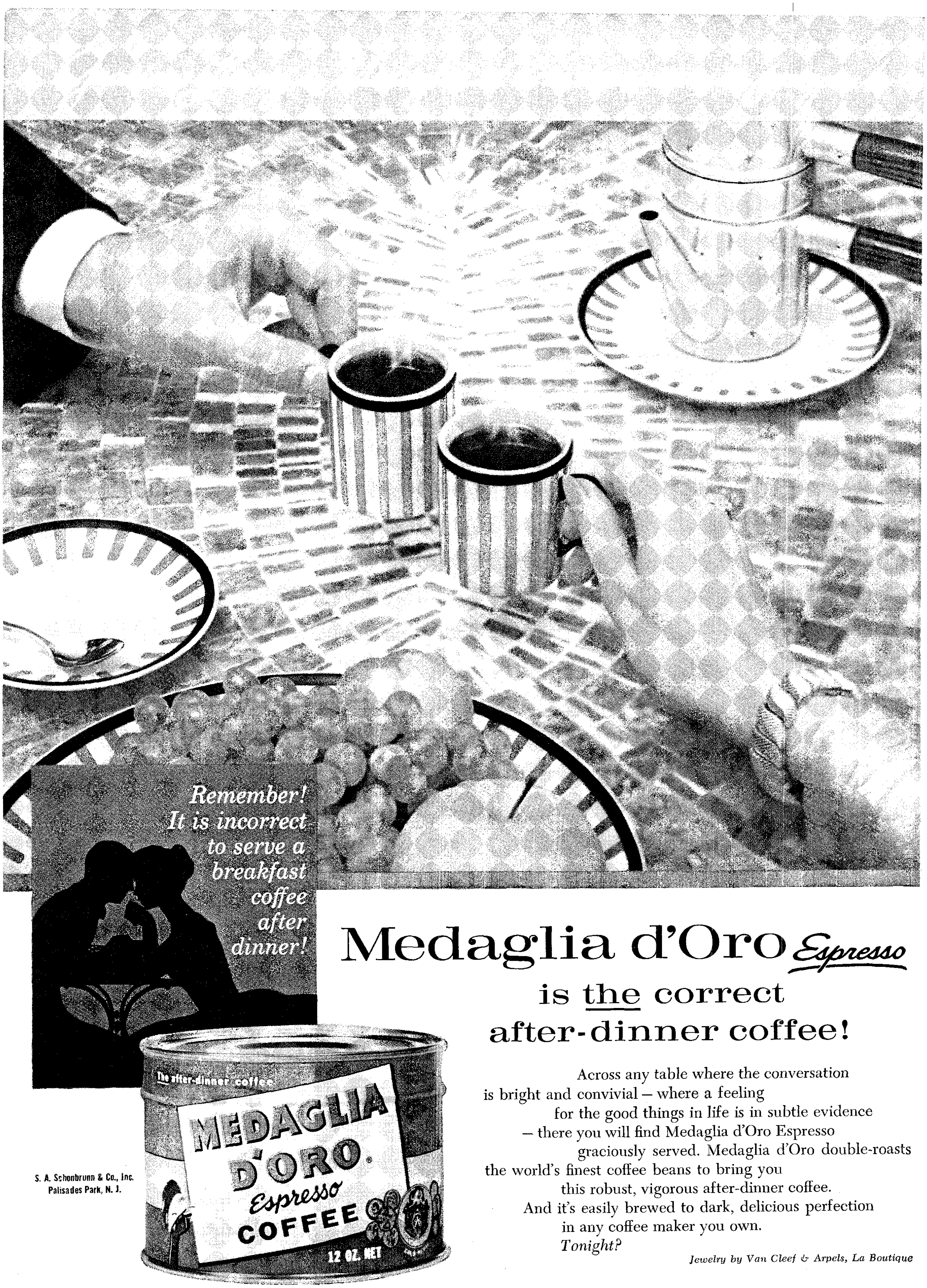

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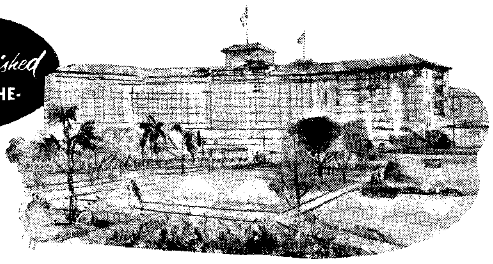

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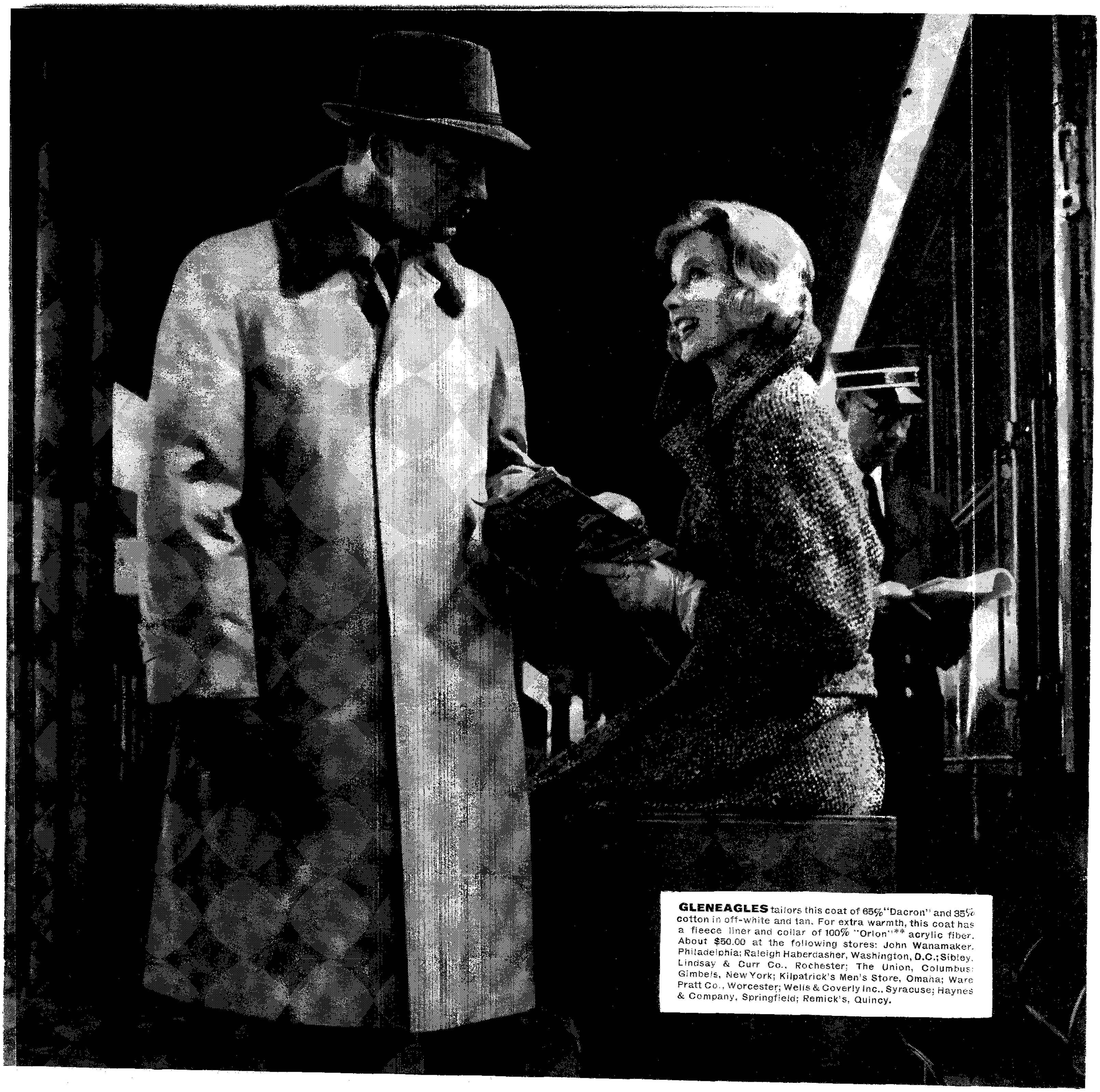

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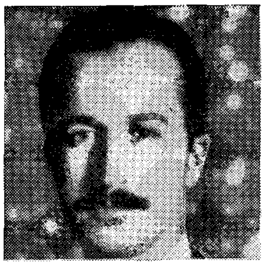
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Alaska Airlines

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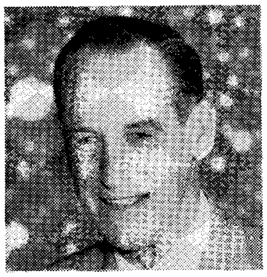
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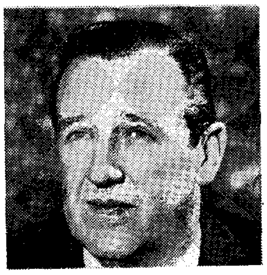
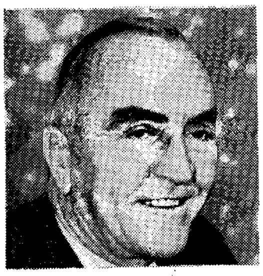
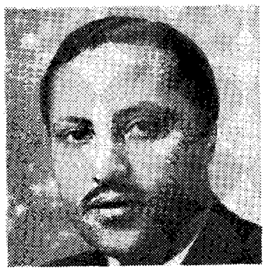

Robert F. Six
President
Continental Air Lines

C. E. Woolman
President
Delta Air Lines


Capt. E. V. Rickenbacker
Chairman of the Board
Eastern Air Lines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President, Ethiopian Airlines

Robert W. Prescott
President
Flying Tiger Line

I. E. Hermann
President
Great Lakes Airlines

Arthur D. Lewis
President
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Jugoslovenski Aerotransport

General I. A. Aler
President
KLM Royal Dutch Air Lines

Don Adalberto Fernandez
Executive Vice President
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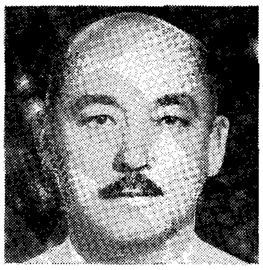
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Loide Aereo Nacional

F. T. Briggs
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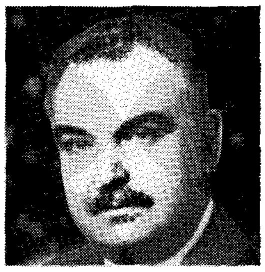
Maritime Central Airways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President
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G. T. Baker
President and Chairman of the Board
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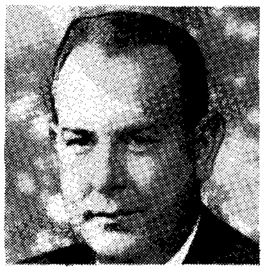
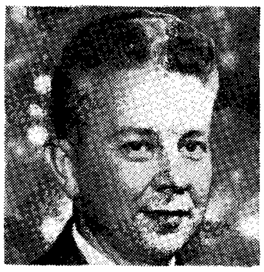

James W. Austin
President
Northeast Airlines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Northwest Orient Airlines

Dr. Theodore Garofalidis
President
Olympic Airways

George W. Tompkins
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Overseas National Airways

Andrew B. Shea
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Panagra

Dr. Cesar Pires de Mello
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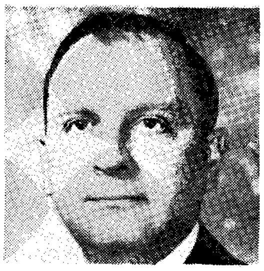
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Sabena Belgian World Airlines

Ake Rusck
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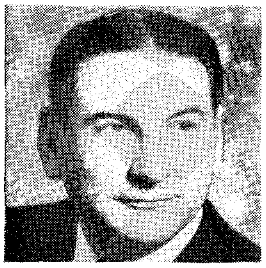
S A S Scandinavian Airlines System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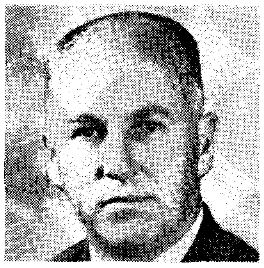
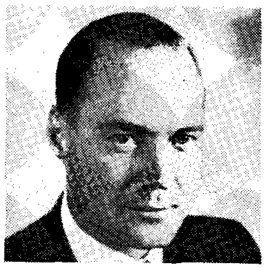
Slick Airways


J. D. T. Louw
Chief Airways Manager
South African Airways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Chairman of Board of Directors
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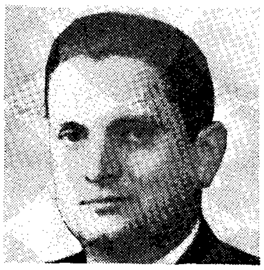
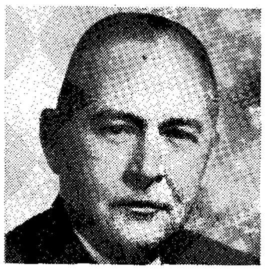
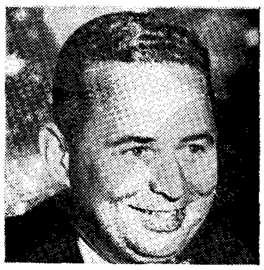
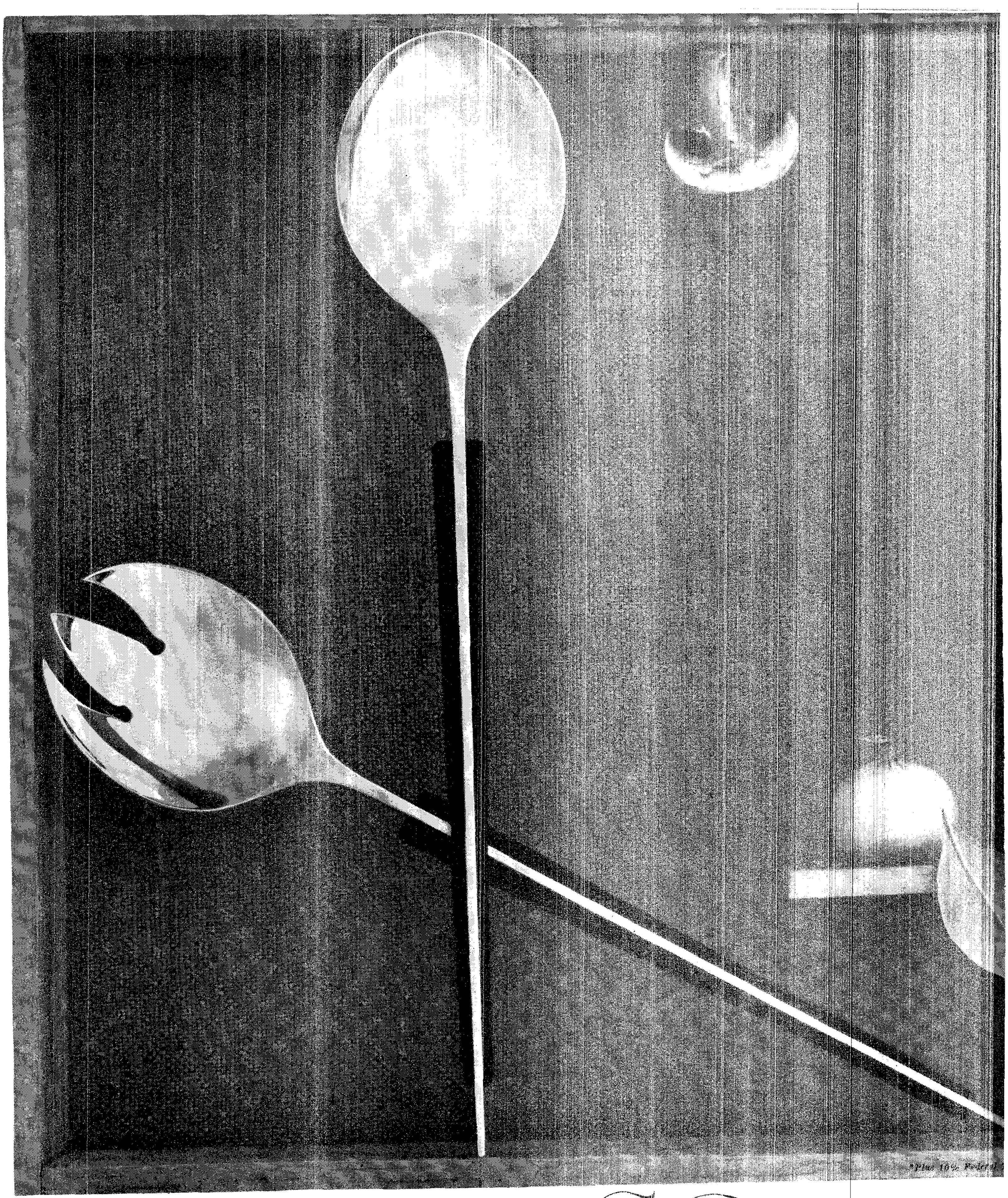

Francis Fabre
President of Chargeurs Reunis
Union Aeromaritime de Transport


W. A. Patterson
President
United Air Lines


Terrell C. Drinkwater
President
Western Air Lines



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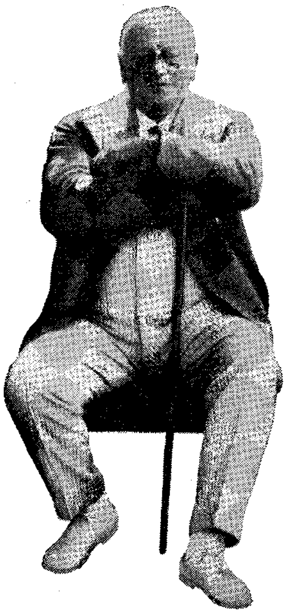

Paul Masson said: Tether the horses and set out my brandy!

An early riser and a hard driver. From his Vineyard in the Sky to San Francisco is 50 miles, a good day's ride. But Paul Masson, in full fig, always managed to halloo into the Palace Hotel courtyard in time for a dollop of the best *before* a lingering lunch. And *after.* "In those days I couldn't decide *when* my brandy tasted better," he'd say. "I still can't. Decisions, always decisions."

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Sculptor Derujinsky immortalizes the Man in the Hathaway shirt.

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MARK OUR WORDS: this unusual new Hathaway shirt is about to make history. Here is why.

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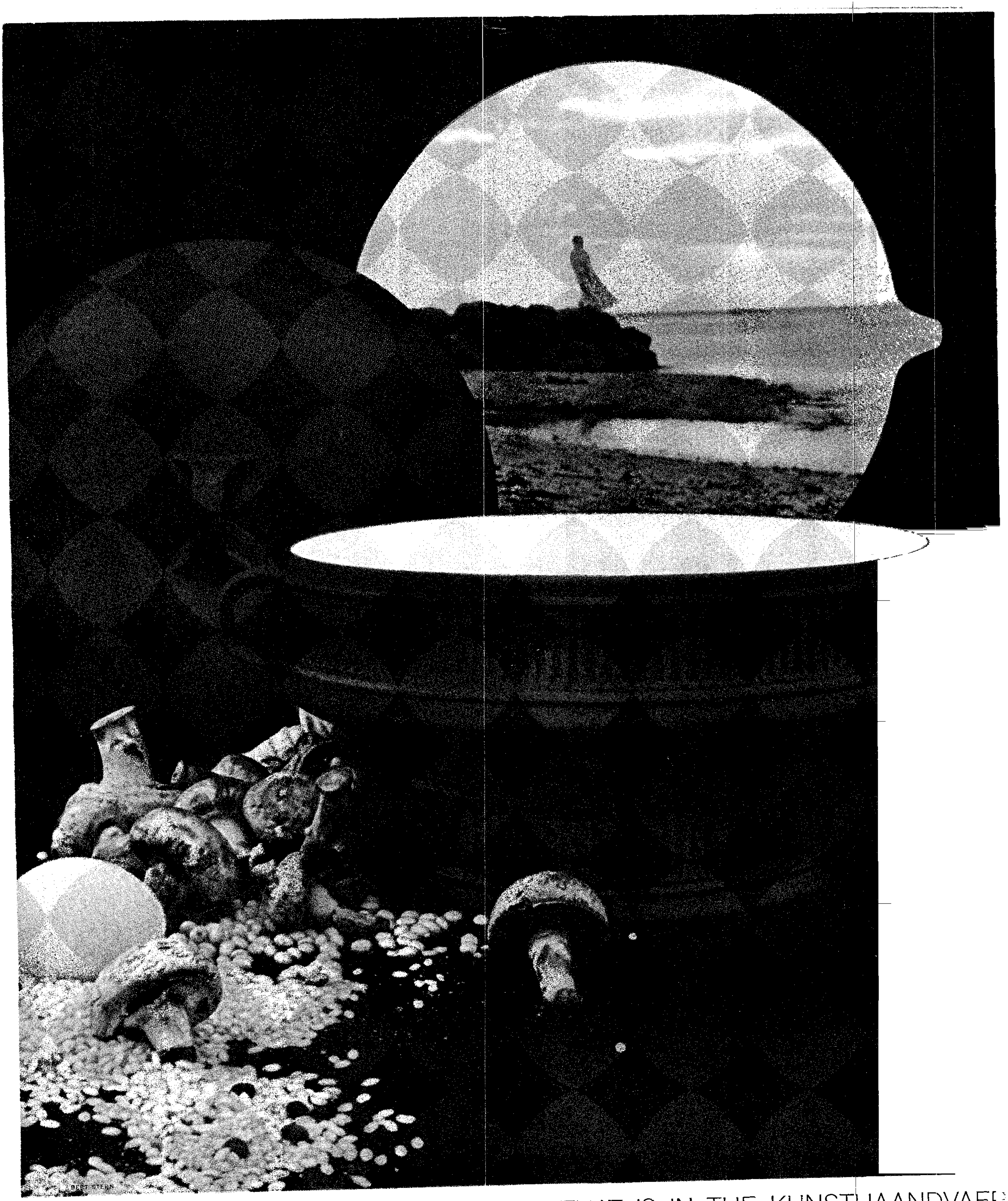
D. & J. Anderson shirtings by Hathaway range from $10.95 to $25. The shirt illustrated costs $13.95. Only the better stores will have them. For the name of your nearest store, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine—or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.



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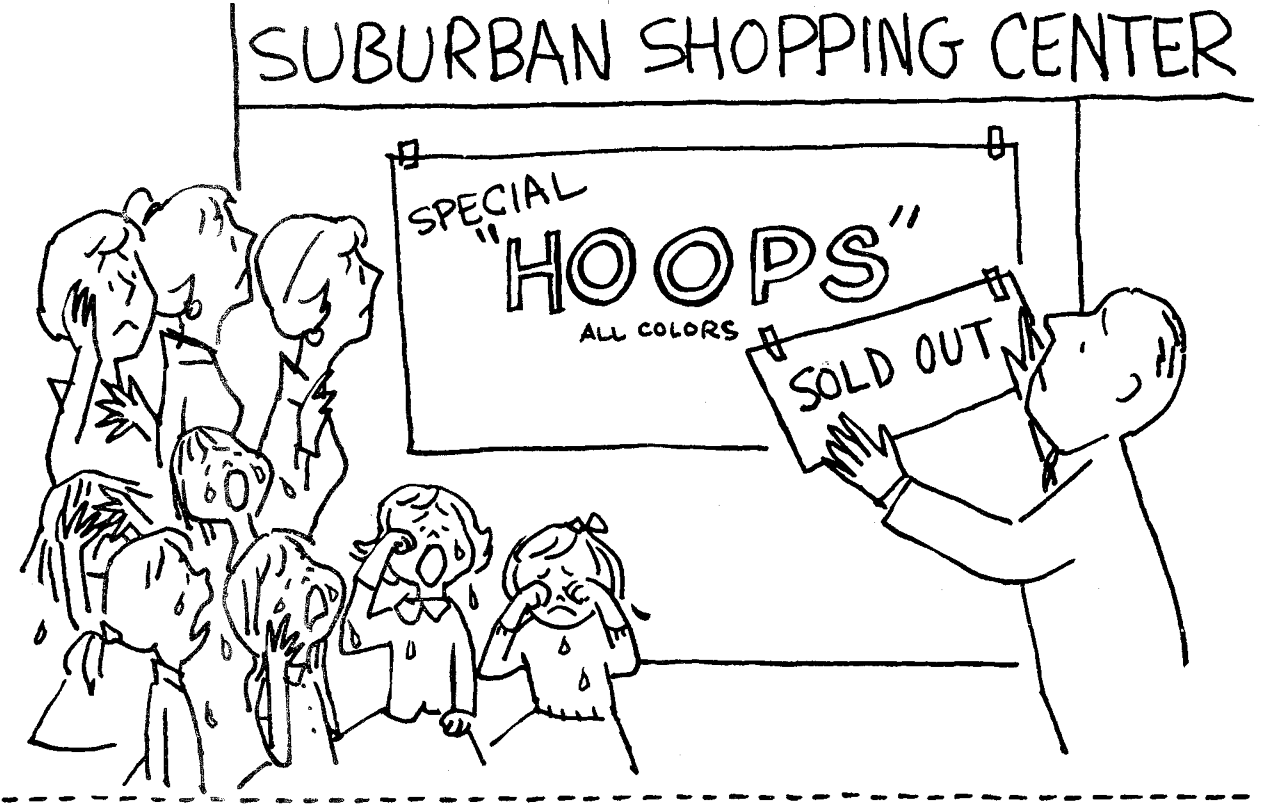
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ALL COLORS
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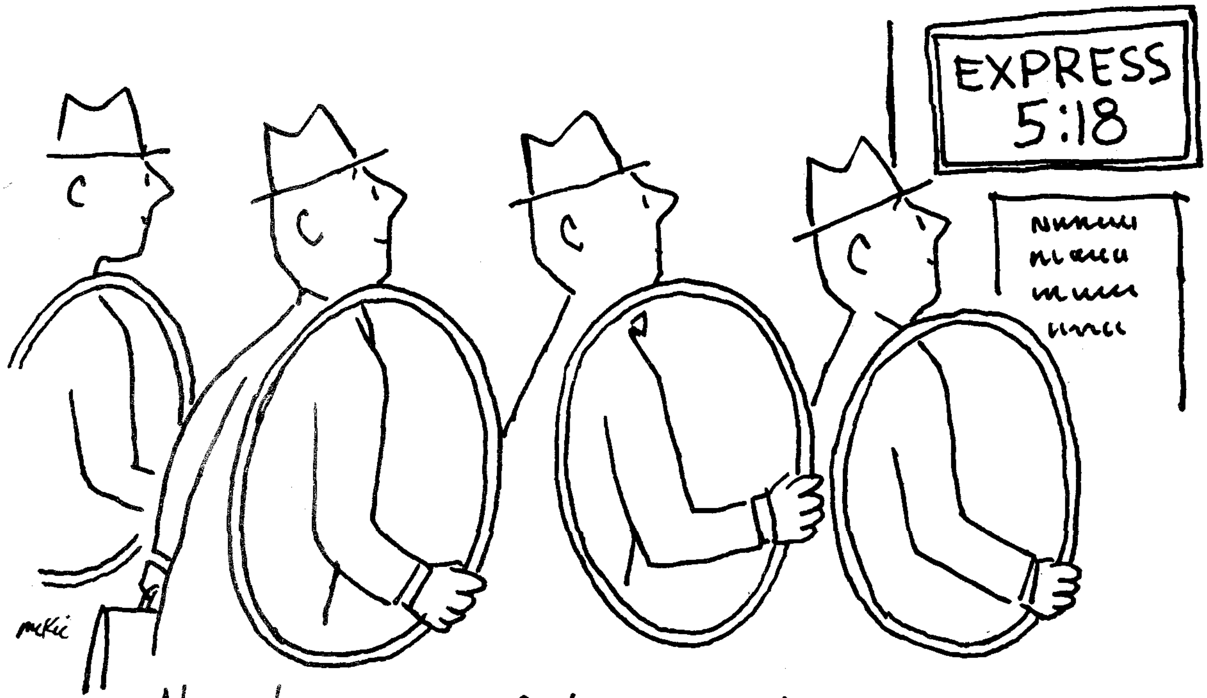
EXPRESS
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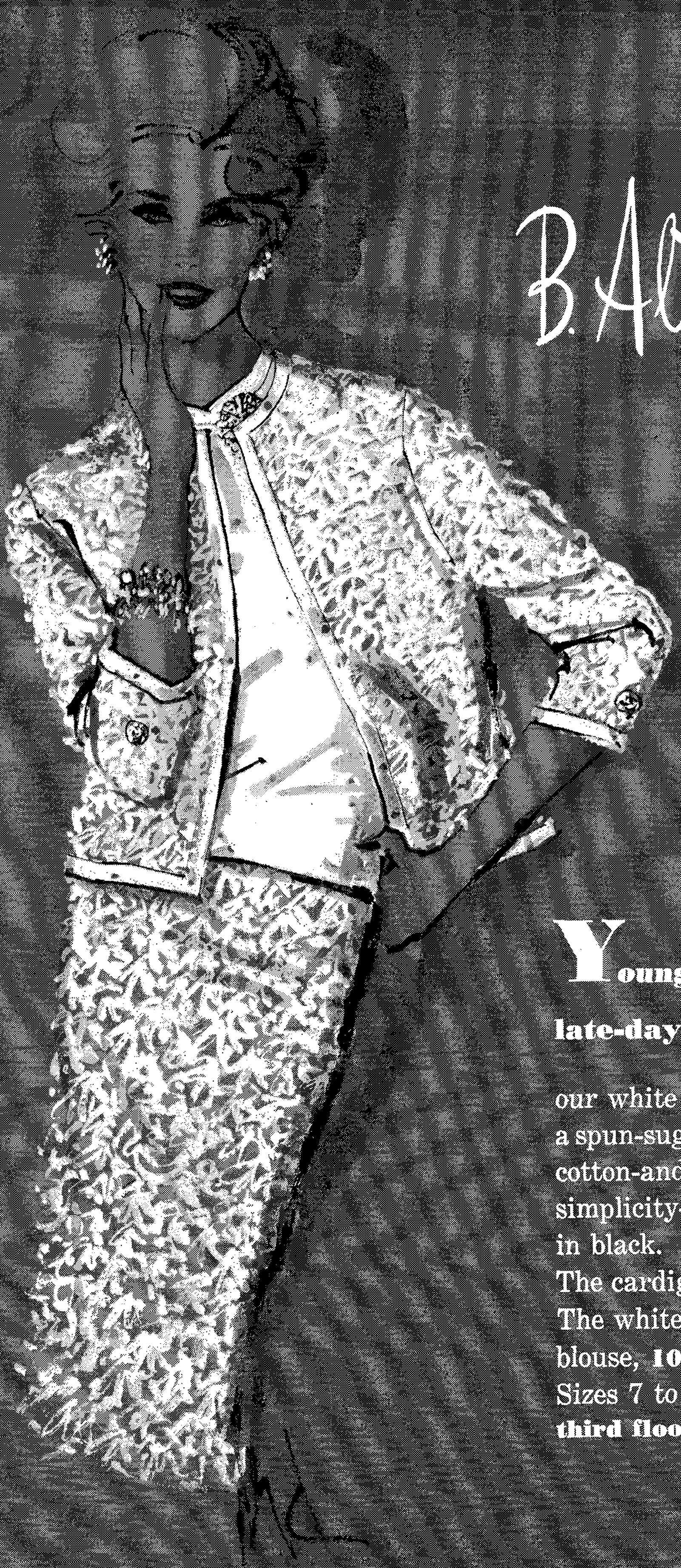

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our white lace theater suit,
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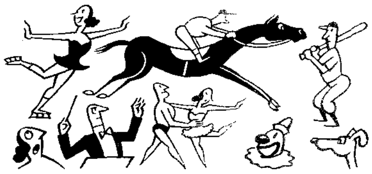
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

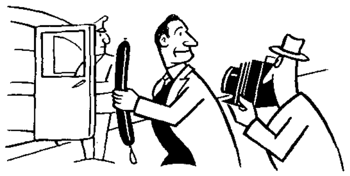
Notes and Comment

ONE of the chief advantages of living in Manhattan is the automatic privilege of spectator participation in the cultural cycle of the year, which begins, like school, in September. Never since our first day in the first grade have we thought of a New York year as beginning in January. That is the middle of it. The cycle starts with the ice show at Madison Square Garden, the Futurity meeting at Belmont Park, and the annual World Series at the Yankee Stadium. It continues with the first timid hops of ballet and peeps of publicity for the Philharmonic and the Metropolitan, and it goes on through the horse show, the Broadway opening nights, the dog show, the circus. The great thing about being a New Yorker is that you needn't miss anything. Visitors from out of town must grab what cultural memories their sojourn coincides with. Pity, for example, the household-appliances-show lover whose firm sends him here during the motorboat show. The New Yorker has it all to look at, and if he doesn't get around to something one year, there is always the next. Hit musicals run so long that he can catch them in their third season, after the demand for tickets has begun to let up. The score will seem familiar, but he will know when he is expected to applaud.



We were vividly reminded of our privileges one sunny late morning last month when we came out of a Schrafft's on lower Fifth Avenue and saw the cowboys from the rodeo riding down the street in Indian file on their way to City Hall to say howdy to Mayor Wagner—as sure a reminder as the final letter in September that oysters were in season. Two mounted cops led the procession, to clear traffic, and the easy-gaited little cutting horses single-footing in their wake made the police geldings look like draft stock. Each cowpoke carried a pennon proclaiming the name of the state of which he was a putative top hand; no state that the rodeo has a pennon for ever goes unrepresented. A cowboy clown rode his dwarf mule right up on the sidewalk, almost into Macmillan's bookstore, stampeding a herd of office girls a-headin' for the last coffee break. We stood there smelling sagebrush and tumbleweed in our imagination until the final wrangler had ridden off, and then it occurred to us, with shame, that we had not actually seen a rodeo since 1947. We also remembered that we had missed at least fourteen of the last sixteen ballet companies, and thirty-three out of the thirty-five greatest violinists since the last one, and that we couldn't remember having seen the Yankees play since Babe Ruth pitched against them. The further we pursued this thought, the worse we felt. We realized that, from a cultural-cycle point of view, we might as well have been living in Topeka, and we resolved to drain the city's cup this year, beginning with the rodeo. We had some difficulty finding a partner with an equally guilty conscience, but in time we enlisted a woman we met at a cocktail party, and hustled over to the Garden. By then it was the last night of the run, and the scrupulous chap in the box office said the show would end in half an hour, so we chose not to buy tickets. Another cultural cycle will start next September, and in the meantime we'll have a chance to miss a lot more.

IN the gastronomic theatre of operations, where Ave and Rock, as the tabs (for tabloids) call the rival plutocrats, waged the first phases of the gub (for gubernatorial) campaign, a pause without a formal truce marked the week just past as we go to press. In that respect, it was like Quemoy. No newspaper account we saw credited either of the statesmen with adding even a stalk of celery to the rival mountains of food they had consumed in public. Possibly it was because they had reached the denunciatory stage of the struggle and could not make speeches with their mouths full, but more likely, we think, it was simply internal exhaustion; they had eaten all they could and were coasting a couple of rounds on yogurt. Before surfeit set in, though, they made several interesting forays into delicatessen. The challenger, as we reported earlier in the fall, tried to eat his way into the heart of Manhattan's lower East Side by publicly consuming a disputed number of hot blintzes, or cheese-pancake rolls; a hot corned-beef sandwich on rye; a hot pizza pie; and a hot dog. Still unsatisfied, Mr. Rockefeller purchased and bore off with him a five-pound salami sausage, as if afraid he might get hungry before he reached his home at 810 Fifth Avenue. This expedition, we pointed out impartially, more than overcame the early lead taken by Governor Harriman last summer when he ate a somewhat heterodox chicken salad before a battery of cameras in suburbia. The salad contained apples and walnuts—perhaps a bit for the votes of upstate orchardists. The Governor's submission to chicken salad, we thought then, and still think, lost him as many votes among husbands as it will win him among wives. Mr. Rockefeller's smashing counterattack was calculated to accent his relative youth, since only the digestion of a man in his physical prime could be expected to support it. Youth—fifty as against the Governor's sixty-six years—is one of the points that the Republican candidate's campaign managers constantly urge in his favor. We



predicted then that Mr. Harriman would pick up the gauntlet, or at least a plate with food on it, and, sure enough, the newspapers soon reported the Governor snapping back in Brooklyn. (He perhaps feared that Rockefeller had left famine on the East Side.) The incumbent not only matched his younger opponent but topped him. "Harriman Also Eats a Blintz—Gefuelte Fish, Too, in Brooklyn," the headline in the *Herald Tribune* announced, and the *Times* concorded with "Harriman Dines on Blintzes, Too—Takes Stroll in Brooklyn to Urge Registration—Eats Gefülte Fish." The *Times* story, by Russell Porter, one of its senior and most statesmanlike reporters, said, "He emulated Nelson A. Rockefeller, his Republican opponent, by going into a Boro Park restaurant that specializes in hot cheese blintzes with sour cream and eating one. . . . The Governor went his opponent one better by eating gefülte fish with horseradish. [A divergency here: The *Times* employed the umlaut over the "u," while the *Trib* threw in an "e" after the "u" to indicate the same diphthong.] Mr. Harriman smiled broadly and said that he enjoyed both dishes tremendously." This was one more proof that the *Times* keeps its news and its editorial policy separate. Its management must have already known that it intended to endorse Rockefeller on the editorial page, as it has since done; nevertheless, it permitted Mr. Porter to mark his card for the Governor.

Gefülte fish, with or without the umlaut, is the Yiddish equivalent of a *quenelle de poisson*—fresh-water fish removed from the bones and minced, then rolled and cooked. When the Governor had finished, the *Times* recorded, he took a long walk through the neighborhood, to prove his toughness and to promote absorption. He has a fighting heart and the digestion of an old polo player. The *Tribune* man, Tom O'Hara, said that "the Governor was in such great haste that he started to eat the blintz without waiting for the sour cream or even the sugar and cinnamon as gourmets prefer"—a partisan hint that he was a less sophisticated blintz-eater than Rockefeller. It is a kind of journalism that we deprecate, and we thought we detected it again in a later sentence: "From exterior expressions it appeared that the Governor slightly preferred the gentler, more slippery blintz [to the fish]." That is mind reading, gently, slipperily designed to split the vote of the fish dealers. Anyway, we don't think that Rockefeller is sated yet. He has eaten nothing newsworthy for a fortnight, but on last Wednesday a dispatch reported that he said that he had calluses on his right palm from shaking hands with two thousand people a day. Any man taking that much exercise is working up an appetite. It is the last quarter of a pound of cold cuts that decides the battle.

Smooth

When the Théâtre National Populaire opened its stay here last week, at the Broadway Theatre, the company consisted of twenty-seven Frenchmen and sixteen Americans. The T.N.P. had recruited the Americans a scant thirty-six hours earlier, by the simple, surefire device of sending out word that it needed, as supers for "Lorenzaccio," one girl and "fourteen tall men . . . about five feet, ten inches, if possible." Since that height isn't an especially towering one by American standards, the T.N.P. had no trouble signing up the required number of men, ranging in age from about eighteen to about forty-five; indeed, it decided to sign up one extra extra, just to be on the safe side. No height having been specified for the girl, she was even easier to find. A few minutes after the first-night curtain rang down on "Lorenzaccio," we went backstage to find out how the experience of acting in a foreign company, particularly with so little preparation, had affected the Americans. The first extra we spoke to, one of the younger men, indicated that he was having the time of his life. "As soon as we'd been picked," he told us, "Jean-Jacques de Kerday, assistant stage manager for the T.N.P., led us up into the balcony and made us a welcoming speech that lasted fifteen minutes. The only one of us who really knows any French did a sort of United Nations simultaneous-translation bit. Afterward, six of the older men were assigned to play senators, and the rest of us got roles as guards, monks, masqueraders, noblemen, and pages. The girl plays a Florentine citizeness. From the start, all the regular members of the company went out of their way to be charming to her. Jean-Jacques pinched her cheek, and Gérard Philipe—he directed the show—gave her his great big smile."

Rehearsal proved less frantic than the Americans had feared. The T.N.P. has become used to hiring extras in the various countries—Greece, Yugoslavia, Russia, and so on—in which it plays, and most of the difficulties that might be expected to arise in the way of language barriers and lack of time have long since been resolved. With the help of charts, instruction by pantomime, and considerable give-and-take in broken English and still more broken French, "Lorenzaccio" got smoothly under way. "Philipe did all the directing himself," another of the extras told us. "He wasn't just trying to stuff an old production into a big Broadway house, either. He worked like a dog on lighting and restaging, changing and recreating things as he went along. Very calm, very patient. If one of us goofed, he only said, 'That's all right. Let's do it again.' "

"We spent a lot of time at rehearsal holding pikes out at different angles," a third extra said. "Line is very important to the T.N.P.—almost as important as lighting. That, and the proper use of space. Somehow, these French actors never get lost on that big black stage. They know exactly what they're doing every second. I'm impressed with that, and with how considerate everyone has been. The French brought their own electrician, carpenter, prop man, and wardrobe mistress, and the first thing the American assistant wardrobe mistress did was show her French superior where the drinking fountain was, so she could fill her electric kettle."

"One other nice thing," said a fourth extra. "You sure know you're playing with Frenchwomen. The smell of all those perfumes onstage is terrific."

On our way out of the theatre, we passed a bulletin board, and on it was a notice that seemed to sum up, in its first two lines, the quiet self-assurance with which the T.N.P. had come to make its début here. The two lines read, "*Service du Quatorze Octobre. Théâtre: Broadway. Ville: New York. Représentation: Lorenzaccio. Heure: Vingtième.*"

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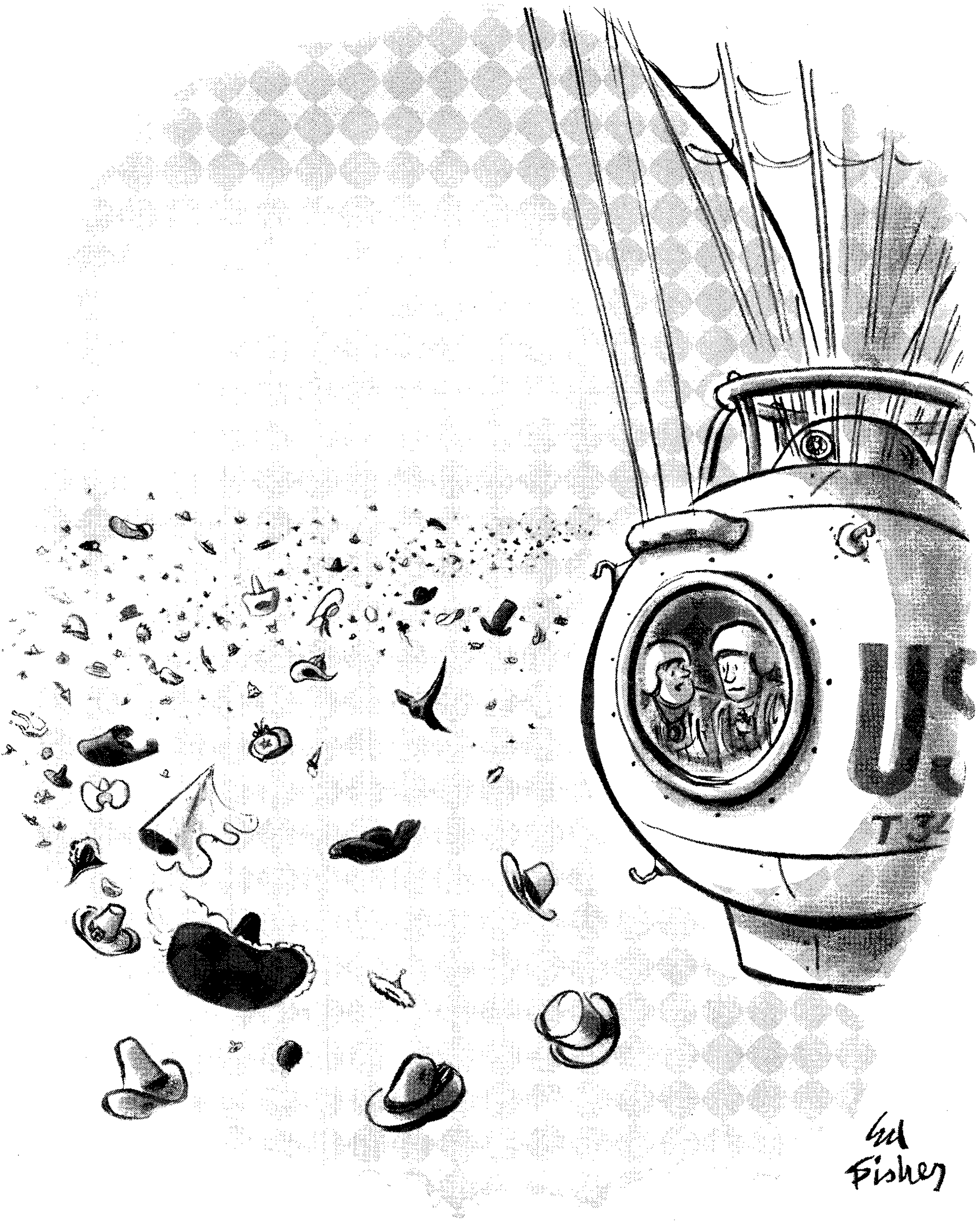
Incidental Intelligence: At 129 East Ninetieth Street, there's an establishment called the Basement Penthouse Restaurant.

Lore

Golf House, at 40 East Thirty-eighth Street, is the headquarters of the United States Golf Association; it is also the Louvre of the golfing world. Among its treasures are golf clubs, golf balls, score cards, and other artifacts precious through age or association, and upon these, as upon the volumes of an exceptionally comprehensive golfing library, an interested public is invited to



"Could it be some sort of permanent updraft zone?"

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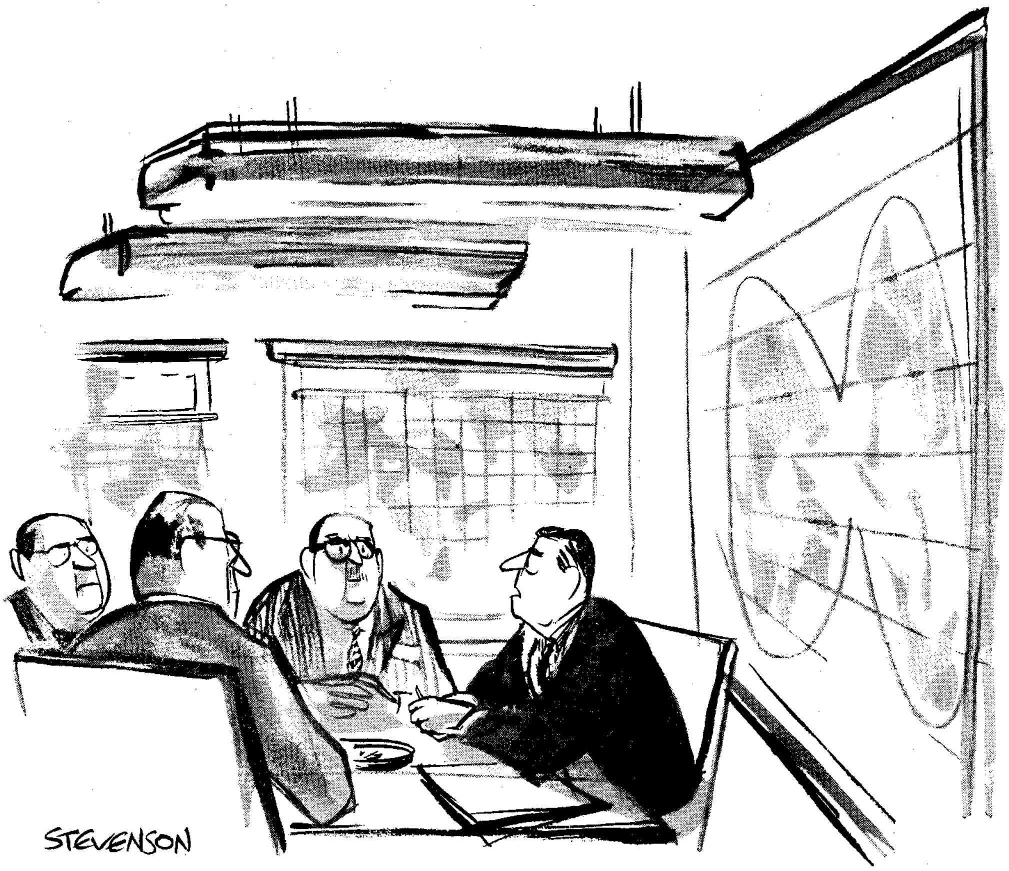
gaze, free of charge, Mondays through Fridays from nine to five. The glories of Golf House have recently been augmented by the gift of the golfing collection of Dr. O. M. Leland, Dean Emeritus of the University of Minneapolis. (The Dean is a brilliant collector of memorabilia, although, like so many academicians, a golfer not often out of the high nineties; unlike most golfers, however, he is eighty-two years old and plays a round a day, without a caddy.) Much of his collection is now on display at Golf House. Having stopped in there the other day, we were taken in hand by Mr. John D. Ames, president of the U.S.G.A., and Mr. Joseph C. Dey, Jr., its executive director, who started us off on a tour of the Leland collection and the premises by calling our attention to a glass case containing a wooden-shafted putter and a ball.

"The most famous golf club in the world," Mr. Dey said, with becoming solemnity. "Bobby Jones' Calamity Jane Number Two. Beside it is the ball with which Jones won the British Open in 1930, the same year he won the British Amateur, the American Amateur, and the American Open." He indicated a row of photographs along one wall. "All champions," he said. "You'll notice that they serve as a sort of gallery of men's golfing fashions down the years. Tweed or linen knickerbockers and high wool hose remained popular till the late twenties. Some people predict they're going to make a comeback. Over there is a picture of Francis Ouimet, in which you can see his Queen Adelaide Medal, representing the captaincy of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, in Scotland. The R. and A. is the British counterpart of the U.S.G.A."

"Perhaps the R. and A. would prefer us to say that we're *their* counterpart," Mr. Ames put in mildly. "After all, they're a lot older. People have been playing golf in Scotland for at least five hundred years. The first golf course in this country—St. Andrews, in Yonkers—was opened in 1888. The U.S.G.A. was founded six years later."

We wandered past several cases filled with clubs, many of them dating back to the eighteenth century. One club, which had a small, nearly spherical head, Mr. Dey identified as a track iron. "Golf courses used to be laid out on community ground in Scotland," he said. "Anybody had the right to cross the course, even farmers with heavy carts. The carts cut tracks, and, of course, the golfers whacked their balls into the tracks, so this iron was developed to whack the balls out again. It's a predecessor of the niblick and the wedge."

"In the first known set of rules, drawn up in 1744, it was stipulated that a player had to tee his ball within a club's length of the hole," Mr. Ames said. "Imagine the condition of our greens if we followed that rule today! Thirty-



"If you want my opinion, we should never have recognized Sun Yat-sen in the first place."

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five years ago, golfers were still teeing their balls on little towers of wet sand—the wooden tee didn't become popular till about 1923—and if you were playing with a lady, the gentlemanly thing to do was to form her tees for her."

Prominent among the sacred relics at Golf House are an etching by Rembrandt called "The Sport of Kolef," which depicts a man comfortably at rest in a pub, and in the background a second man on his way to the links; a first edition of "The Goff, An Heroi-Comical Poem," published in Scotland in 1743 and thought to be an account of an actual match, and thus the first golf reporting in history; and a book of "The Lawes and Actes of the Parliament of Scotland" for the year 1566, which contains an entry, carried forward from 1457, reading, "It is decreed and ordained, that the fute-bal and golfe be utterly cryed downe, and not to be used." We asked Mr. Dey how golf had come to gain such a bad name. "Archery was then the most important sport in Scotland, as well as the most important means of defense," he explained. "It was feared that if football and golf became too popular, archery would soon be a lost art and the country would be unable to defend itself. Happily, while archers continued to practice their art, golfers, a tough lot to discourage under any circumstances, broke the law and kept on playing."

Anachronism

A WELL-TRAVELLED miss of five, who has been exposed to two trips abroad and any number of ship brochures, was asked by her kindergarten teacher, during a pre-Columbus Day briefing, to make a sketch of the explorer's fleet. Up she came with pictures of the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa María, each graced by a clearly defined swimming pool.

Astor's Obolensky

THE local hotel scene is buzzing, and, in an effort to keep up with it, we recently buzzed over to the Astor and had a talk with its new house father, Colonel Serge Obolensky, former vice-president of the Hilton Hotels Corporation, former president of the Ambassador, which is now the Sheraton-East, and, before that, going counterclockwise, president of the Sherry-Netherland and vice-president of the Plaza; an O.S.S. trainer of guerrilla troops and, when he was in his middle fifties, the oldest combat-jump paratrooper in the United States Army, credited with behind-the-lines leaps into Sardinia and France; an executive of the St. Regis when it was owned by his then brother-in-law, Vincent Astor; a Chase Bank foreign-department man; a London brokerage-house commission man; a landed gentleman in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, Russia; a polo player, fencer, and student of political economy at Christ Church, Oxford; an agricultural student at St. Petersburg University; an honor student at St. Petersburg Gymnasium; and the infant son of Prince Platon Obolensky and the former Marie Narishkin, a relative of Peter the Great. We found this unusual hotel man, who holds a colonelcy in the Air Force Reserve, in a mezzanine office containing two framed Imperial Russian bank notes, one for a hundred rubles and one for five hundred; a replica of the standard of the Chevalier Guards Regiment, under which he fought, rising from private to major, in the First World War; presentation certificates of the Croix de Guerre and the Croix de Lorraine, dating from the Second World War; a dilapidated ant farm; and a green hoop.

"My secretary likes to feed the ants," he said. "We were given a thousand of these hoops for the Astor Ball, with which we reopened the grand ballroom a couple of weeks ago. We had a cavalcade of music and dances running from 1904—when the Astor was built—to date, culminating in a finale with these hoops. It sort of livened things up. It really made a big hit. People are crazy, aren't they? I came over here a few months ago, after my group sold the Ambassador to Bill Zeckendorf. He subsequently exchanged the Ambassador for the Astor in a deal with the Sheraton people, and asked me to come along; he persuaded me to look on it as a challenge. I'm vice-chairman of the Zeckendorf Hotels Corporation, a subsidiary of Webb & Knapp that owns the Astor and the Manhattan, on the West Side, and the Commodore, the Drake, and the Chatham, on the East Side. We are going to bring the Drake and the Chatham up again to the place they should have in the galaxy of luxury hotels, and we hope to resurrect in the Astor qualities of its splendid past. The pageant of 1904 through the prism of modern eyes!"

Colonel Obolensky, a tall, thin, clipped-mustached man of sixty-eight, who was wearing a brown suit, brown silk tie, white shirt with pink dots, brown ribbed socks, brown moccasins, and red carnation, went on to tell us that his typical business procedure was to take a hotel that he considered somewhat neglected, rehabilitate it, and sell it at a profit. "My associates and I have done this with the Plaza, the Sherry-Netherland, and the Ambassador," he said. "The people I work with are generally interested in capital gains. First, I go behind the house, to see if the plumbing, the electric wiring, the refrigeration, the kitchen, and so forth, are in order. Then I bring a certain touch of good taste into the rooms, including the public rooms. I've worked with Elsie Mendl, Christian Dior, Cecil Beaton, Jansen of Paris, and French & Co. Here at the Astor, I've had Valerian Rybar do over the grand ballroom, and we're now getting after two smaller ballrooms, on the eighth floor. New chandeliers, mirrored panels, gold-leaf detail, and so on. And, of course, we're improving the food; we've given the chef the best ingredients to cook with, and some good sous-chefs. Luckily, I have a staff of first-class chefs and headwaiters who follow me. Some of them grew up with me. It takes at least six or eight months to what I call deliver the goods.

"Zeckendorf is an extraordinary man," the Colonel continued. "Enormous initiative, terrific courage. I'm beginning to laugh. Every day I hear of a new hotel we're buying! I throw up my hands and say '*Kamerad!*' After the Astor, the Drake, where we're putting in a good French and Russian cuisine, and now the Chatham, which we're already redecorating. I get up at seven, do some yoga exercises, and am ready for the day's work. Breakfast meetings at eight-fifteen with Zeckendorf Junior, who is president of the company—his father is chairman of the board—and business lunches and dinner meetings at the Commodore and the Manhattan. We're planning right now, with the Rockefellers, to put up the biggest hotel in New York, just north of Rockefeller Center. Evenings, I go to the theatre and dance, but I always try to get home by twelve-thirty. I have an apartment here at the Astor, on the third floor, facing Broadway, across the way from the Pepsi-Cola waterfall, and—do you know?—it's the quietest place I've ever had. With the windows open, I sleep like a baby. I think it's because the walls are so thick and the windows so deeply recessed; that breaks the sound. It's very interesting. I think it's very funny."

We asked the Colonel for a word about his princely past, and he said, "My family stems from seafaring robbers, the Vikings, who invaded Russia in the ninth century. We're descended from Rurik, the first Prince of Novgorod. The Slavs were then forest tribes, not very well organized, and my ancestors ruled them, thus becoming princes. I've never used my title since I became an American citizen, in 1931. About a dozen Russian names—ours came from the town of Obolensk—go back to that early Novgorod period. My maternal grandfather inherited several fortunes and lived in Paris, but my paternal grandfather was not so gay. He was a liberal who helped Alexander the Second free the serfs—my first wife was a morganatic daughter of Alexander—and he gave all his best lands away. As a result, when I came to manage his estates, after graduating from Oxford, I had a lot of farms that were not as good as they should have been. Oh, the quantities of fertilizer I had to resort to!"

Colonel Obolensky smiled a well-organized smile, and we descended to Times Square.

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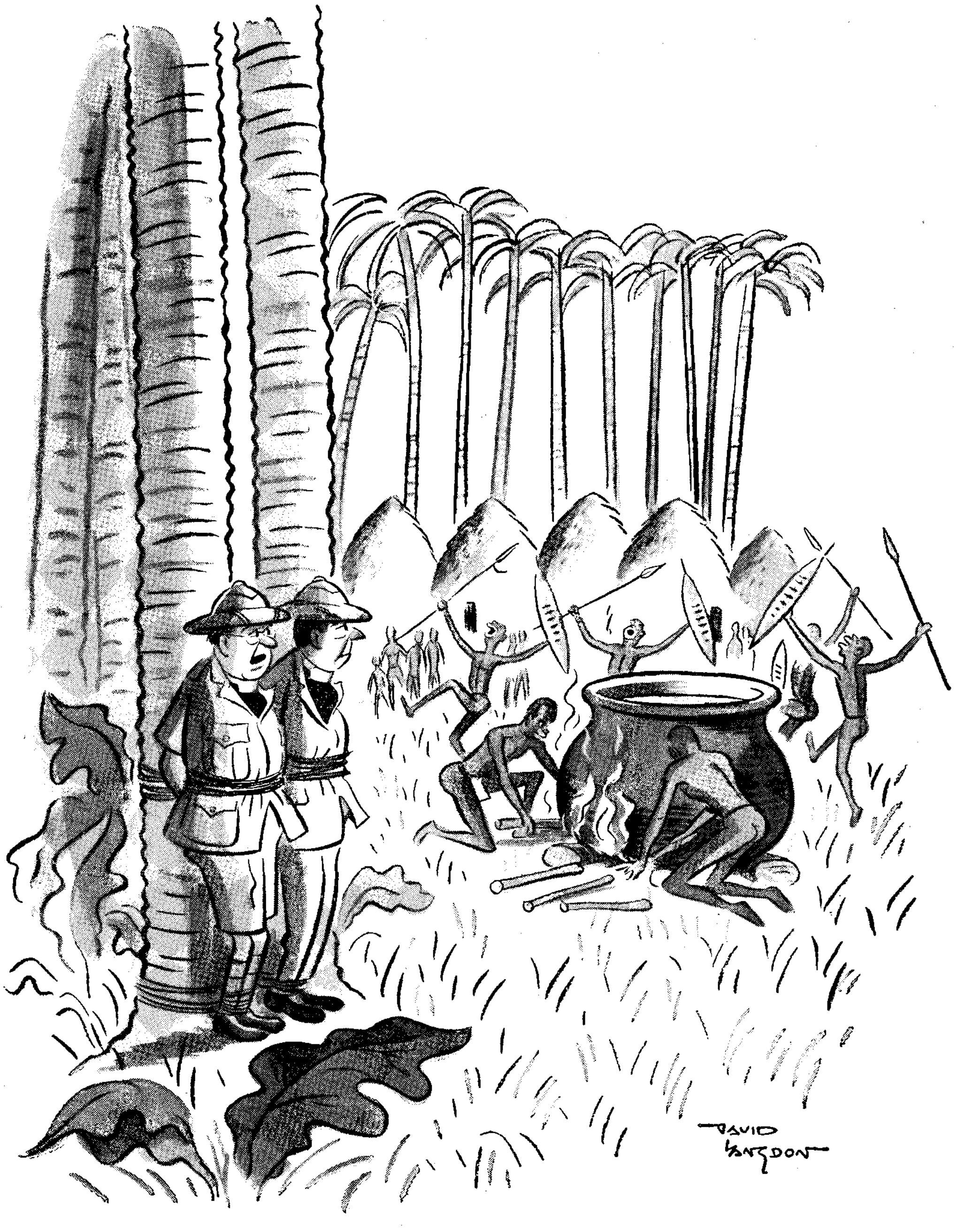
OVERHEARD at a Bronxville filling station, one young male in a Thunderbird to another: "I'm taking Leila to the Gregorys' blast. She's so neurotic she fits in anywhere."



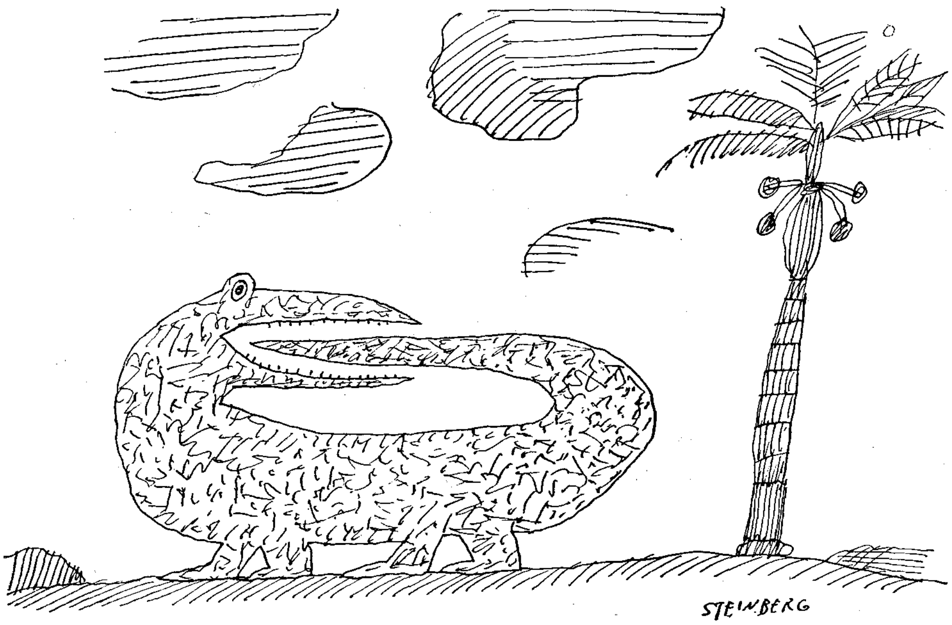
"That's the missionary business! A sermon that goes over big in Basutoland lays an egg here."

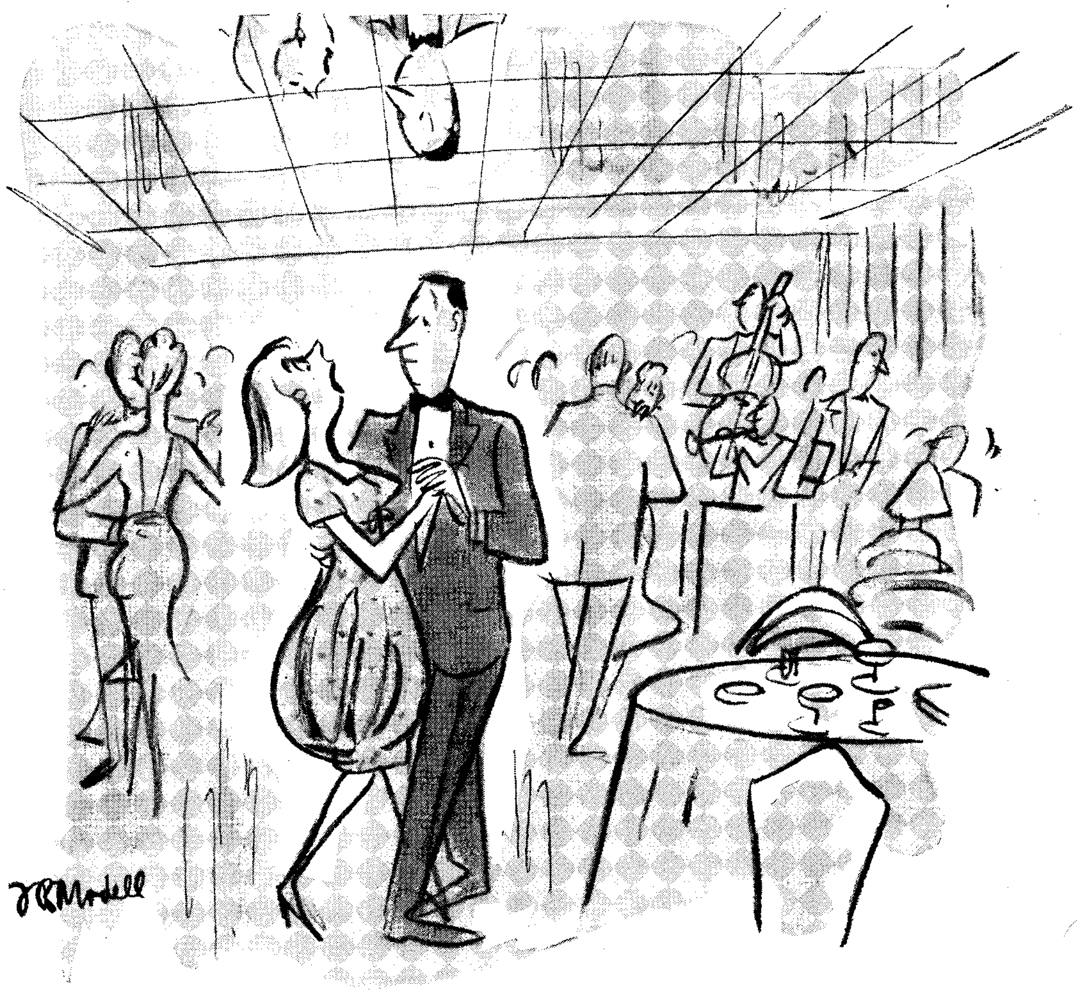
INTERVAL FOR METAPHYSICS

THERE is a period in one's life—perhaps not longer than six months—when one lives in two worlds at once, floating like thistledown from the bosom of Aristotle to the bosom of Plato, and effortlessly resolving the debate between the Realists and the Nominalists. It is the time when one has freshly learned to read. The Word, till then a denominating aspect of the Thing, has suddenly become detached from it and is perceived as a glittering entity, transparent and unseizable as a jellyfish, yet able to create an independent world that is both more recondite and more instantaneously convincing than the world one knew before. In that first world, a star, for instance, is always attached—to the night sky, to the top of the Christmas Tree, to the bosom of a lady's dress; but at the moment one is able to create the star out of those four letters, it is set free, and develops an attaching gravity of its own, gathering to itself poles, garters, and the smell of an evening paper.

But there are also occasions when the word, exploding on the surface of the thing, remains there, coruscating like a nova. There was a chemist in our town called P. St. John Gunn. To enter his shop filled me with an invariable solemn joy, such as is afforded to some by entering a church, or to others by entering a wine cellar. Like a church, it was dusky, and the light of outer day, striking through the three flasks in the window, cast stained-glass glories of crimson, orange-tawny, and amethyst. But it was more reticent than a church, for its wares, instead of being displayed, were hidden away in cabinets of countless little drawers, in cylindrical black glass jars lettered with gold, or in brown pottery canisters. I seldom visited this holy place. My mother did not believe in medicines. But it was joy enough to gaze on its exterior, which had a sombre lustrous magnificence, a pomp of gold and sable, such as I never saw equalled till I saw a hearse in Rome. Black glass, sleek as the jars within, and ornamented with gold scrollings and curlicues, screened the lower two-thirds of the window. Above, on a hanging shelf, stood the three flasks, vouchsafing only the barest hint of the colors they were lavishing on wall and floor within. Above again was the nameboard, and this, too, was of black glass, and its gold letters had bevelled edges, so that they seemed to be coated in radiance. It was on this nameboard, which, after one of those rare visits to the shop, I had looked back to admire, that the name of P. St. John Gunn suddenly exploded in evangelical majesty. Undoubtedly, I thought, a descendant. A slipshod method of speech had obscured the glorious name, but the letter revealed it. So on my return I told my mother that Nannie had bought a new sponge from Saint John Gunn. My mother corrected my pronunciation. She was infallible, but the revelation was infallible, too, so the four Evangelists became Saint Matthew, Saint Mark, Saint Luke, and Sinjohn.

My mother was infallible. My father made no such claim, but he had a fine assortment of irrefutable doubts. Among other things, he doubted—and very naturally, I'm sure, being a schoolmaster—the benefit of learning to read. From the moment a child discovers that information can be got out of books, he averred, it desists from exercising its faculties of observation, memory, and thinking for itself. So, long after my contemporaries had become literate, I was left to be observant, retentive, and rational. When my formal education began, with an illustrated spelling book, my faculties of observation, etc., prompted me to glance at the picture before saying that the Ox was Fat, the Ap-ple Ro-sy; and I was thought a promising scholar till the day when I maintained that NAG spelled "horse," or at least "pony." My mother then decided that I should learn my reading from the Bible. Its stories would interest me, and the noble English of the King James Version would improve my vocabulary. I don't know whether she thought the English of the Old Testament was nobler or its stories more suitable for a child, or whether it was just her tidy mind that liked to begin at the beginning. Anyhow, I began at the beginning, reading aloud, with a pause at the end of each verse to get my strength up, and with my mother's comments to encourage me on. I, reading: "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden—" My mother, in a vehement undertone: "Sneak!" These moral judgments (when we came on to the Patriarchs, she could bring herself to approve only of Noah, because he made room for the animals—God's idea, really, but Him she was prejudiced against almost from the start—and Esau, because he was not Jacob) helped me along what was a rather craggy path, and insensibly prepared me for the lesson of "La Comédie Humaine": that odious characters have a heaven appointed for them in great literature. As for my vocabulary, it became so episcopal and enlarged that it had to be explained to me that though the language of the Bible was part of the national heritage it was not to be used in public. Obviously, such a prohibition could not hold against what was said aloud in church. So when our fat old spaniel trotted into the butcher's shop and scavenged a gobbet out of the trash bucket, it was with a clear conscience and a sense of saying the right thing that I exclaimed, as I dragged him away, "Friday! Thou shalt not commit adultery!" Yet it was all wrong, somehow. The butcher averted his face and my nurse looked furious and took me straight home. Flouncing in on my mother, she said she had borne much but could bear no more, and wished to give





"*Why, Chester! You're getting thin on top!*"

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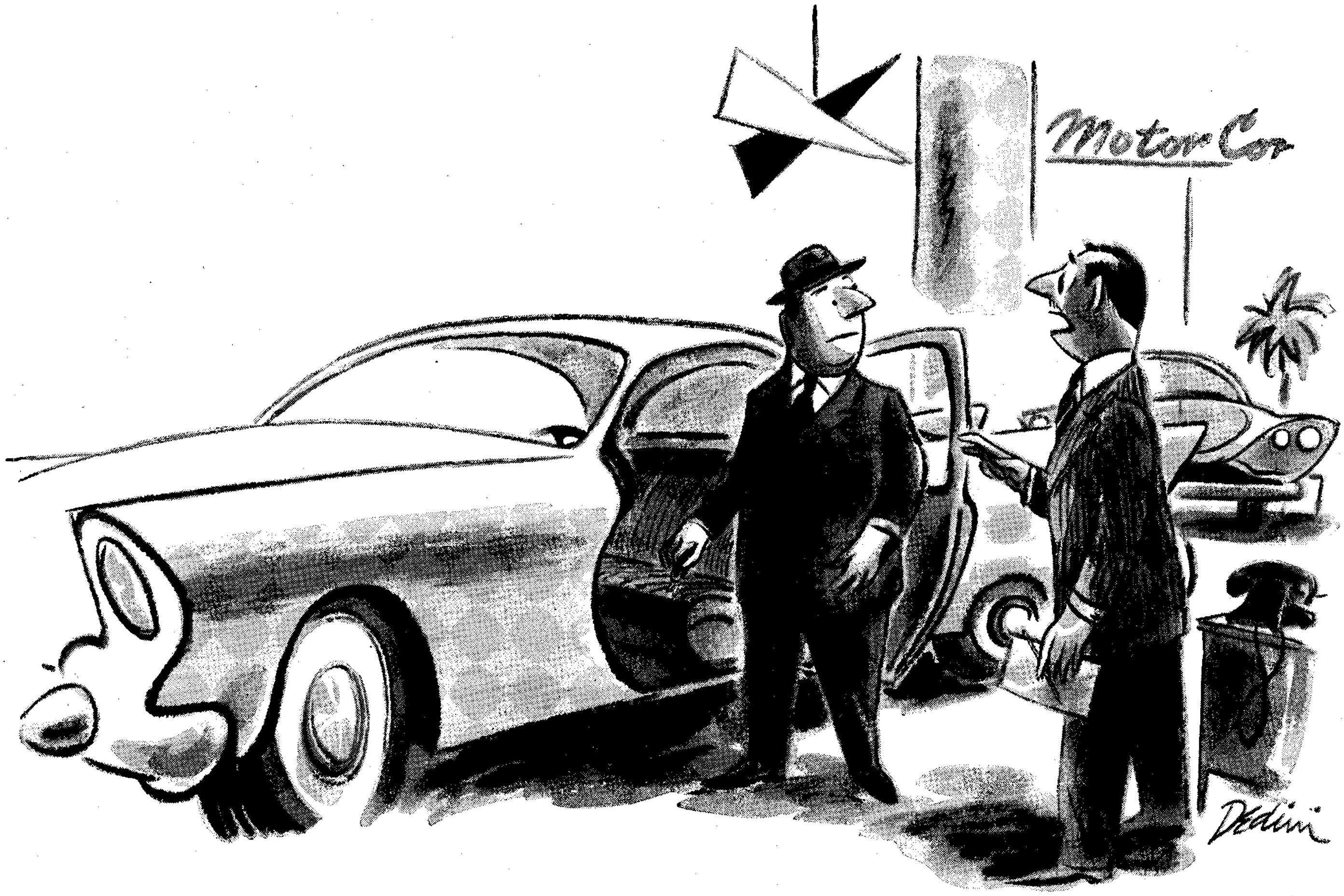
notice. When I was asked to explain myself, I took my stand, rather aggrievedly, on reason. Had I not asked my mother what adultery meant? Had she not explained that it was the sins of the flesh? I could not understand why there should be all this fuss.

Reason was allowed to prevail. But I suppose my mother felt that my language had been sufficiently ennobled, for the Bible was laid aside and I began to do sums. My arithmetic has since given far more cause for public affront and affright, but this could scarcely have been foreseen at the time.

Anyhow, I still think that Florence and the butcher were straining at gnats. What was my trifling departure from the normal compared to the eccentricities permanently on show in our small community of hard-working schoolmasters and their high-minded wives? I was no odder than Mr. Lancelot, who was regularly to be observed leaning out of an upper window in his nightshirt, apparently in rather breathless communion with the stilly night but at intervals exclaiming in measured utterance, "Bi, Ba, Bo!"—the fact being that he was so busy all day that only then could he find time to attend to his lungs, which were weak and needed the exercise of deep breathing, and to his elocution, which he was studying to improve. I was no odder than Mr. Tennyson, who went about soliloquizing in deaf-and-dumb language. I was no odder than Mr. Vaughan, who memorized his sermons by repeating them to his goat, or Mrs. Vaughan, who drove herself furiously in a wheelchair fitted with a mechanical cuckoo. I was no odder than Mr. Southey, who distracted the fishmonger by demanding lampreys. I was not odder than Mrs. MacArthur's ermine tippet.

My mother surveyed such antics with a rather *de-haut-en-bas* appreciation; for she saw herself as a counter-exponent of the regular, the conventional, the ordinary—resolved on behaving like other people, though she were the only person to behave so. This lent a magistral quality to her own eccentricities, just as her obedience to the latest rulings of fashion about hats made her successive hats so meteorically outstanding. She gave a like obedience to a code of proper deportment. These rulings were invariable: with your superiors, be calm and simple; with your equals, be pleasant without overdoing it; with your inferiors, be all that is cordial and amiable. It is an excellent code, and no one could have said a word against her adherence to it if it had not been for Bottles. Bottles was a local rascal, a corpulent, crimson rascal, with a game leg and a moist alcoholic eye, who carried a few bootlaces about with him on the pretext of vending them. My mother, out walking, would meet an acquaintance, and pause to be pleasant without overdoing it. Bottles would spy her, and shout out from the farther side of the street, "And how's my little sweetheart this morning?" At Bottles' calm and simple address, my mother would break off whatever she was saying, and reply with "Bottles, come here! I want to talk to you about your boots." Bottles would lumber up, simpering affectionately, to be assured that if he went on pawning my father's erstwhile boots instead of wearing them he would die of bronchitis. So would he please redeem them and set her mind at rest? Meanwhile the acquaintance stood there enduring Bottles' breath, or, more probably, slid away. My mother had sundry other rascals, but Bottles was her dearest. He had a good heart, he was always so nice to Friday, and the coloring of his nose, a rich mottle of crimson and purple, was a joy to her artistic eye. One day she got him, fleas and all, into the house, gave him a composing draught, sat him down, and painted his portrait. It was a good portrait, but the nose, she said, was too cold in tone. She had put too much blue into it. This indeed was so. She had put her finger on it, as usual. She was infallible—or almost infallible. "It's an extraordinary thing," she remarked, quitting a perambulator over which she and a friend had been stooping with polite congratulations. "That baby's not in the least like Mr. Liddon." After a silent wrestle with my mother's influence, the friend replied, "But why should it be?"

YET at the time, as I can still manage to remember, it was not as I describe it. Nothing was odd, nothing was amusing. Children do not recognize oddity—their pride, on which they depend for their footing in the world, forbids it—and they are amused only by jokes and horseplay. Mr. Tennyson



"You're not going to drive out of here with that beautiful fabric unprotected by seat covers, are you?"

• •

went by, constructing and brushing away his inaudible words as though accompanied by a swarm of invisible wasps. Mrs. Vaughan swept around the corner, sounding her cuckoo. Bottles sat breathing heavily beneath the Arundel print of "St. Jerome in His Study." There they were; interesting, of course, for everything was interesting; but not remarkable. But my whole soul hung on the chance of seeing that girl in her teens who had a club foot, and was dressed in black, and carried an oblong dressbox wrapped in black oilcloth. She fascinated me. I watched for her out of the window, I listened for her stumping tread. There was no discoloration of pity or terror in my thoughts. She fascinated me because I did not know the words for her, and at the same time knew that such words were her due, and waited, intently trembling, till they should explode into life and clothe her, as the bevelled edges appeared to coat the name of P. St. John Gunn in radiance—that sad little dressmaker's apprentice, sent to and fro on errands or to deliver what was in the dressbox.

For to that extent I was quite aware of the difference between the bosom of Aristotle and the bosom of Plato, however rapid and effortless the journey between them. There was a world of things, in which everything had its name and place, and there was a world of words, in which everything came to life. Each was valid, and there was no call to choose between them, for both were mine. Thus, it was possible to stand looking at a wooden paling and hearing Mr. Vaughan behind it, saying in his quavering old tenor voice, "Let us ta-ake Saint Fra-ancis," and the goat saying, "Ba-a-a!," and at the same moment be listening to the music of the spheres, because the word "paling" had suddenly developed its attaching gravity, and had gathered to itself the pale primrose that forsaken dies, and a certain expression that the sky puts on at dusk, and that I had rarely seen, since I was supposed to be indoors by then.

I was also supposed not to dawdle but to go briskly on my afternoon walks, to bowl my hoop or twirl my skipping rope. "Come on, child, hurry up! Don't moon so." *Moon* . . . a round honey-colored state, and at the same time a spiky ornament, in Florence's Aristotelian vocabulary. Though the two worlds did not enforce a choice on me, I knew they were distinct, and even opposed; for otherwise, how should things, at the breath of a word, be loosened from their *de-facto* irrevocability and become subjects for speculation, comparison, doubt, and inquiry, so that one could say "Why?" and utter that noble human sentence "I don't believe it."

And afterwards, as if angered, the world of things reasserts itself, and one is the prey of ambition and covet, and wants admiration, and bronze dancing slippers, and an iron hoop instead of a wooden one. The word sinks back into the thing, or at best betakes itself to the printed page. The period when one lived in two worlds at once is over. *Perhaps not longer than six months*, I said. When I try to recall it, I cannot retain it for as many minutes.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT
(WAR CLOUDS DIVISION)

[*Bulletin from the L. G. Balfour Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts*]

We are happy to report that all standard fraternity insignia for at least another year has been completed, inspected, and placed in our vaults subject to your shipping instructions. This will assure you of the same protection you received on three previous occasions when war was threatened.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MISS DORA DEAN?

ONE afternoon last winter, when the telephone rang in my house in Wheeling, New York, I started not to answer it; it was snowing, I was reading a book I had been waiting for weeks to get hold of, and I did not want to be disturbed. But it seemed to me that the peals of the bell were longer, more insistent than usual, so I picked up the phone and said, "Hello."

It was Peter Forbes—and neither that name nor any other is the actual one—and he was calling from Bridgeport. He said abruptly, and wheezily, for he is an asthmatic, "Ma is terribly ill. Really awfully sick."

He paused, and I said I was very sorry. His mother, Sarah Forbes, and my mother had grown up together in a colored section of Bridgeport.

Peter said, "She's got some dishes she wants you to have. So will you come as soon as you can? Because she is really very sick."

I had heard that Sarah, who was in her seventies, was not well, but I was startled to learn that she was "terribly ill," "really very sick." I said, "I'll come tomorrow. Will that be all right?"

"No, no," he said. "Please come today. Ma keeps worrying about these dishes. So will you please come—well, right away? She is really terribly, terribly ill."

Knowing Sarah as well as I did, I could understand his insistence. Sarah had an unpleasant voice; it was a querulous, peevish voice. When she was angry or irritated, or wanted you to do something that you did not want to do, she talked and talked and talked, until finally her voice seemed to be pursuing you. It was like a physical pursuit from which there was no escape.

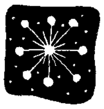
I said, "I'll leave right away," and hung up.

It took me three hours to drive from Wheeling to Bridgeport, though the distance is only forty-five miles. But it is forty-five miles of winding road—all hills and sharp curves. The slush in the road was beginning to freeze, and the windshield wiper kept getting stuck; at frequent intervals I had to stop the car and get out and push the snow away so the wiper could function again.

During that long, tedious drive, I kept thinking about Sarah and remembering things about her. It was at least two years since I had seen her. But before that, over a period of twenty years, I had seen her almost every summer, because Peter drove over to Wheeling to go fishing, and his mother came, too. She usually accompanied him whenever he went out for a ride. He would leave her at my house, so that she could visit with me while he and his two boys went fishing.

I thoroughly enjoyed these visits, for Sarah could be utterly charming when she was so minded. She was a tall woman with rather bushy black hair that had a streak of gray near the front. Her skin was a wonderful reddish-brown color and quite unwrinkled, in spite of her age. She would have been extremely attractive if she hadn't grown so fat. All this fat was deposited on her abdomen and behind. Her legs had stayed thin, and her feet were long and thin, and her head, neck, and shoulders were small, but she was huge from waist to knee. In silhouette, she looked rather like a pouter pigeon in reverse. Her legs were not sturdy enough to support so much weight, and she was always leaning against doors, or against people, for support. This gave her an air of helplessness, which was completely spurious. She had a caustic sense of humor, and, though she was an old woman, if something struck her as being funny, she would be seized by fits of giggling just as if she were a very young and silly girl.

I KNEW a great deal about Sarah Forbes. This knowledge stemmed from a long-distance telephone call that she made to my mother thirty-three years ago, when I was nine years old. I overheard my mother's side of the conversation. I can still repeat what she said, word for word, even imitating the intonation, the inflection of her voice.



In those days we lived in the building that housed my father's drugstore, in Wheeling. Our kitchen was on the ground floor, behind the store, and the bedrooms were upstairs, above it. Just as other children sat in the family living room, I sat in the drugstore—right near the front window on a bench when the weather was cold, outside on the wooden steps that extended across the front of the building when the weather was warm. Sitting outside on those splintery steps, I could hear everything that went on inside. In summer, the big front door of the store stayed wide open all day, and there was a screen door with fancy scrollwork on all the wooden parts. There were windows on either side of the door. On each window, my father had painted his name in white letters with the most wonderful curlicues and flourishes, and under it the word "Druggist." On one window it said "Cold Soda," and on the other window "Ice Cream," and over the door it said "Drug Store."

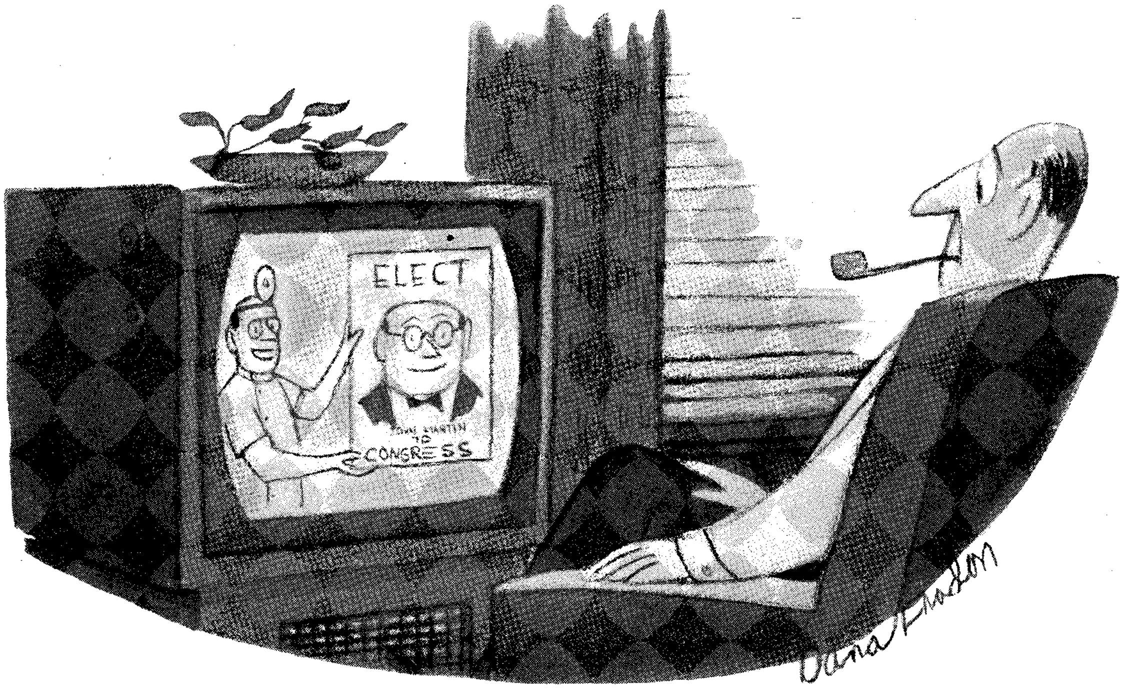
Whether I sat inside the store or outside it, I had a long, sweeping view of the church, the church green, and the street. The street was as carefully composed as a painting: tall elm trees, white fences, Federal houses.

If I was sitting outside on the steps, listening to what went on in the store, no one paid any attention to me, but if I was sitting inside on the bench near the window, my mother or my father would shoo me out whenever a customer reached the really interesting part of the story he was telling. I was always being shooed out until I discovered that if I sat motionless on the bench, with a book held open in front of me, and did not glance up, everyone forgot about me. Occasionally, someone would stop right in the middle of a hair-raising story, and then my father would say, "Oh, she's got her nose in a book. She's just like she's deaf when she's got her nose in a book. You can say anything you want to and she won't hear a word." It was like having a permanent season ticket in a theatre where there was a continuous performance and the same play was never given twice.

My special interest in Sarah dates from a rainy afternoon when I was sitting inside the store. It was a dull afternoon—no customers, nothing, just the busy sound of rain dripping from the eaves, hitting the wooden steps. The wall telephone rang, and my mother, wiping her hands on her apron, came to answer it from the kitchen, which was just behind the prescription room of the store. Before she picked up the receiver, she said, "That's a long-distance call. I can tell by the way the operator is ringing. That's a long-distance call."

I sat up straight, I picked up my book, and I heard the tinkling sound of money being dropped in at the other end. Then I heard my mother saying, "Why, Sarah, how are you? . . . What? What did you say? . . . Found him? Found him where?" She listened. "Oh, *no!*" She listened again. "Oh, my dear! Why, how dreadful! Surely an accident. You think—" A longer period of listening. "Oh, no. Why that's impossible. Nobody would deliberately—" She didn't finish what she was going to say, and listened again. "A letter? Forbes left a letter? Tear it up! You mustn't let anyone know that—" There was a long pause. "But you must think of Peter. These things have an effect on— Excuse me."

She turned and looked at me. I had put the book down on the bench, and I



"If world affairs make you nervous, fidgety, and irritable, vote for John Martin. You'll feel better instantly."

was staring straight at her, breathing quite fast and listening so intently that my mouth was open.

She said, "Go out and play."

I kept staring at her, not moving, because I was trying to figure out what in the world she and Sarah Forbes had been discussing. What had happened that no one must know about?

She said again, her voice rising slightly, "Go out and play."

So I went the long way, through the back of the store and the prescription room and the kitchen, and I slammed the back door, and then I edged inside the prescription room again, very quietly, and I heard my mother say, "He must have had a heart attack and fallen right across the railroad tracks just as the train was due. That's the only possible explanation. And, Sarah, burn that letter. Burn it up!" She hung up the phone, and then she said to herself, "How dreadful. How perfectly dreadful!"

WHETHER Sarah took my mother's advice and burned Forbes' letter I do not know, but it became common knowledge that he had committed suicide, and his death was so reported in the Bridgeport newspapers. His body had been found on the railroad tracks near Shacktown, an outlying, poverty-stricken section of Bridgeport, where the white riffraff lived and the lowest brothels were to be found. He was the only person that my father and my mother and my aunts had ever known who had killed himself, and they talked about him endlessly—not his suicide but his life as they had known it. His death seemed to have put them on the defensive. They sounded as though he had said to them, "This life all of us colored folk lead is valueless, it is disgusting, it is cheap, it is contemptible, and I am throwing it away, so that everyone will know exactly what I think of it." They did not say this, but they sounded perplexed and uneasy whenever they spoke of Forbes, and they seemed to feel that if they could pool their knowledge of him they might be able to reach some acceptable explanation of why he had killed himself. I heard Forbes and Sarah discussed, off and on, all during the period of my growing up.

I never saw Forbes. The Wingates, an enormously wealthy white family for whom he worked, had stopped coming to Wheeling before I was born, and he had stopped coming there, too. But I heard him described so often that I know exactly what he looked like, how he sounded when he talked, what kind of clothes he wore. He was a tall, slender black man. He was butler, social secretary, gentleman's gentleman. When Mr. Wingate became ill, he played the role of male nurse. Then, after Mr. Wingate's death, he ran the house for Mrs. Wingate. He could cook, he could sew, he could act as coachman if necessary; he did all the buying and all the hiring.

The Wingates were summer residents of Wheeling. Their winter home was in Bridgeport. In Wheeling, they owned what they called a cottage; it was an exact replica of an old Southern mansion—white columns, long gravelled driveways, carefully maintained lawns, brick stables, and all within six hundred feet of Long Island Sound.

During the summer, Forbes rode a bicycle over to my father's drugstore every pleasant afternoon. He said he needed the exercise. Whenever I heard my family describing Forbes, I always thought how dull and uninteresting he must have been. There would never be anything unexpected about him, never anything unexplained. He would always move exactly as he was supposed to when someone pulled the proper strings. He was serious, economical, extremely conservative—a tall, elegant figure in carefully pressed black clothes and polished shoes. His voice was slightly effeminate, his speech very precise. Mrs. Wingate was an Episcopalian and so was Forbes.

But one day when my father was talking about Forbes, some six months after his death, he suddenly threw his head back and laughed. He said, "I can see him now, bicycling down the street, with those long legs of his pinched up in those straight tight pants he wore, pumping his legs up and down, and whistling 'Has Anybody Seen Miss Dora Dean?' with his coattails flying in the wind. I can see him now." And he laughed again.

At the time, I could not understand why my father should have found this funny. Years later, I learned that the tune Forbes whistled was one that Bert Williams and George Walker, a memorable team of Negro comedians, had made famous along with their cakewalk. They were singing "Dora Dean" in New York in about 1896. Dora Dean, the girl of the song, played the lead in a hit show called "The Creole Show," which was notable for a chorus of sixteen beautiful colored girls. I suppose it amused my father to think that Forbes, who seemed to have silver polish in his veins instead of good red blood, should be whistling a tune that suggested cakewalks, beautiful brown girls, and ragtime.

Mrs. Wingate's name entered into the discussions of Forbes because he worked for her. It was usually my mother who spoke of Mrs. Wingate, and she said the same thing so often that I can quote her: "Mrs. Wingate always said she simply couldn't live without Forbes. She said he planned the menus, he checked the guest lists, he supervised the wine cellar—he did everything. Remember how she used to come in the store and say he was her mind, her heart, her hands? That was a funny thing to say, wasn't it?" There would be a pause, and then she would say, "Wasn't it too bad that she let herself get so fat?"

It was from my mother that I learned what Mrs. Wingate looked like. She was short and blond, and her face looked like the face of a fat china doll—pink-and-white and round. She used rice powder and rouge to achieve this effect. She bought these items in our drugstore. The powder came wrapped in thin white paper with a self stripe, and the rouge came in little round cardboard boxes, and inside there was a round, hard cake of reddish powder and a tiny powder puff to apply it with.

She must have used a great deal of rouge, because at least once during the summer she would send Forbes up to the drugstore with a carton filled with these little empty rouge boxes. He would put them on the counter, saying, in his careful, precise, high-pitched voice, "Mrs. Wingate thought you might be able to use these." My father said he dumped them on the pile of rubbish in back of the store, to be burned, wondering what in the world she thought he would or could use them for. They smelled of perfume, and the reddish powder had discolored them, even on the outside.

Mrs. Wingate grew fatter and fatter, until, finally, getting her in and out of carriages, and then, during a later period, in and out of cars—even cars that were specially built—was impossible unless Forbes was on hand.

Forbes was lean, but he was wiry and tremendously strong. He could get Mrs. Wingate in and out of a carriage or a car without effort; at least he gave the appearance of effortlessness. My father said it was Mrs. Wingate who panted, who frowned, whose flesh quivered, whose forehead was dampened with sweat.

My father always ended his description of this performance by saying, "Remember how he used to have that white woman practically on his back? Yes, sir, practically on his back."

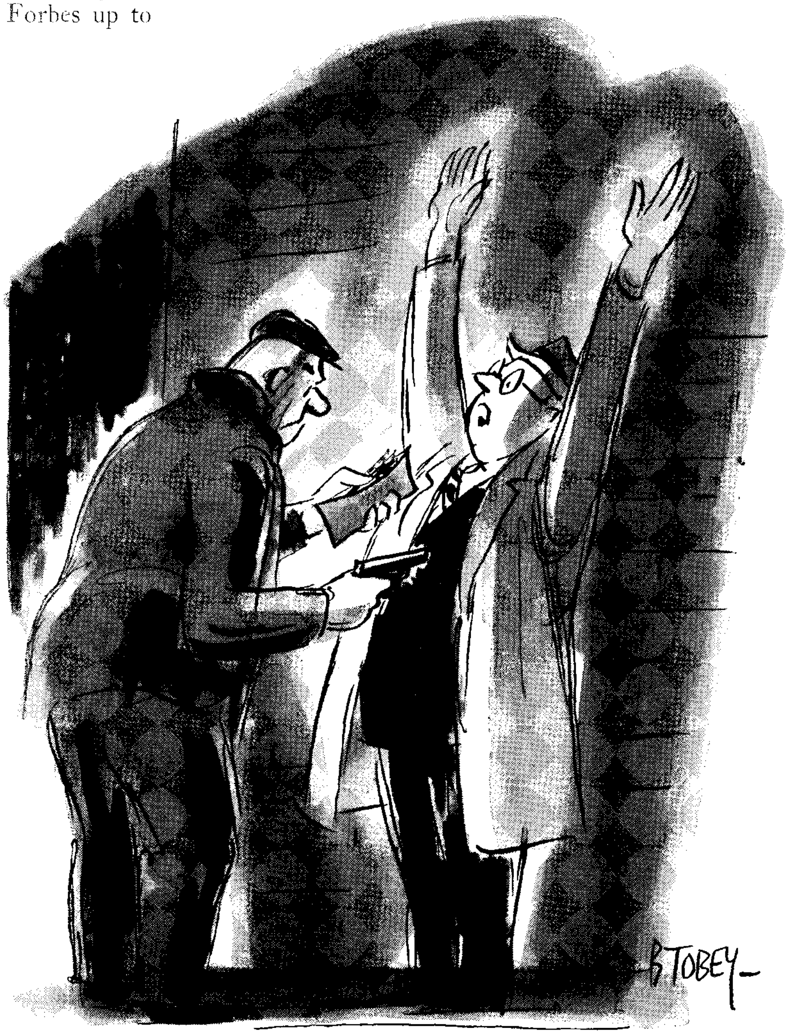
After I heard my father say that, I retained a curious mental picture of Forbes—a lean, wiry black man carrying an enormously fat pink-and-white woman piggyback. He did not lean over or bend over under the woman's weight; he stood straight, back unbent, so that she kept sliding down, down, down, and as he carried this quivering, soft-fleshed Mrs. Wingate, he was whistling "Has Anybody Seen Miss Dora Dean?"

I DON'T know that Forbes was actually looking for a reasonable facsimile of Dora Dean, but he found one, and he fell in love with her when he was forty years old. That was in 1900. He was so completely the perfect servant, with no emotional ties of his own and no life of his own, that my family seemed to think it was almost shocking that his attention should have been diverted from his job long enough to let him fall in love.

But it must have been inevitable from the first moment he saw Sarah Trumbull. I have a full-length photograph of her taken before she was married. She might well have been one of those beautiful girls in "The Creole Show." In the photograph, she has a young, innocent face—lovely eyes, and a pointed chin, and a very pretty mouth with a quirk at the corner that suggests a sense of humor. Her hair is slightly frizzy, and it is worn in a high, puffed-out pompadour, which serves as a frame for the small, exquisite face. She is wearing a shirtwaist with big, stiff sleeves, and a tight choker of lace around her throat. This costume makes her waist look tiny and her neck long and graceful.

My mother had been born in Bridgeport, and though she was older than Sarah, she had known her quite well. Sarah was the only child of a Baptist minister, and, according to my mother's rather severe standards, she was a silly, giggling girl with a reputation for being fast. She was frivolous, flirtatious. She liked to play cards, and played pinochle for money. She played the violin very well, and she used to wear a ring with a diamond in it on her little finger, and just before she started to play, she would polish it on her skirt, so that it would catch the light and wink at the audience. She had scandalized the people in her father's church because she played ragtime on the piano at dances, parties, and cakewalks. (I overheard my father say that he had always heard this called "whorehouse music;" he couldn't understand how it got to be "ragtime.")

Anyway, one night in 1900 Forbes had a night off and went to a



"I'm very sorry, but I never carry more than fifty dollars in cash."

dance in New Haven, and there was Sarah Trumbull in a white muslin dress with violet ribbons, playing ragtime on the piano. And there was a cakewalk that night, and Forbes and Sarah were the winners. I found a yellowed clipping about it in one of my mother's scrapbooks—that's how I know what Sarah was wearing.

I have never seen a cakewalk, but I have heard it described. About fourteen couples took part, and they walked in time to music—not in a circle but in a square, with the men on the inside. The participants were always beautifully dressed, and they walked with grace and style. It was a strutting kind of walk. The test of their skill lay in the way they pivoted when they turned the corners. The judges stopped the music at intervals and eliminated possibly three couples at a time. The most graceful couple was awarded a beautifully decorated cake, so that they had literally walked to win a cake.

In those days, Sarah Trumbull was tall, slender, and graceful, and John Forbes was equally tall, slender, and graceful. He was probably very solemn and she was probably giggling as they turned the corners in a cakewalk.

A year later, they were married in the Episcopal Church (colored) in Bridgeport. Sarah was a Baptist and her father was a Baptist minister, but she was married in an Episcopal church. If this had been a prizefight, I would say that Mrs. Wingate won the first round on points.

WHEN my family discussed Forbes, they skipped the years after his marriage and went straight from his wedding to Sarah Trumbull in an Episcopal church (colored) to his death, twenty-four years later. Because I knew so little of the intervening years, I pictured him as being as ageless as a highly stylized figure in a marionette show—black, erect, elegantly dressed, effeminate, temperamental as a cat. I had never been able to explain why our cats did the things they did, and since there did not seem to be any reasonable explanation for Forbes' suicide, I attributed to him the unreasonableness of a cat.

The conversations in which my parents conjectured why Forbes killed himself were inconclusive and repetitive. My mother would sigh and say that she really believed Forbes killed himself because Sarah was such a slovenly housekeeper—that he just couldn't bear the dirt and the confusion in which he had to live, because, after all, he was accustomed to the elegance of the Wingate mansion.

My father never quite agreed. He said, "Well, yes, except that he'd been married to Sarah for twenty years or so. Why should he suddenly get upset about dirt after all that time?"

Once, my mother pressed him for his point of view, and he said, "Maybe he was the type that never should have married."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, he'd worked for that Mrs. Wingate, and he waited too long to get married, and then he married a young girl. How old was Sarah—twenty, wasn't she? And he was forty at the time, and—"

"Yes, yes," my mother said impatiently. "But what did you mean when you said he was a type that never should have married?"

"Well, if he'd been another type of man, I would have said there was more than met the eye between him and Mrs. Wingate. But he was so ladylike there couldn't have been. Mrs. Wingate thought a lot of him, and he thought a lot of Mrs. Wingate. That's all there was to it—it was just like one of those lifetime friendships between two ladies."

" 'Between two ladies'!" my mother said indignantly. "Why, what a wicked thing to say! Forbes was— Well, I've never seen another man, white or black, with manners like his. He was a perfect gentleman."

"Too perfect," my father said dryly. "That type don't make good husbands."

"But something must have *happened* to make him kill himself. He was thrifty and hard-working and intelligent and honest. Why should he kill himself?"

My father tried to end the conversation. "It isn't good to keep talking about the dead like this, figuring and figuring about why they did something—it's like you were pulling at them, trying to pull them back. After all, how do you know but you might succeed in bringing them back? It's best to let them alone. Let Forbes alone. It isn't for nothing that they have that saying about let them rest in peace."

There was silence for a while. Then my mother said softly, "But I do wish I knew why he killed himself."

My father said, "Sarah told you he said in the letter he was tired of living. I don't believe that. But I guess we have to accept it. There's just one thing I'd like to know."

"What's that?"

"I keep wondering what he was doing in Shacktown. That seems a strange place for a respectable married man like Forbes. That's where all those barefooted foreign women live, and practically every one of those orange-crate houses they live in has a red light in the window. It seems like a strange part of the city for a respectable married man like Forbes to have been visiting."

BY the time I was ten, Forbes' death had for me a kind of reality of its own—a theatrical reality. I used to sit on the steps in front of the drugstore, and half close my eyes so that I could block out the church green and the picket fences and the elm trees and the big old houses, and I would pretend that I was looking at a play instead. I set it up in my mind's eye. The play takes

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A FIRE TRUCK

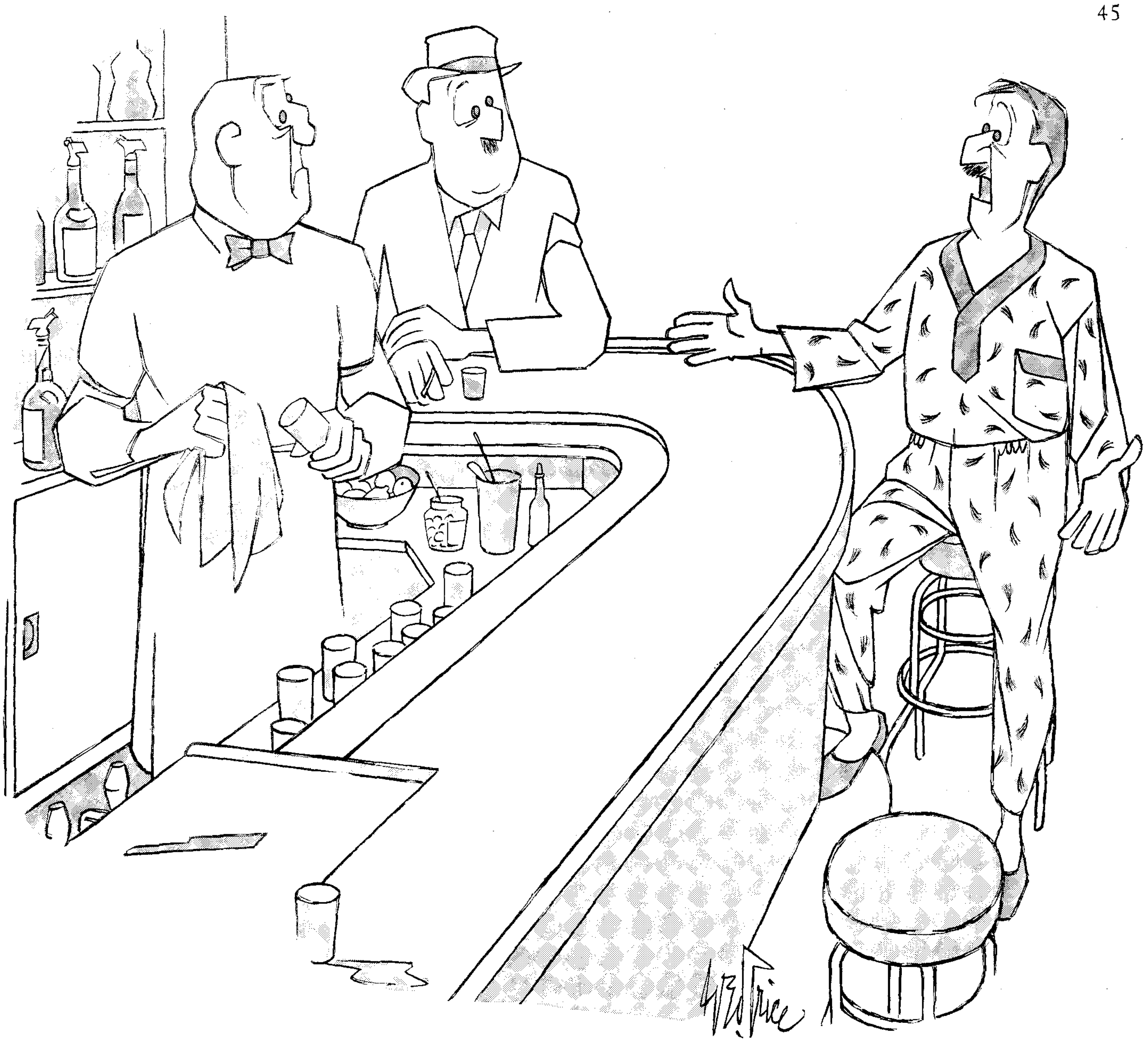
Right down the shocked street with a siren-blast
That sends all else skittering to the curb,
Redness, brass, ladders, and hats hurl past,
Blurring to sheer verb,

Shift at the corner into uproarious gear
And make it around the turn in a squall of traction,
The headlong bell maintaining sure and clear,
Thought is degraded action!

Beautiful, heavy, unweary, loud, obvious thing!
I stand here purged of nuance, my mind a blank.
All I was brooding upon has taken wing,
And I have you to thank.

As you howl beyond hearing I carry you into my mind,
Ladders and brass and all, there to admire
Your phoenix-red simplicity, enshrined
In that not extinguished fire.

—RICHARD WILBUR



“What d’ya mean, ‘Go home’? I just came from there.”

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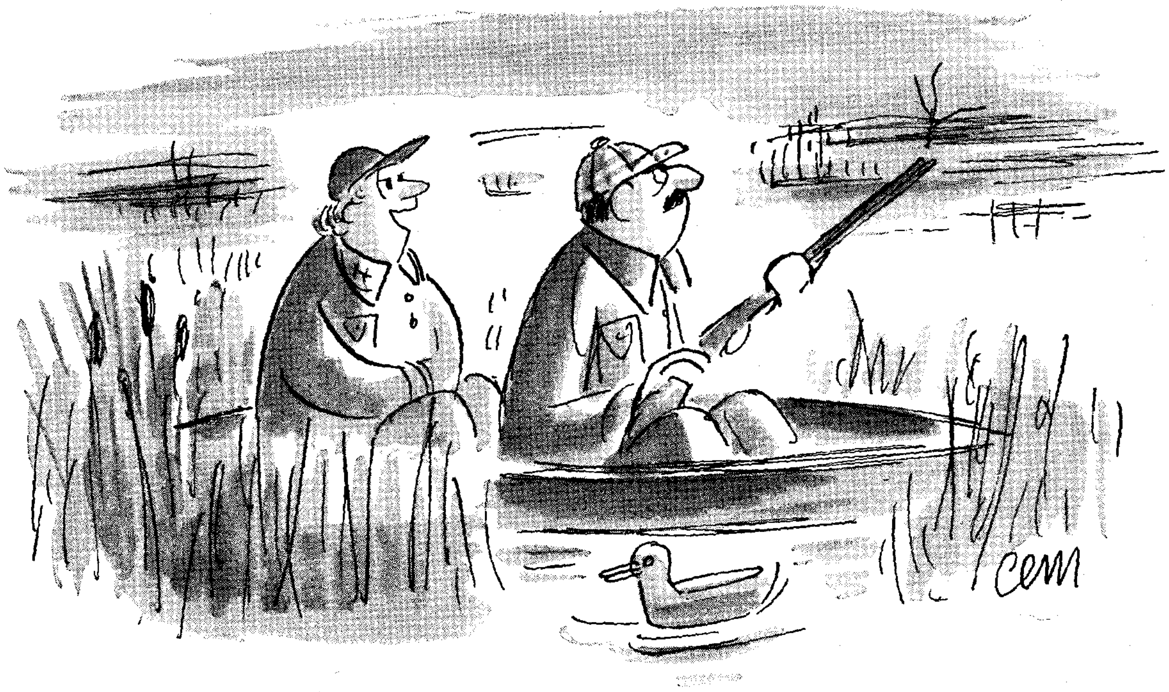
place on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, where the land is all cinders, in a section where voluptuous, big-hipped foreign women go barefooted, wrap their heads and shoulders in brilliant red-and-green shawls, and carry bundles on their heads—that is, those who work. Those who do not work wear hats with so many feathers on them they look as if they had whole turkeys on their heads. The houses in this area are built entirely of packing cases and orange crates. There is the sound of a train in the distance, and a thin, carefully dressed black man, in a neat black suit and polished shoes, walks swiftly onstage and up the slight incline toward the railroad tracks—no path there, no road. It is a winter’s night, and cold. This is Forbes and he is not wearing an overcoat.

As narrator for an imaginary audience, I used to say, “What is he doing in this part of town in his neat black suit and his starched white shirt? He could not possibly know anyone here in Shacktown, a place built of cinders and packing cases. Bleak. Treeless. No road here. What is he doing here? Where is he going?”

The train whistles, and Forbes walks up the embankment and lies down across the tracks. The train comes roaring into sight and it slices him in two—quickly, neatly. And the curtain comes down as a telephone rings in a drugstore miles away.

This picture of Forbes remained with me, unchanged; I still see him like that. But in the intervening years Sarah changed. My first distinct recollection of her was of a stout middle-aged woman with a querulous voice, which was always lifted in complaint. Her complaint centered on money—the lack of it, the importance of it. But even in middle age there were vestigial remains of the girl who scandalized the religious colored folk of Bridgeport by pounding out whorehouse music on the piano, and who looked as though she had just stepped out of the chorus line of “The Creole Show”: the wonderful smooth reddish-brown skin, the giggle over which she seemed to have no control, and the flirtatious manner of a Gay Nineties beauty. The coyness and the fits of giggling she had as an old woman were relics of these mannerisms.

I GOT to Bridgeport just at dusk. As I rang the bell of the two-story frame house where Sarah lived, I remembered something. This was the house that Mrs. Wingate had given to Forbes and Sarah as a wedding present. They had lived in it together exactly three weeks, and then Forbes went back to live at the Wingate mansion. Mrs.



"How do you want it? With orange sauce or baked with mushrooms?"

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Wingate had asked him to come back because she might want to go out at night, and how could she get in and out of a car without him? It would be very inconvenient to have to wait for him to come all the way from the other side of town. (The Wingate mansion was at the south end of the city, and the dark-brown, two-story taxpayer was at the north end of the city.) Mrs. Wingate had said that Sarah would, of course, stay where she was. She increased Forbes' wages and promised to remember him most generously in her will.

"It was a funny thing," my mother once said. "You know, Sarah used to call Forbes by his first name, John, when he was courting her, and when they were first married. After he went back to live at Mrs. Wingate's, she called him Forbes. All the rest of his life, she called him by his last name, just as though she was talking to Mrs. Wingate's butler."

One of Peter Forbes' gangling boys—Sarah's younger grandson—opened the door, and I stopped thinking about the past. He was a nice-mannered, gentle-looking boy, tall and thin, his face shaped rather like Sarah's in the old photograph—a small-boned face. His skin was the same wonderful reddish-brown color. I wondered why he wasn't in school, and immediately asked him.

"I've finished," he said. "I finished last June. I'm eighteen and I'm going in the Army."

I said what most people say when confronted by evidence of the passage of time. "It doesn't seem possible."

He said, "Yeah, that's right," took a deep breath, and said, "Nana's in the bedroom. You'd better come right in."

He seemed to be affected by the same need for haste that had made his father urge me to come see Sarah right away. I did not pause even long enough to take my coat off; I followed him down a dark hall, trying to remember what his real name was. Sarah had brought Peter's children up. Peter had been married to a very nice girl, and they had two boys. The very nice girl left Peter after the second baby was born and never came back. Sarah had given nicknames to the boys; the older was called Boodie, and the younger was Lud. It was Lud who had answered the door. I could not remember anything but the nickname—Lud.

We entered a bedroom at the back of the house. The moment I saw Sarah, I knew that she was dying. She was sitting slumped over in a wheelchair. In the two years since I had seen her, she had become a gaunt old woman with terrible bruised shadows under her eyes, and she was so thin that she looked like a skeleton. Her skin, which had been that rich reddish brown, was now overlaid with gray.

Lud said, "Nana, she's here. She's come, Nana."

Sarah opened her eyes and nodded. The eyes that I had remembered as black and penetrating were dull, and their color had changed; they were light brown. I bent over and kissed her.

"I'm not so bright today," she said, and the words came out slowly, as though she had to think about using the muscles of her throat, her tongue, her lips—had to think, even, before she breathed. After she finished speaking, she closed her eyes, and she looked as though she were already dead.

"She isn't asleep," Lud said. "You just say something to her. She'll answer—won't you, Nana?"

Sarah did not answer. I took off my coat, for the heat in the room was unbearable, and I looked around for a place to put it and laid it on a chair, thinking that the room had not changed. It was exactly as I remembered it, and I had not been in it for twenty years. There was too much furniture, the windows were heavily curtained, there was a figured carpet on the floor, and a brass bed, a very beautiful brass bed; one of the walls was covered with framed photographs.

A white cat darted through the room, and I jumped, startled, remembering another white cat that used to dart through these same rooms—but that was twenty years ago. "That's surely not the same cat, Lud? The one you've always had?"

"We've had this one about three years."

"Oh. But the other cat was white, too, wasn't it? It was deaf, and it had never been outside the house—isn't that right? And it had blue eyes."

"So's this one. He doesn't go outside. He's deaf, and he's got blue eyes." Lud grinned, and his face was suddenly lively and very young. "And he's white," he said, and then laughed out loud. "Nana calls him our white folks."

"What's the cat's name?"

"Willie."

That was the name of the other cat, the one I had known. And Willie, so Sarah Forbes had said (boasted, perhaps?)—Willie did not like men. I wondered if this cat did.

"Is he friendly?"

"No," Lud said.

"Doesn't like men," Sarah Forbes said. Her voice was strong and clear, and it had its old familiar querulousness. The boy and I looked at her in surprise.

She seemed about to say something more, and I wondered what it was going to be, for there was a kind of malevolence in her expression.

But Peter Forbes came into the room, and she did not say anything. We shook hands and talked about the weather, and I thought how little he had changed during the years I had known him. He is a tall, slender man, middle-aged now, with a shaggy head and a petulant mouth that has deeply etched lines at the corners.

At the sight of Peter, Sarah seemed to grow stronger. She sat up straight. "Wheel me out to the dining room," she ordered.

"Yes, Ma," he said obediently. The wheelchair made no sound. "You come, too," he said to me.

"There's some china . . ." Sarah's voice trailed off, and she was slumping again, almost onto one arm of the wheelchair, her arms, head, and neck absolutely limp. She looked like a discarded rag doll.

We stood in the dining room and looked at her, all three of us. I said, "I'd better go. She's not well enough to be doing this. She hasn't the strength."

"You can't go," Peter said, with a firmness that surprised me. "Ma has some dishes she wants you to have. She's been talking about them for days now. She won't give us a minute's peace until you have them. You've got to stay until she gives them to you." Then he added, very politely and quite winningly, "Please don't go."

So I stayed. The dining room was just as hot as the bedroom. It, too, was filled with furniture—a dining-room set, three cabinets filled with china and glassware, a studio couch, and, in a bay window, a big aquarium with fish in it.

Willie, the white cat, ran into the room from the hall, clawed his way up the draperies at the bay window, and sat crouched on the cornice, staring into the fish tank. His round blue eyes kept following the movements of the fish, back and forth, back and forth.

"Doesn't he try to catch the fish?" I asked.

Lud said, "That's what he wants to do. But he can't get at them. So he just watches them."

"Why, that's terrible," I said. "Can't you—"

Sarah had straightened up again. "Open those doors," she said.

"Yes, Ma." Peter opened one of the china cabinets.

"Get my cane."

"Yes, Ma." He went into the bedroom and came back with a slender Malacca cane. She took it from him in a swift snatching movement, and, holding it and pointing with it, was transformed. She was no longer a hideous old woman dying slowly but an arrogant, commanding figure.

"That," she said, "and that," pointing imperiously to a shelf in the china cabinet where a tall chocolate pot stood, with matching cups and saucers, covered thick with dust.

"Get a carton and some newspapers." She pointed at Lud, and she jabbed him viciously in the stomach with the cane. He jumped, and said "Oh, oo-ooh!," pain and outrage in his voice.

"Go get the carton," Peter said matter-of-factly.

While we waited for Lud to come back, Sarah seemed to doze. Finally, Peter sat down and motioned to me to sit down. He picked up a newspaper and began to read.

Something about the way Sarah had ordered him around set me to wondering what kind of childhood Peter had had. He must have been about twelve years old when Mrs. Wingate died and left thirty-five thousand dollars to Forbes.

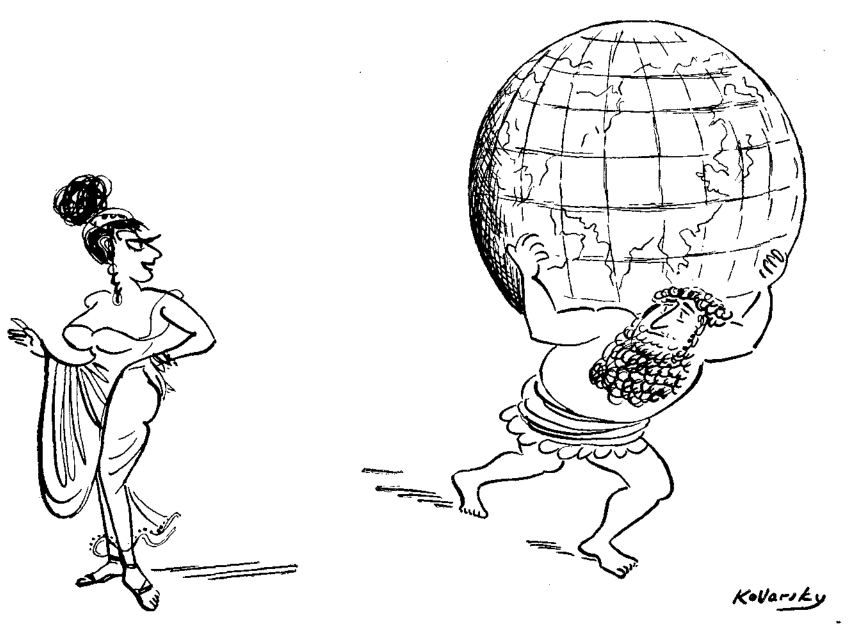
With this money, Forbes took what he called a flyer in real estate; he acquired an equity in six tenement houses. My mother had disapproved. She distrusted the whole idea of mortgages and loans, and she felt that Forbes was gambling with his inheritance; if his tenants were unable to pay the rent, he would be unable to meet the interest on his notes and would lose everything.

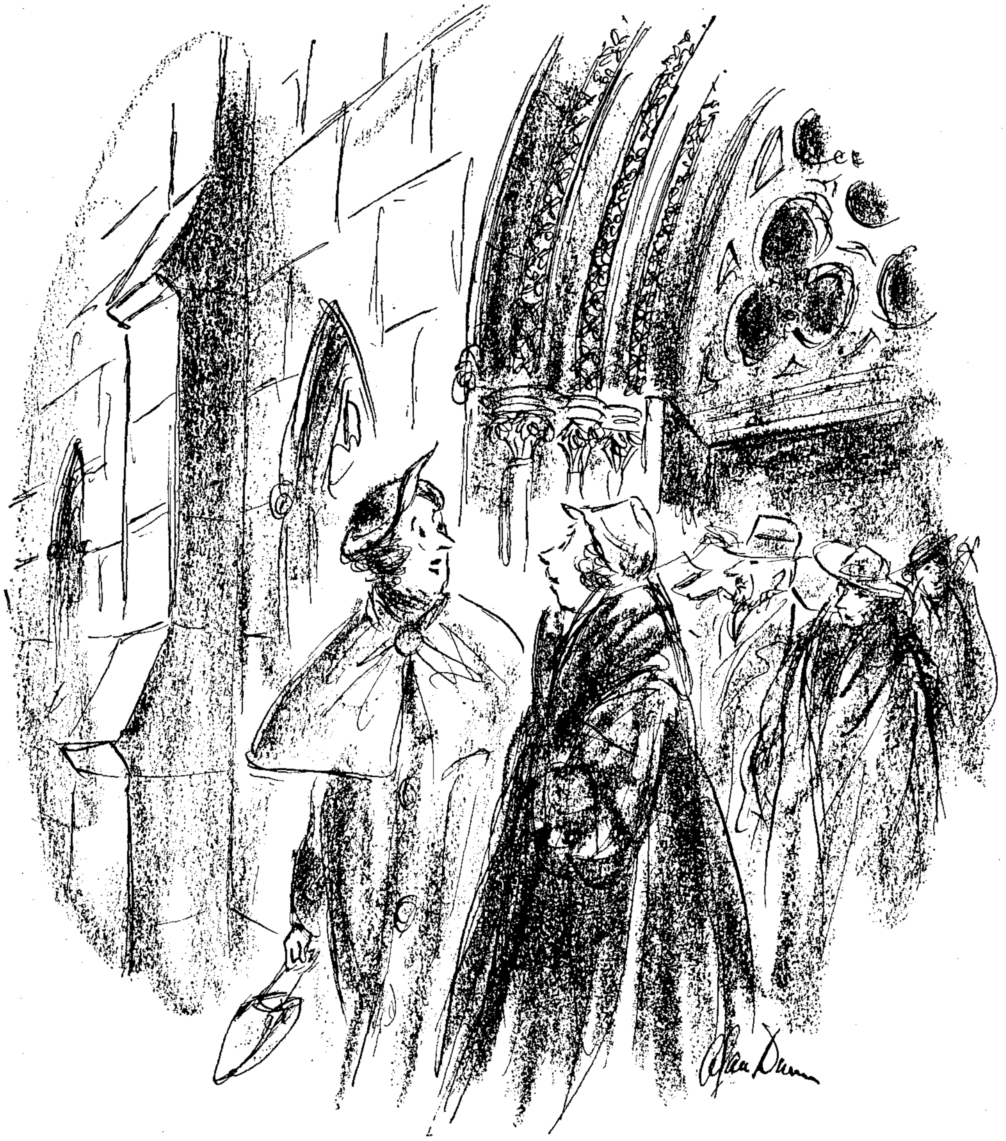
During this period, Mother went to see Sarah fairly often, and she always came away from these visits quite disturbed. She said that Sarah, who had at one time cared too much about her looks, now did not seem to care at all. The house was dreadful—confused and dusty. She said that Forbes had changed. He was still immaculate, but he was now too thin—bony—and his movements were jerky. He seemed to have a dreadful, almost maniacal urge to keep moving, and he would sit down, stand up, walk about the room, sit down again, get up, walk about again. At first she used to say that he was nervous, and then she amended this and enlarged it by saying he was distraught.

Mrs. Wingate had been dead exactly two years when Forbes committed suicide. Immediately, all of Sarah's friends predicted financial disaster for her. Forbes' money was tied up in heavily mortgaged real estate, and shortly after his death the depression came along, with its eviction notices and foreclosures.

I glanced at Sarah, dozing in the wheelchair, her chin resting on her chest. At twenty, she had been a silly, giggling girl. And yet somewhere under the surface there must have been the makings of a cold, shrewd property owner, a badgering, browbeating fishwife of a woman who could intimidate drunks, evict widows and orphans—a woman capable of using an umbrella or a hatpin as a weapon. She had made regular weekly collections of rent, because she soon learned that if she went around only once a month, the rent money would have gone for food or for liquor or for playing the numbers. Peter went with her when she made her collections. He was tall, thin, and asthmatic, and wore tweed knee pants and long stockings—a ridiculous costume for a boy in his teens.

It was during those years that Sarah perfected her technique of leaning against people, and began to develop a whining voice. She began to get





"I'm so disappointed! I was hoping he'd pray for a Rockefeller landslide while he still had steam up."

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fat. Her behind seemed to swell up, but her legs stayed thin, like pipestems, so that she walked carefully. She was what my father called spindle-shanked.

I suppose she had to whine, to threaten, to cajole, perhaps cry, in order to screw the rent money out of her tenants; at any rate, she succeeded. Years later, she told Mother that she had not lost a single piece of property. She finally sold all of it except the two-story taxpayer where they lived. She said that the bank that held the mortgages and notes had congratulated her; they told her that no real-estate operator in Bridgeport had been able to do what she had done—bring all his property through the depression intact.

Sarah straightened up in the wheelchair and pointed with her cane. "That," she said. Peter hesitated. "That" seemed to be some white cups and saucers with no adornment of any kind. Sarah threatened Peter with the cane, and he took them out of the cabinet and put them on the table.

"Perfect," she said to me. "Six of them. All perfect. Belonged to my grandmother. Handed down. They're yours now. You hand them down."

I shook my head. "Wait a minute," I said, slowly and distinctly, in order to be sure she understood. "What about your grandsons? What about Lud and Boodie? These cups should belong to Lud and Boodie."

"They will run with whores," she said coldly. "Just like Peter does. Just like Forbes kept trying to do, only he couldn't. That's what he was after in Shacktown that time, and when he found he couldn't—just wasn't able to—he laid himself down on the railroad track." She paused for a moment. "I cried for three days afterward. For three whole days." She paused again. "I wasn't crying because of what happened to him. I was crying because of what had happened to me. To my whole life. My whole life."

I could not look at Peter. I heard him take a deep breath.

Sarah said, "Those cups are yours. I'm giving them to you so that I'll know where they are. I'll know who owns them. If they should stay here . . ." She shrugged.

Lud came back with the carton and a pile of newspapers, and Sarah did not even glance in his direction. She said, "The chocolate cups belonged to a French king. Mrs. Wingate gave them to me for a wedding present when I married her Forbes. I want you to have them so that I'll know who owns them."

We wrapped the pieces of china separately, and put wads of crumpled newspaper in between as we packed the carton. Sarah watched us. Sometimes she half closed her eyes, but she kept looking until we had finished. After that, her head slumped and her breathing changed. It was light, shallow, with pauses in between. I could hear the thumping of her heart way across the room.

I said "Goodbye, Sarah," and kissed the back of her neck, but she did not answer or move.

It was still snowing when Lud carried the carton out to the car for me, held the door open, and closed it after I got in. I thought he did it with a kind of gracefulness that he couldn't possibly have acquired from Peter; perhaps it was something inherited from Forbes, his grandfather.

Lud said, "Did those cups really belong to one of the kings of France?"

"Maybe. I really don't know. I wish you'd put them back in the house. This whole carton of china is more yours than it is mine. These things belonged to your grandmother, and they should stay in your family."

"Oh, no," he said hastily, and he stepped away from the car. "I don't want them. What would I do with them? Besides, Nana's ghost would come back and bug me." He laughed uneasily. "And if Nana's ghost bugged anybody, they'd flip for sure."

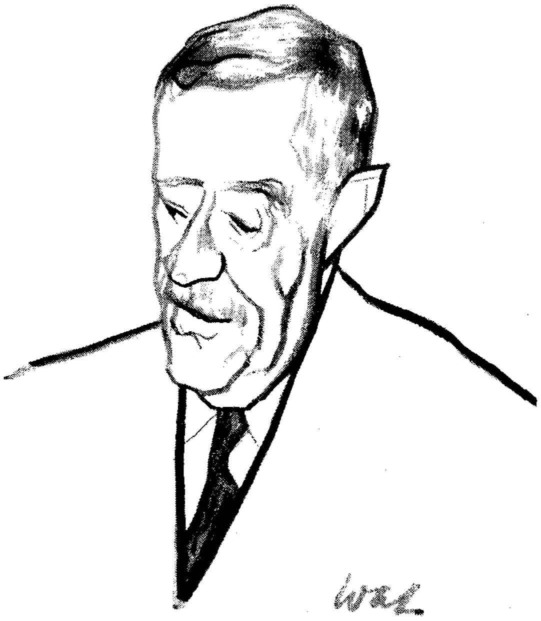
When I got home, I washed the chocolate set and, having got rid of the accumulated dust of fifty years, I decided that it could easily have belonged to one of the kings of France. It was of the very old, soft-paste type of porcelain. It had been made in the Sèvres factory, and it was exquisitely decorated in the lovely color known as rose Pompadour.

I was admiring the shape of the cups when the telephone rang. It was Peter Forbes. He said, "Ma died in her sleep just a few minutes after you left."

—Ann Petry

PROFILES

CUSTODIAN



Chester Dale

“THE phenomenon of art collecting is too instinctive and too common to be dismissed as mere fashion or the desire for fame,” the late Francis Henry Taylor wrote in 1948 in “The Taste of Angels,” a history of art collecting from early Egyptian to Napoleonic days. “It is a complex and irrepressible expression of the inner individual, a sort of devil of which great personalities are frequently possessed. It is a curious coincidence that all of the men and women dealt with in these pages were highly interesting in their own right and would, indeed, have been so even had they never collected anything in their entire lives.” Mr. Chester Dale, a collector who came along too late to get into Mr. Taylor’s book, lives up generously to Mr. Taylor’s generalization. A former public-utilities magnate, fire buff, and golfing crony of the late Grantland Rice; a continuing devotee of race tracks, prizefights, sailing, dancing, bottle pool, and Jack & Charlie’s restaurant; the contractor of two marriages (one at twenty-seven, the other at seventy-one) to handsome, exuberant, characterful ladies several inches taller than himself, he is, at seventy-five, president of the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C., which in the seventeen years of its existence has become one of the six or seven greatest art museums extant; the possessor of one of the best-known and best-travelled art collections in the country; the master of a self-made fortune well up in the millions and of a pungent vocabulary well up in the profanities; the only man in the world who has had his portrait painted, *seriatim*, by Robert Reid, George Bellows, Jean Lurçat, Diego Rivera, Miguel Covarrubias, and Salvador Dali; and the only person ever to have entered the august pages of *Who’s Who* as a “retired banker.” Dale achieved this last distinction, in 1946, in a particularly distinguished way—by having withdrawn from active business in Wall Street, with his millions intact, at the end of 1934, close to the height, or depth, of the depression, when it was more conventional to make such exits, ’midst Fortune’s frowns, through the window. Mr. Dale simply moved, through the door, from a large office in W. C. Langley & Co., an investment-banking firm at 115 Broadway, of which he had been a senior partner, to a somewhat smaller one at the same address, where, without portfolio in the secondary Websterian sense, he has been taking excellent care of his own portfolio, in the tertiary Websterian sense, ever since.

The Dale art collection consists of some seven hundred paintings, drawings, and lithographs, its crowning nucleus being its nineteenth- and twentieth-century French works. The largest part of this nucleus, including by far its most dazzling examples, is housed in an apartment that Dale maintains in the Plaza, and in the National Gallery. A hundred and fifty Dale pictures hang on the Gallery’s walls, a hundred and thirty-three of them in nine galleries given over entirely to Dale and to aspects of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art. Inscribed over the entrance and on the walls of each of these nine rooms is “The Chester Dale Collection,” and none of their contents may be moved other than by order of the Gallery’s president. The items in the Chester Dale Collection comprise nine Picassos (four dating from the Blue Period), eight Monets, six Renoirs (three bought by Dale from the famous Prince de Wagram Collection in Paris), six Cézannes, six Matisses, six Modiglianis, six Cassatts, five Degas, five Derains, five Vlamincks, five Braques, four Corots, three Courbets, three Gauguins, three van Goghs, three Toulouse-Lautrecs, two Delacroix, two Fantin-Latours, two Manets, two Berthe Morisots, two Sisleys, two Pissarros, two Dufresnes, two Dufys, two Rouaults, two Utrillos, two Chardins, and singletons by Drouais, Boucher, Boilly, Jacques-Louis David, Rouget, Daumier, Bazille, Daubigny, Monticelli, Puvis de Chavannes, Boudin, Guillaumin, Redon, Steinlen, Henri Rousseau, Bonnard, de Chirico, Laurençin, Léger, Lurçat, Marcoussis, Marquet, Oudot, Quizet, Soutine, Tondu, and Vuillard, as well as a 1570 French-school panel “Portrait of a Nobleman.”

Although Mr. Dale has footed the staggering bill for these, a co-architect of the collection—and, according to him, the prime one—was his first wife, Maud, an amateur painter, student of art, and writer about art, whose particular enthusiasm was the modern French school. Some years his senior, she began taking him around to galleries and museums here and abroad soon after their marriage, in 1911, and harangued him, over a period of years, into adding the pleasure of collecting paintings to the pleasures of the stock market, the bond market, golf, prizefights, the opera, and the sampling of costly foods and wines. For a while, he resisted, but in the early nineteen-twenties her indoctrination commenced to take, and she stood by astonished as he bought Guy Pène duBoises and Bellowses in quantity—ten to twenty-five at a clip. She led, or possibly tugged, him into extra-American fields, continued to guide and educate him, and had a persuasive voice in the selection of their paintings—notably the French ones—until her death, in 1953. “For historical reasons, Maud and I bought many pictures I had no personal interest in,” he said recently. “We collected a hundred and fifty years of French art, with ancestors.” This accounts for the National Gallery’s sixteenth-century panel, which presages Renoir, as well as for the Drouais, the Boucher, and the Chardins, which are eighteenth-century ancestors. By the time Dale backed into *Who’s Who*, he had come to realize that he, too, was a student of art—“Student of art and collector of outstanding paintings,” his autobiography in the 1946-47 edition states—but in the current edition, his homework apparently over, he is simply “Collector outstanding paintings.”

The president of the National Gallery has given thirty or forty of these outstanding paintings to museums in New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas,

PART IV
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Ever have one of those days when everyone seems guilty?"

Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Philadelphia; a couple of hundred (mostly American) are in a big house he owns in Southampton and in his medium-sized office; between eighty and ninety (mostly small French, suitable for hotel life) are in the Plaza; a fluctuating number are stored in the Seventy-fourth Street vaults of the Chemical Corn Exchange Bank, from which three or four prize French canvases emerge every summer to spend the Atlantic Coast gin-rummy season with their less highly insured fellows on Long Island; a sizable batch (Toulouse-Lautrec posters, for the most part, rolled up on silk or linen) escape from a bank in Palm Beach in the winters to jolly up apartments that Dale rents there, generally in the Everglades Club; and he has given or loaned (the categories are almost equal) the National Gallery some fifty non-French paintings and drawings, including a Tintoretto, a Rubens, an El Greco, a Dali, and a variety of Morses, Blakelocks, Chases, Hassams, Sullys, Bellowses, Stuarts, Zuloagas, and so forth—but, if the owner and donor of these treasures has a desire for fame as a collector (and this cannot be dismissed, either), the major gratification of that desire lies in the nine Chester Dale Collection galleries in Washington. As a cynosure, these compare respectably with the Gallery's Mellon Collection of eight centuries of European painting and of fifteenth-century Italian sculpture, its Kress Collection of early Italian and French paintings and sculpture, and its Widener Collection of Renaissance and later art. In view of the stipulated immovability of Mr. Dale's Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, it is a singular fact that, unlike their Mellon, Kress, and Widener neighbors, they are, with a handful of exceptions (the Boucher, the Chardins, and the Boilly, for instance), indefinite loans, rather than definite gifts.

The National Gallery of Art is a bureau of the Smithsonian Institution. "Supported by public appropriation," its handbook says, "it belongs to no one city or State but to all the people of the country." It has four statutory trustees—the Chief Justice of the United States, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution—and five elective, or "general," trustees, the incumbents being Dale, Rush H. Kress, Ferdinand L. Belin, Duncan Phillips, and Paul Mellon, whose father, the late Andrew W. Mellon, started the place off with a private construction appropriation of more than fifteen million dollars, an endowment fund of five million, and the aforementioned Collection, valued at over fifty million. Its president has intimated to his co-trustees, almost definitely, that his Gallery loans may eventually, by bequest, join his Gallery gifts as federal property, and that they

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Green Pea with Ham
Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
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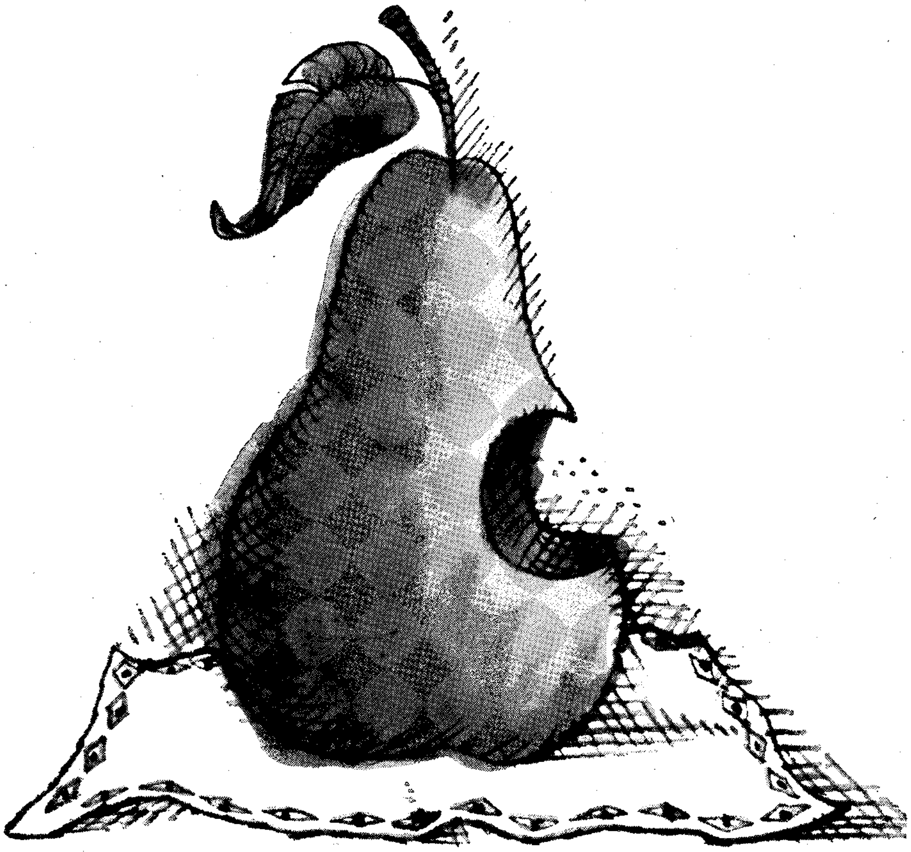
Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato

OYSTER STEW

FROZEN by Campbell's



Beyond Compear

Got to thinking some more the other day about those tongue-in-cheek ads—good ones, too—that The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland (we're one of them ourselves) have been running in these pages, when a friend stopped off at our desk with a big pear and interrupted our thoughts. Green as a shamrock, the pear was, with a beautiful russet patch promising ripeness to come. Friend said it grew on a 100-year-old tree on his farm in the Poconos. Averred that it had to be picked green. If it ripens on the tree, no good. Wait a few days and then eat it, he said. We did. Savoring its firm, rich body, nostalgia wells up in us. Of autumn in the country. Of a bright afternoon with yellow-golden fields and woods and slanting sun and a feel of windburn on our cheeks. Best of all, mellow flavor fills our mouth. And when we linger on its exquisite bouquet, we get to thinking there's nothing in Nature quite so delicious as a ripe pear. Then we get back to thinking about Power's Gold Label. It "grows" in pot stills of a type lots older even than our friend's pear tree. Like the pear, it's green at first, but redolent with promise. Then it ages in casks seven or more years. Fills your mouth with happy warmth. Elegant, emphatic, burnished flavor. Nothing else like it in our memory of good things. Regardless of what The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland or anyone else says, it's *the finest Irish Whiskey in the world*. And in Ireland herself, where whiskey was born, *there's none that outsells Power's Gold Label!* Better try some today — in highballs, with tonic, on the rocks, as Irish Coffee, or any way you prefer. It's that good!

POWER'S GOLD LABEL IRISH WHISKEY IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY

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THREE SWALLOW
P

may be increased by additions from the Plaza, Southampton, lower Broadway, Seventy-fourth Street, and Palm Beach, but indefinite loans are subject to being definitely whisked away, and the institution that is the loaner's favorite during one decade may become a wallflower the next. For instance, during the nineteen-thirties, Dale loaned the Metropolitan Museum a Chase, a Delacroix, two van Goghs, two Manets, a Morse, and a Sully for stays of up to two years; during the nineteen-forties, the Museum was Daleless. Again, early in the nineteen-thirties he loaned the Museum of French Art (now the French Institute), which had elected him a trustee, dozens of Renoirs, Matisses, Degas, and such (of thirty paintings shown in a 1931 "Portraits of Women" exhibition there, seventeen were Dales), but this stream ceased abruptly in 1933. Between 1929 and 1941, the Museum of Modern Art was favored with thirty Dale loans, and elected him a trustee; the last Dale to cross its threshold did so in 1951, streetward. In 1953, after an averted gaze of thirteen years, Dale began to smile at the Metropolitan again. (He had been elected a trustee the year before.) Since that year, he has loaned it twenty-seven paintings, of which fifteen are currently on display, and of which seven, among them a Modigliani and a Bellows portrait of Maud Dale, have been converted into gifts. (An eighth Dale present is Dali's "Crucifixion," never a loan.) But he has not gone back to the Museum of Modern Art, of which he is no longer a trustee, or to the French Museum (or its successor), from whose board he also resigned. "It's very possible that Chester would have left us a collection of his paintings if we had made him president," a French Institute Pooh-Bah has said. "God knows we wanted them—but there it is."

One museum's whisk is another's windfall. In November, 1941, drawing in many instances on his Manhattan loans of yesteryear, Dale dispatched twenty-five nineteenth-century French paintings, on indefinite loan, to the National Gallery, to whose opening, earlier that year, he had already sent, on loan, seven Early American portraits. The Gallery elected him a trustee, and he upped five of the latter, including a Metropolitan Museum whisk—"Portrait of Mrs. Henry John Auchmuty," by Morse—into gifts. (A sixth, "Portrait of Oxenbridge Thacher of Milton," by John Smibert, was whisked to the Metropolitan in 1953, at the dawn of the second upper Fifth Avenue

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[NUMBER V]

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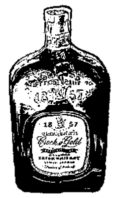
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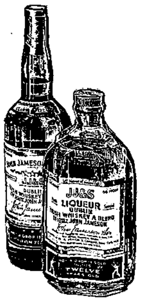
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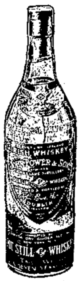
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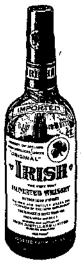
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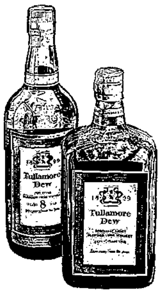
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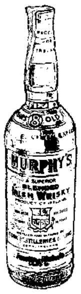
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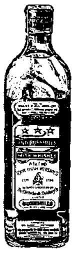
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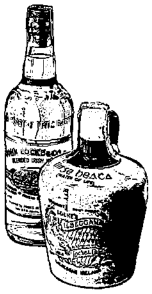
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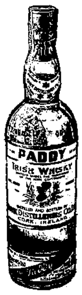
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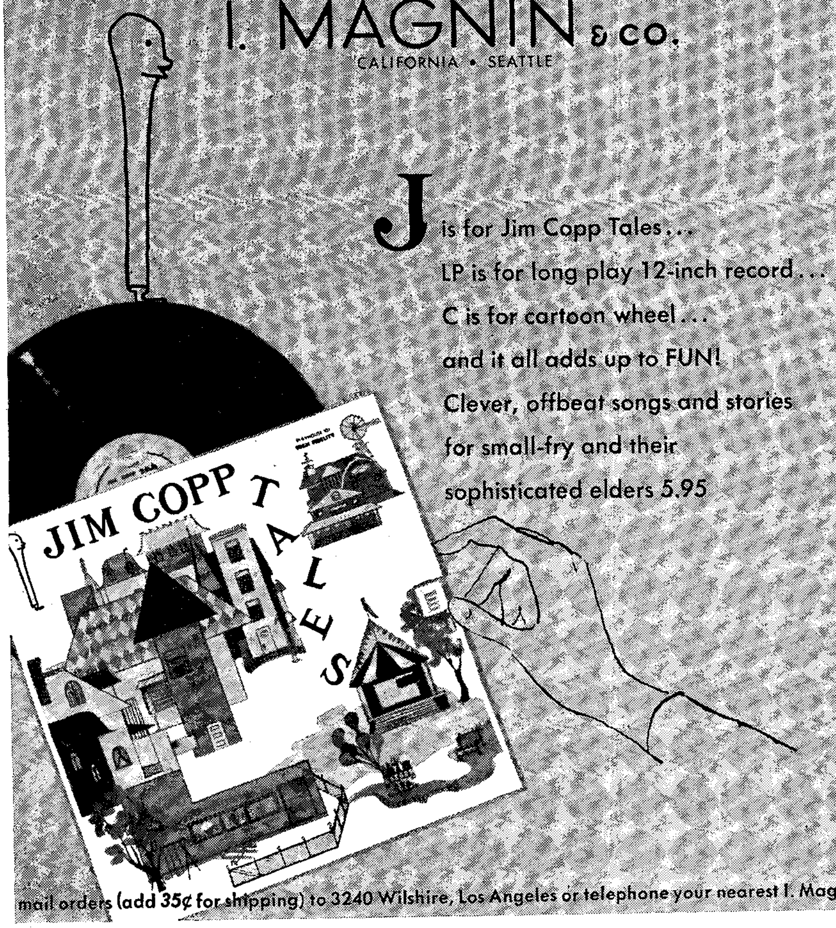

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honeymoon, and became a loan-graduated gift *there*.) In 1942, he augmented his French-painting loan to the National Gallery by forty-six canvases, some of which were later transmogrified into gifts. In May, 1943, he loaned, indefinitely, fifty-two twentieth-century French paintings to the Art Institute of Chicago, which issued a sixty-two-page illustrated catalogue to commemorate the event and transmogrified *him* from Honorary Governing Life Member into Trustee. In October of that year, still playing the field, he loaned, indefinitely, forty-two French and American paintings to the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which hung them in four special galleries—three French, one American—and elected him a Trustee, a Fellow, and an Honorary Benefactor. In 1951, Philadelphia's Benefactor pulled out his Philadelphia pictures, rather suddenly, and began to centralize his indefinite-loan activities. He sent six of the ex-Philadelphia emissaries to the National Gallery, on indefinite loan. The following year, the Chicago paintings, too, were whisked away—four to the Plaza and forty-eight to the National Gallery.

The National Gallery celebrated the advent of Dale's Chicago and Philadelphia displaced paintings by issuing an illustrated catalogue, with a total of sixty-nine pages, of its twentieth-century Dales. "Many of the paintings in this exhibition have been on loan at The Art Institute of Chicago from 1943 to 1952, and others at the Philadelphia Museum of Art from 1943 to 1951," a note in the catalogue reads, and this is the God's truth, since, of the fifty-nine paintings in the exhibition referred to (four have since been rewhisked elsewhere), fifty-four came from these bereft repositories.

The ninety-four Chicago and Philadelphia Dales had graced those cities on the firm stipulation by their owner that the galleries housing them should not be tampered with in any way—no switches, no removals, no additions from other collections. Their wholesale exodus at a period when local art lovers, lulled by eight or nine years of fancied security, had come to take their presence for granted was perhaps not envisioned by the late Fiske Kimball, director of the Philadelphia Museum, or Mr. Daniel Catton Rich, until recently director of the Chicago Art Institute, both of whom, during the halcyon indefinite-loan days, had proceeded to buy around the Dale French pictures. "Chicago, along with the rest

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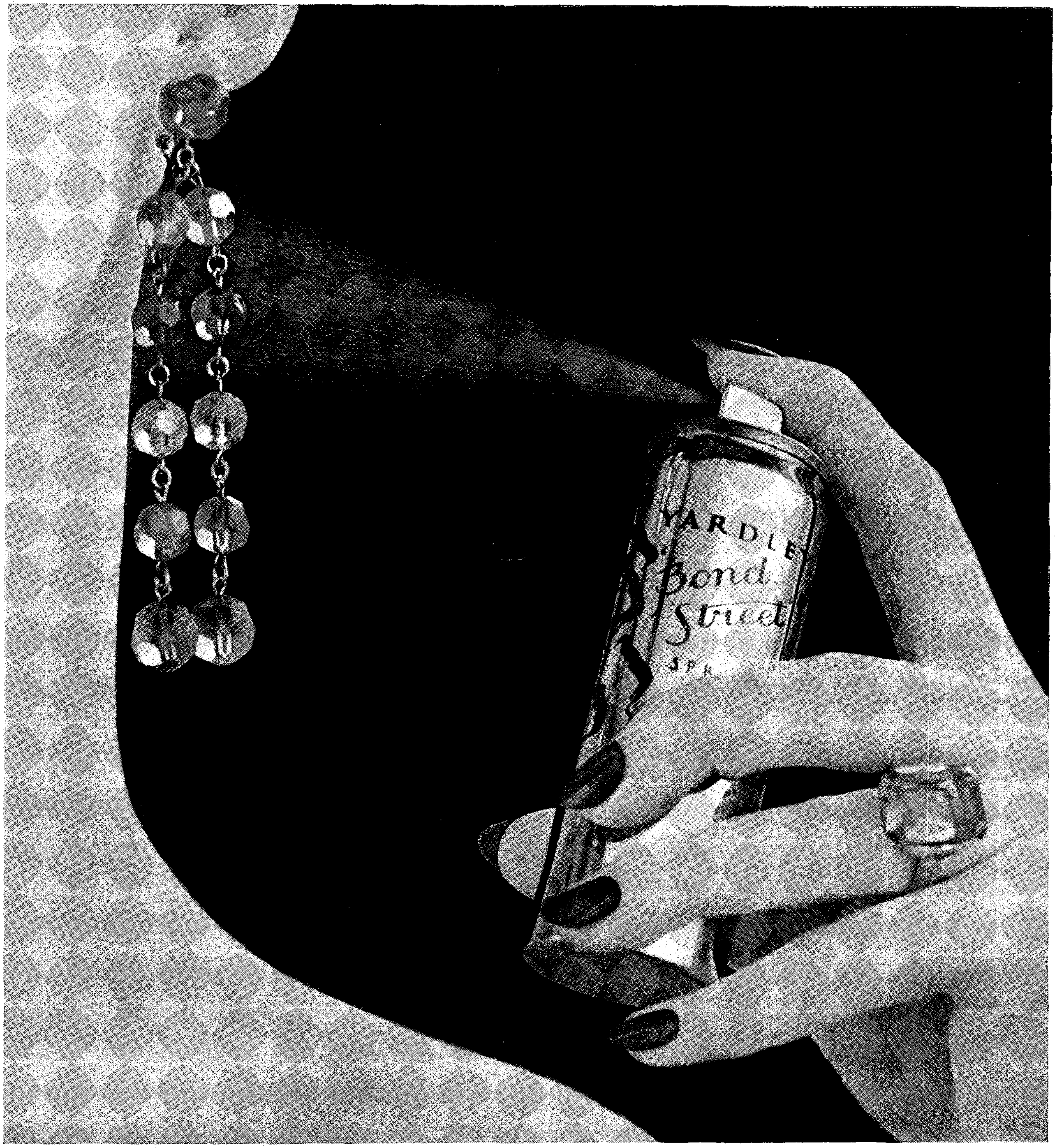
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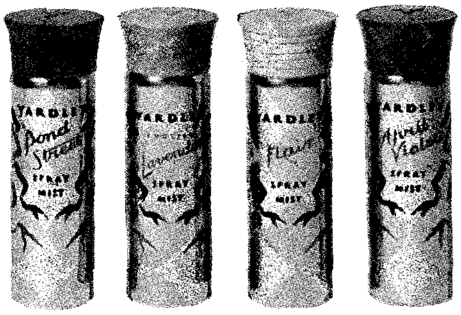
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of the world, has known of the brilliant collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painting which Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dale have been assembling over the last few years," Mr. Rich wrote in a foreword to the catalogue that his museum published at the outset of the Dale Chicago honeymoon, and he went on, in a passage that today makes poignant reading:

> Chicagoans remember outstanding loans from the collection to the Century of Progress and to other Institute exhibitions. Some of us have been fortunate enough to see this collection while it was still intact in the Chester Dales' New York residence [then on East Seventy-ninth Street], and have come away not only remembering the beauty of the paintings but the unforgettable setting which their owners had devised, the most harmonious, in my opinion, yet created for a private collection.
>
> Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dale felt, however, as many collectors do not, a sense of responsibility to the public. At one time Mrs. Dale organized in New York a series of stimulating exhibitions which are still recalled as unique of their kind. [Mr. Rich is here referring to the Museum of French Art shows.] On other occasions she wrote monographs and catalogue introductions, where, with clear understanding, she set forth the precepts of that art we have called modern.
>
> ... Now once more the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dale has been turned toward Chicago. ... Fifty-two of the finest twentieth-century paintings [have been] put on indefinite loan in our Institute, allowing the great public which annually visits Chicago's art museum an unrivalled opportunity to see and enjoy the masters of contemporary French painting at their distinguished best. ...
>
> The Art Institute is indeed grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dale, not only for acquiring these notable paintings but for sharing them with Chicago and its citizens. May I add my personal note of appreciation to both collectors for the many delightful hours spent in arranging the details of this loan, and especial thanks to Mrs. Dale for suggestions regarding installation and for her incisive introduction to this catalogue.

Mrs. Dale's introduction, which followed Mr. Rich's foreword ("The Arts grow ever richer with time—time offers an increasing opportunity for comparisons and judgment," she begins incisively, and concludes, with clear understanding, "It is not Art that needs to be explained to man but himself, for, to understand the art of today or any other day, a history of the time is more useful than the most erudite and technical art book"), proved to be as mobile as Mr. Dale's Chicago Picassos, Matisses, and Modiglianis. It, too, is now on indefinite loan to the National Gallery, where it appears, intact, in that museum's catalogue of the Dale twen-

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tieth-century French paintings. The deinstallation of Mrs. Dale's portable introduction and the hours spent in arranging the details of the removal of the Dale paintings from Chicago were not commented on, publicly, by Mr. Rich; when Mr. Dale's name is mentioned to him today, he simply changes the subject. When the Chicago and Philadelphia museums, of which Dale is now an ex-trustee, are mentioned to their old brightener-upper, he simply says that he wanted to reshuffle his paintings. In federal-government art circles, he is credited with one of the most brilliant out-of-town warmups in collecting history. None of his old girls ever elected him president, so there is hope for a permanent Dale collection in the nation's capital.

Greater forces than titular titillation are probably on the National Gallery's side. Since 1952, when the nine Dale Collection galleries assumed their present form, the Gallery has been visited by seven million people, and tourists continue to troop through at the rate of over a million a year. It is unlikely that many of them have gone away—or that many future ones will go away—without seeing the Chester Dale Collection. "It's not just the backbone," John Walker, the Gallery's director, has said, "it's the whole rib structure of the modern French school here. The quality is fantastically high." The Gallery's visitors include many a foreign head of state, or similar bigwig, shown through by the State Department; when the Queen of England was here last year, Dale showed her through himself. The Gallery's president, who is childless, knows that art, judiciously handled, is a more likely vehicle of fame than common stocks, or even public-utility bonds. If his rib structure in the National Gallery settles down there permanently, his name, like the names of Mellon, Kress, and Widener, and unlike the names of William C. Langley, Harrison Williams, and Sidney Zollicoffer Mitchell, may well be a household word, at least in households of culture and refinement, a hundred years from now.

DALE does not look like a retired banker, or a household word. As I found out not long ago, when I had several long talks with him, he looks like a welterweight boxer, which he is, or was. He is a short, jaunty, sharply dressed man with bristling mustaches (once red and now gray), appraising bright-blue eyes, and a vigorous, bristling manner. He is positive, peppery, determined, enthusiastic, opinionated,

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impatient, fast-moving, forceful, and pugnacious. He looks as though he were about to dance into the boxing ring and knock the ears off some other retired—or, for that matter, active—banker. "I have a homely slogan," he told me. "I used to do a lot of boxing. I've boxed all my life. I want a twenty-four-foot ring in *life*—room to turn around in. Get it?"

Mr. Dale's homely slogan came my way in the course of a session that started around noon, when, by appointment, I called on him at his suite in the Plaza. I found him in his study—a good-sized room cluttered with paintings and books, many of the latter bound in red—giving financial instructions to a tall, attractive, stylishly dressed woman, whom he introduced as his secretary, Miss Marock. He was wearing a maroon smoking jacket with black silk shawl lapels and cuffs, dark-blue trousers, black velvet slippers, a bright-red tie, and a pearl pin. A black miniature poodle, whom he introduced as Coco, was sitting on a sofa. Two Lurçat portraits dominated one wall—a square-shouldered, short-armed likeness of Maud Dale and an elongated, Frenchified version of Chester Dale. As I was gazing at the latter, Miss Marock remarked that the outline of the right sleeve, near the wrist, was, intentionally, that of a monk with a cowl.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Dale.

Her instructions completed, Miss Marock left, and Mrs. Dale—another tall, handsome, stylishly dressed woman, considerably her husband's junior—came in. She was about to entertain some relatives for lunch, she said, and needed something for drinks. After looking through a big closet full of liquor and wine bottles, she observed that there wasn't any *open* rye.

"Of course there is," said Mr. Dale.

Mrs. Dale found the open rye and left.

Standing at his desk, Dale called a number on the telephone and began to argue about a gas bill. He had, he said, been charged for service in his Southampton house while it was boarded up. The sum involved was small, but his tone was truculent and filled with righteous indignation, his voice was deep, and he gesticulated as he talked. "I don't want to go to Ed Duffy that I've known ever since I put the damn company together," he said, referring to Edward C. Duffy, senior vice-president of the Long Island Lighting Company.

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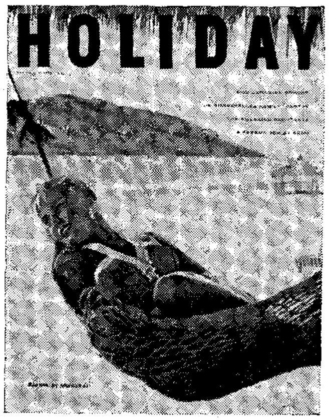

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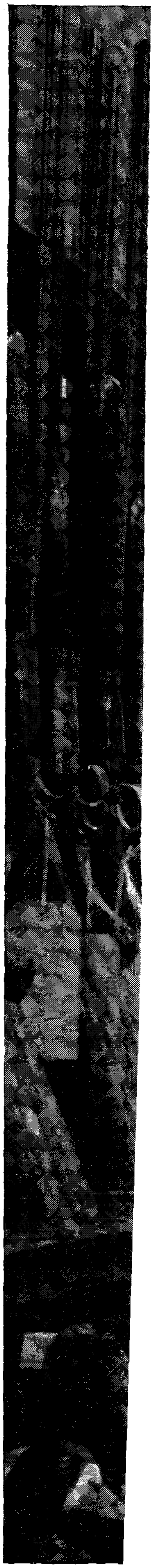

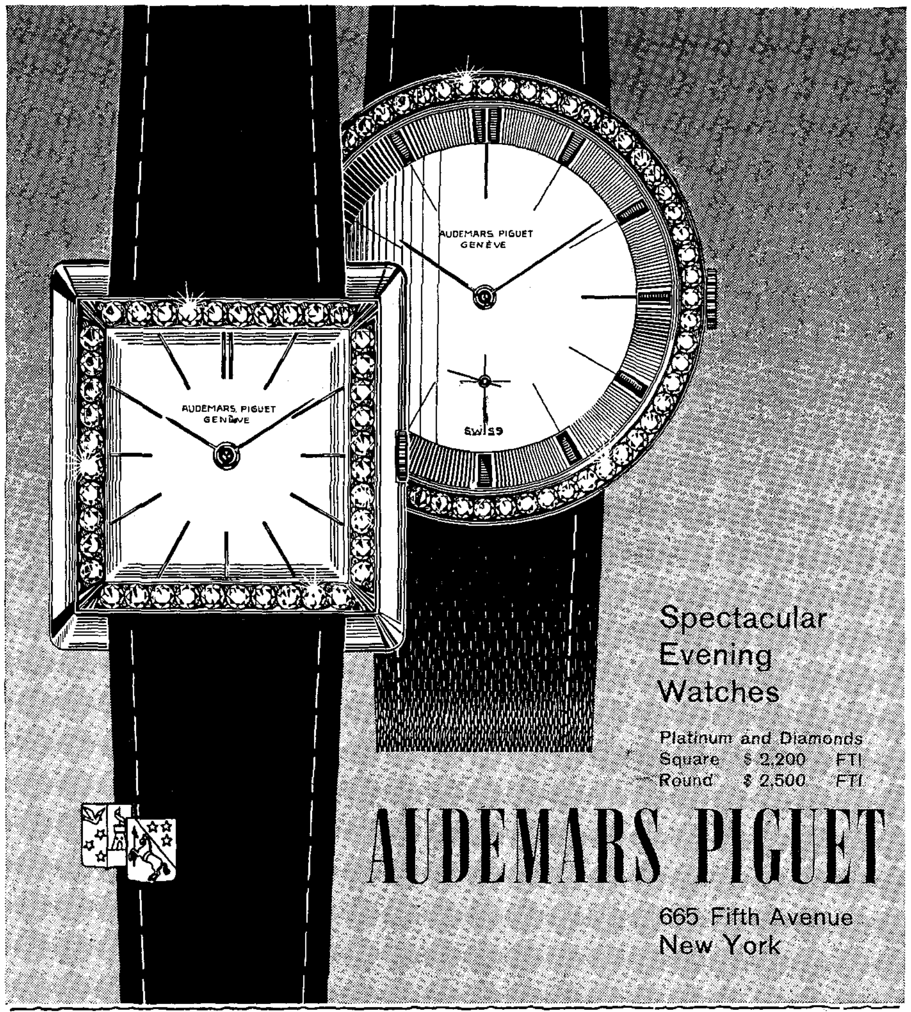

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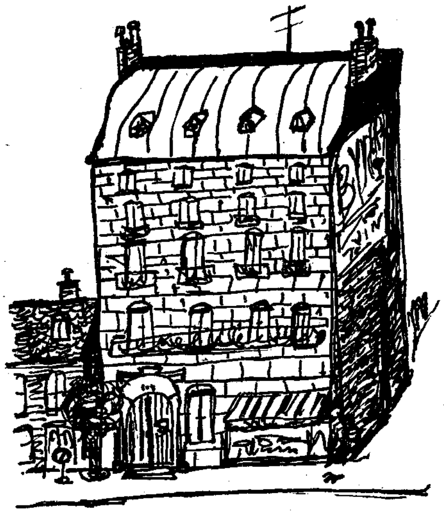
me after hanging up. "I gave the Dali 'Crucifixion' to the Metropolitan and I inspired his 'Last Supper.' After the 'Crucifixion,' I told him he had to do one more religious picture—'The Sacrament of the Last Supper.' He didn't do anything else for a whole year. It's in the National Gallery. Eleven hundred people came to see it the first hour. I'm trying to get a plane to Washington this afternoon. We're having a board meeting tomorrow. The Chief Justice. The Secretary of the Treasury. Five Mellons. Well, one, anyway."

He got on the phone again, and said to someone at a travel agency, "This is Mr. *Dale*. What's going on Eastern, non-stop to Washington, around five? Eastern happens to know me. Shut up, Coco! [Coco was barking at me.] Now, of course, Eastern knows me. You can get hold of I-forget-his-name—the head traffic feller down there. I prefer a four-engine job, if you've got it."

He hung up. "Rickenbacker himself has given them instructions to do anything they can, which sometimes works," he said, referring to Edward V. Rickenbacker, general manager and chairman of the board of Eastern Air Lines. "I was told there were no rooms at the Carlton in Washington, but I got hold of the Secretary of the Treasury and told him I'd settle for a double room and bath, and of course they're getting me a suite."

He went to the closet and offered me a Bond & Lillard bourbon that he said he'd had since 1931. "The trouble is that sometimes the corks go," he said. "Then you have to sieve it." He poured himself a Grand Marnier and water. "I had a coronary a while back," he explained. "I retired from Wall Street in 1935. Since becoming president of the National Gallery—I succeeded Samuel H. Kress after his death, in 1955—I've



been working harder than I ever did when I was in business and had a staff. I commute to Washington from here and from Palm Beach. I close up Southampton the first of October, stay at the Plaza till Christmas, and then Palm Beach. I just married myself for the second time three or four years ago. I keep three rooms in the Langley office. I have twenty Bellows lithographs there, which he selected for me four days before he died, in 1925. He did two portraits of Maud and one of me. Mine is in the Founders Room of the National Gallery. Shows me with a golf stick. The ones of Maud are in the National Gallery and the Met. All gifts. I advise on practically all the Gallery's finances—its private funds, that is. I'm supposed to be retired, but I run twenty trusts. Sometimes I get forty or fifty telephone calls here in the morning. For fifty years, I've handled all the affairs of one of the largest Catholic teaching orders. But it's been a headache, with two wars. Three wars! The First War, the Second War, and the Korean War. And I'm not even a Catholic."

The phone rang, and he said into it, "Well, what *can* you do, do you think? . . . LaGuardia at four-fifty-five? . . . Sold out? What's the one from Newark? . . . Well, grab that. Nail something definitely, because I've got to get down. You tell them that it's for Chester Dale, the one that Rickenbacker . . . Oh, LaGuardia at four. I'll take that. How slow is it? That's damn slow, isn't it? . . . Well, I don't know, the traffic is pretty damn heavy out to Newark. Tell you what I'll do. I'll call up Flanigan down at the Manufacturers and see what he can do. You better sew that. Sew the four-thirty from Newark."

He hung up and said to me, "Of course, I could take the train, but God Almighty, what a nuisance!" Back on the phone, he called Miss Marock. "I want to go on the four-fifty-five from LaGuardia and it's all sold out. Now, call up Hap Flanigan's office," he said, referring to Horace C. Flanigan, chairman of the board of the Manufacturers Trust Company.

He refilled my glass, brought a fresh bottle of Grand Marnier from the closet, and said to Coco, who had started to bark again, "Now, listen, Coco, I'm in no mood to be bothered by you." Then he said to me, "He's the sweetest little dog, but a damn nuisance—only about his barking. I've had him nearly ten years. Dali has painted me with him. It's a good picture

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and a good portrait. You'll see it in the bedroom. I've given the Met a lot of pictures. About forty, including the 'Crucifixion.' Many Early Americans. Three Modiglianis."

Two of the Dale Modiglianis in the Metropolitan are there on indefinite loan, so I began to realize that Mr. Dale sometimes uses the verb "give" as synonymous with the verb "lend." He took a sip of his drink, and waved at twenty-odd paintings in the study, which, besides the Lurçats, contained two van Goghs, two Matisses, two Picassos, three Modiglianis, two Toulouse-Lautrecs, a Fantin-Latour self-portrait, a Delacroix, two Boillys, a Forain, a Géricault, three Daumiers, a Gauguin, an Ingres, and a Ribot.

"*All* this is eventually going to Washington," he said. "I have no family. I've got nobody but Mary—my wife—and Coco and myself. I've given the National Gallery millions of dollars' worth of paintings. If it weren't for a few municipal bonds I own, I'd be in the poorhouse. I have eighteen Guy Pène duBoises in my library in Southampton. Georges Salles, the former director of the Louvre, was here a while back, and he said, 'My God, Chester, you've given all this stuff away and you've still got a museum here!' Off the record, when all's said and done, the old Louvre is quite an institution. I have to leave now for a lunch engagement. You haven't seen what's in the other rooms, so I want you to come back. Before you go, I want to show you my Houdon bust of Voltaire."

We went into the drawing room, where a marble bust of Voltaire stared sardonically from the mantelpiece. "Without the wig!" Mr. Dale said triumphantly. "There are only two in marble without the wig. Houdon really *sculpted* the eyes. The Greeks just painted them in. It belonged to Percy Rockefeller. I bought it at a sale after his death. I won't tell you what I paid for it, but fine sculpture comes high. Didn't Harkness pay a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars for the terra-cotta head of a baby? And no one even knew who the baby was! But I'll tell you one thing about the Houdon—whenever I'm depressed, I just go in and look at it." Appearing anything but depressed, Mr. Dale showed me out.

WHEN I returned, a few mornings later, I again found him in his study, and again in maroon and dark blue, with a spotlight in his hand and Mrs. Dale at his side. Coco was nowhere to be seen, or heard. Mrs. Dale

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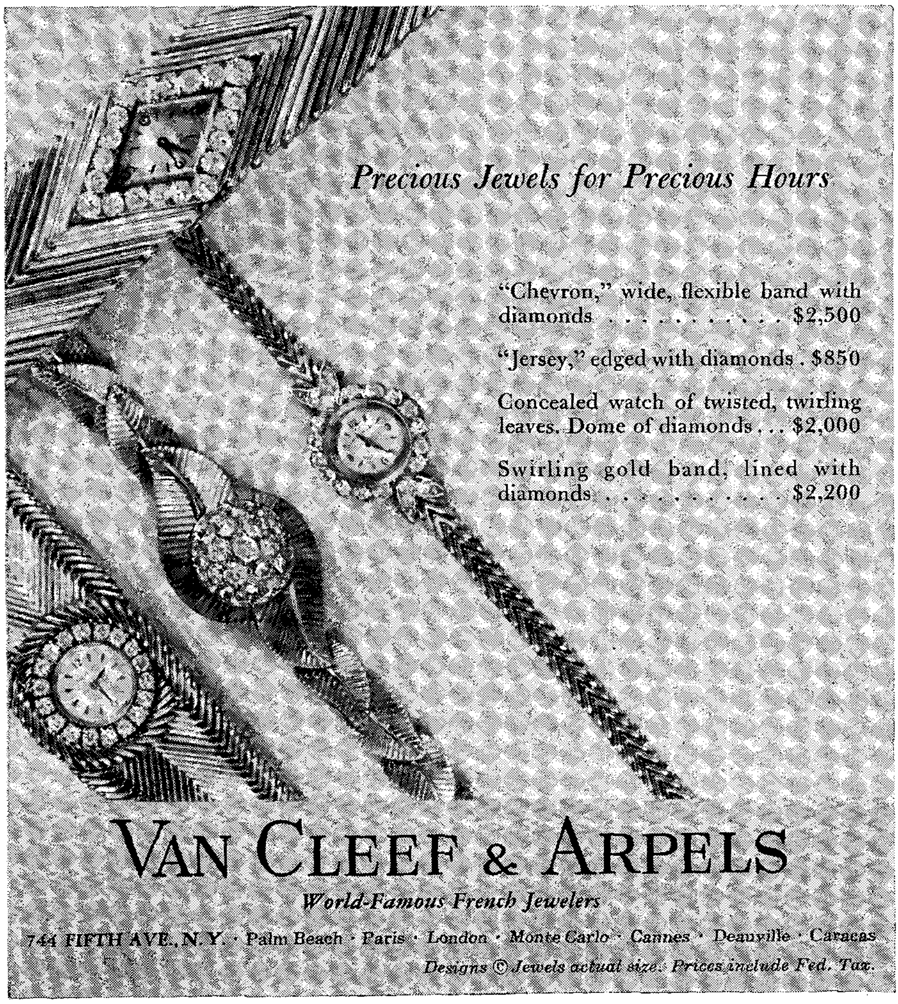

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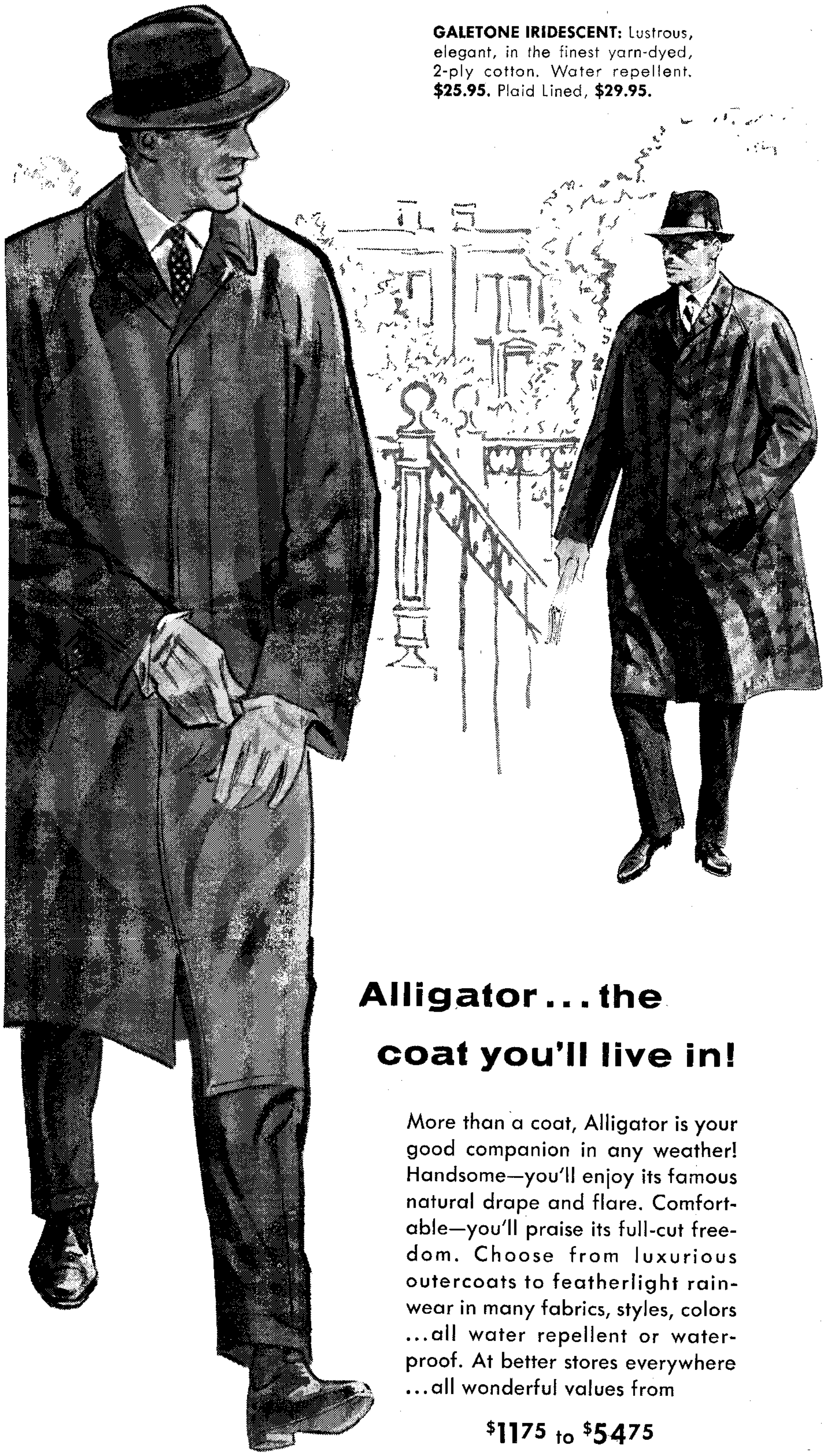
plugged the light's long cord into an outlet, and her husband began to train it on various pictures on the walls.

"That van Gogh is one of the last he painted," he said, of a young girl in a field of poppies. "To me, it's poetic. You take the face and hat and all—a certain sensitivity. I got it in Switzerland. No dealer ever *sold* me a picture—talked me into buying one, that is. The smaller van Gogh under it is a baby's head from the Arles period. The Forain [two girls doing what looks like the Charleston in a place that could be Maxim's, while a couple of men eye them] was done in 1926, when he was in his eighties. [Mr. Dale's financial statistics are undoubtedly better than his vital statistics; Forain died at seventy-nine.] That's a Brittany Gauguin, and there on the table, from his Tahitian period, is the only round sculpture I know of by Gauguin. A priest with horns. Gauguin was sore at the priest about something."

He trained the light successively on two Modiglianis—one a portrait of Soutine, the other of a woman in a blue dress, called "Chanteuse de Café Concert"—and said, "Modiglianis looked like comic valentines to me at first, but Maud said, 'Chester-Dale, buy them,' so I did. I had nineteen in my house at one time. I had a big house on East Seventy-ninth Street—the top floor had rooms with racks in them for storing pictures—but when the Second World War came along, I realized I wouldn't get enough oil for heating it, so I closed the house and came down here to the Plaza. There wasn't enough room for the pictures. We had this hell of a bunch of pictures. So I sent a lot of them to Chicago and Philadelphia. I had a little trouble there. I didn't like a certain situation there. I won't go into it."

The three Daumiers were on the same wall as the Modiglianis, and Mr. Dale observed that the largest of them, "The Beggars," had come from the Widener Collection. "I waited for thirty years to find a Géricault," he said. He turned his spotlight on a large painting of a naked man with a spear. The man's face was averted, and Mrs. Dale, who also calls her husband "Chester-Dale," and who helped catalogue the Dale collection for many years before she married its owner, said, "Wasn't the artist wonderful not to put the face in? It focusses attention on the body."

"Joe Stransky used to own that Picasso," Mr. Dale said, referring in the first instance to the late Josef Stransky, a collector and orchestra con-



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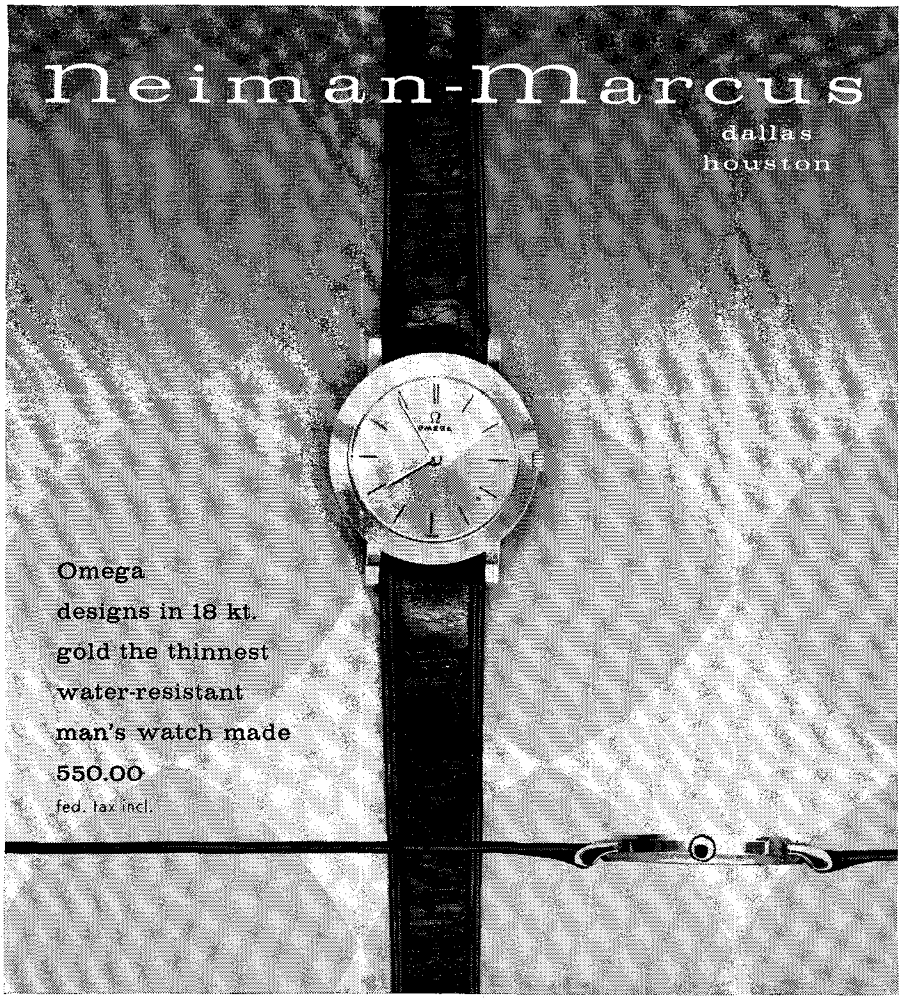

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ductor who was an executive of Wildenstein & Co., and in the second to "Le Gourmet"—a Blue Period girl with porridge bowl—which was hanging over a mirror. "I made him a terrific bid for it at the Barclay, where he lived. He gave me first rights to it when he died. I bought it from his estate."

We turned to the study's second Picasso, a portrait of an intense, powerful-looking man in a white shirt against a yellow background, which, flanked by two small Matisses—"Pot of Geraniums" and "The Moorish Woman"—hung over Coco's sofa, on the Bergdorf Goodman side of the room, and Mr. Dale said, "Here is one of the most terrific Picassos I ever saw—his 'Petrus Manach,' the son of a rich man in Barcelona, done in 1901, when he was only twenty years old. Within his Blue Period, but not very blue. It was shown at the first Picasso exhibition in Paris. Say, listen. Don't overlook my frames. Original antique frames. They're getting as scarce as the pictures. I keep in pretty close touch with the markets. John Walker and I went to a dealer's to see a Degas the other day. A woman dancing. On paper. What do you think they asked for it? Two hundred thousand dollars! A pastel! I said, 'Two hundred thousand *what*?' "

Mrs. Dale bent down and unplugged the spotlight's cord, and we moved into the drawing room, where she bent down and replugged it.

"There's a little Corot," said Mr. Dale, of a portrait of a man, "but here"—of a girl in a plaid blouse—"is one that's really universal. There's a little Louis the Thirteenth frame. Isn't that a beautiful Renoir? It's of Suzanne Valadon, the mother of Utrillo." He poked his light at, and discussed enthusiastically, another Renoir ("Girl With the Hoop"), a Baron Gérard, two Henners, two mystical Redons, a Millet portrait of the French poet Leconte de Lisle, a big Degas portrait, and a portrait of a little boy by David d'Avignon ("Now, here's a picture that moneywise isn't of great value, but I think it's a gem"), and we gained the bedroom and the Dali portrait.

In it, Dale, wearing his maroon smoking jacket and a pearl-colored tie and pearl pin, and holding Coco at his side, is seated on a bleak stone cliff, with a bright-blue, lifeless sea far below him; in the distance, separated from the cliff by a finger of what appears to be blue water, is an even higher cliff, surmounted by a small, squat tower. The sky is as blue as the sea, and contains two clouds—one with a kind of wavy wish-

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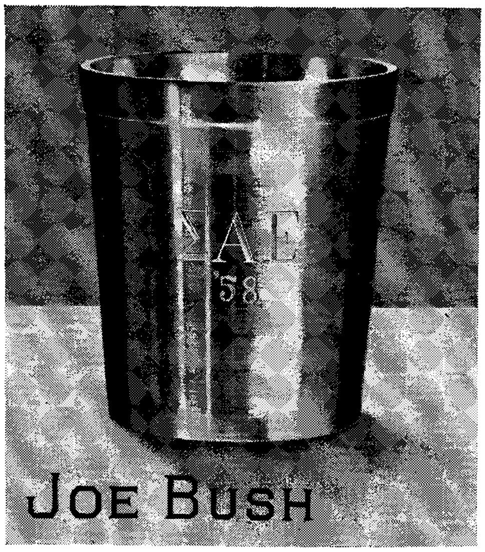

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bone in it, the other without a wishbone. From the wishboneless cloud, a beam of light is emerging in the direction of the wishbone cloud, but it collapses before it gets there. Dale's expression is serious, contemplative, and appraising; so is Coco's. "It's equally good of Coco and me, don't you think?" Dale said. " 'Chester,' Dali said to me, 'I painted this in love and appreciation,' and I can believe it. Now I'll show you one of the greatest nineteenth-century pictures I know—two women in a brothel, by Toulouse-Lautrec, lining up for inspection." He indicated a canvas next to the Dali. "Diego Rivera wrote me a letter of praise about it," he said. "Oh, I've galloped all around. Maud and I went to museums all over God's green earth. Mary used to be Maud's secretary. She began working on the collection in 1928." He went on to expatiate eagerly on the other pictures in the bedroom, among them examples by Courbet, Boudin, Degas, Vuillard, Modigliani, Raffaelli, Fantin-Latour, Mary Cassatt, Daumier ("Doesn't he have mean eyes?" he said of Daumier's "The Prosecutor"), and Pissarro ("That Pissarro nude is one of four or five known"), as well as the Covarrubias portrait—a caricature showing Dale on the telephone, possibly telling Rickenbacker to get him an airline reservation. I noticed a large photograph of Rivera next to Mr. Dale's bed, inscribed "To my very dear and marvellous friend Chester Dale," and followed the Dales into Mrs. Dale's sitting room, which was tiny, cozy, and crowded with pictures and art books. Of the former, the two largest were a Bakst portrait of a lady with a big velvet stole and a big sealskin muff, and the Rivera portrait of Dale, commandingly seated at a table and leaning on it while looking at a National Gallery catalogue opened to a page showing a Dale van Gogh. It was inscribed "To my very dear friend Chester Dale. Diego Rivera, August 1945." "Mme. Ida Rubenstein," Dale said of the stoled lady. "Great friend of D'Annunzio." He pointed out Modigliani's death mask, hanging over a mirror; a Monet; a Marie Laurençin "Girl with Dove;" an Oudot "Bullfighter;" a small Whistler; a Renoir drawing of a boy with a flute; and another drawing, the Robert Reid portrait, which showed Dale with a pre-Coco terrier and no symbolic clouds. "First picture I ever had," he said. "Sketch of me and my dog when I lived on East Nineteenth Street, in 1912. I'd been married to Maud about a year. It was called the Block Beautiful. The Bel-

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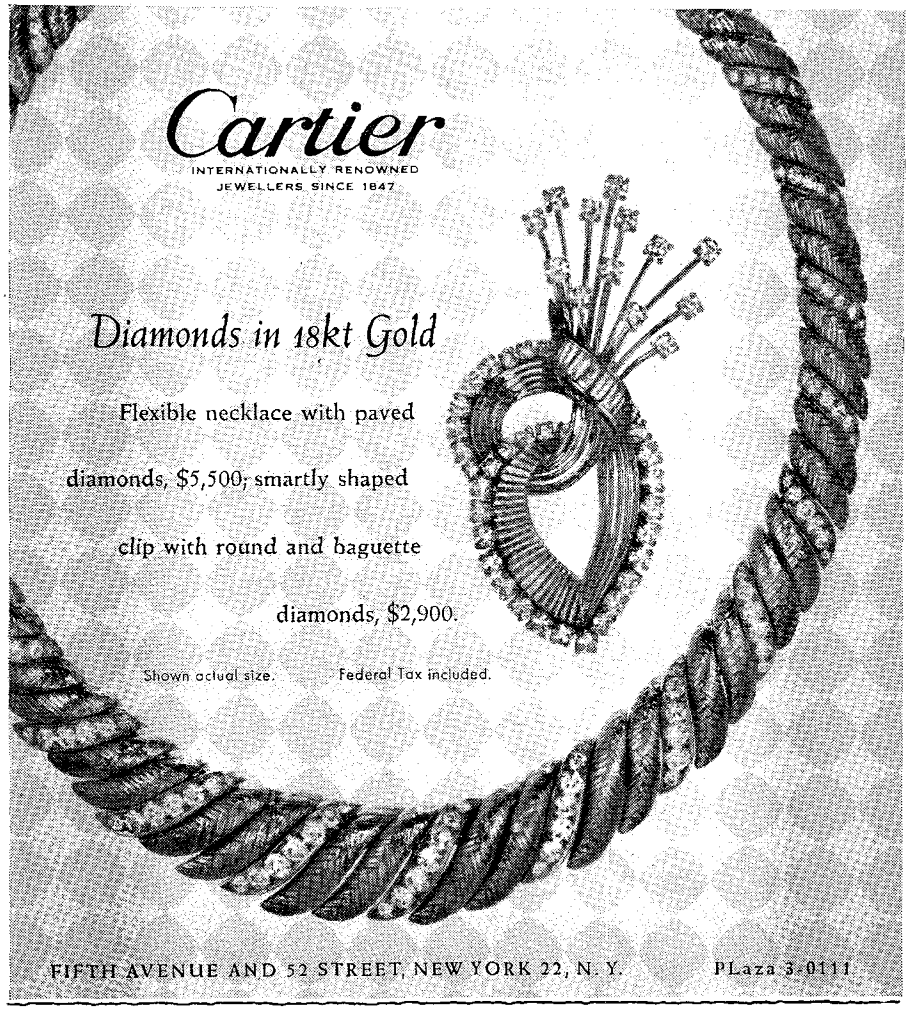
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lowses lived on it, and Dorothy and Lillian Gish, and Ida Tarbell, and Albert Sterner. We later moved to a house on Ninth Street. Say, the furniture in this room is original Louis the Fifteenth. Now let's go back to my study and I'll tell you something about business."

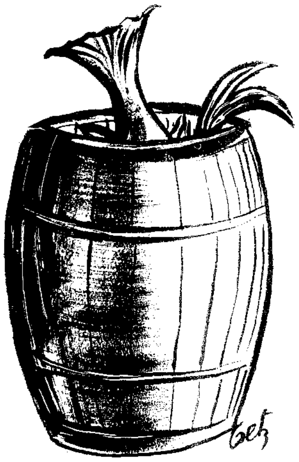
In the study, Mrs. Dale stowed the spotlight away in the closet and sat down on a chair also of undoubted authenticity, and I settled on Coco's sofa, under Picasso's rich man's son.

"Downtown I have the *Financial & Commercial Chronicle* back to the original issue in 1849," Dale said. "But here is my bible—White & Kemble's *Atlas & Digest of Railroad Mortgages*, brought up to date. Maps of railroads, showing how they're financed. As a youngster of sixteen, I'd read mortgages in it night after night. I was born at 120 Madison Avenue. My father, Thomas W. Dale, who was born in Ipswich, England, was a terrifically cultured man, who quoted Shakespeare, and my mother, who came from Mount Vernon, New York, had a terrific flair for anything artistic. She collected china. My father went to Canada, wandered around, and eventually met my mother. At the time of the Hotel Windsor fire, in 1898, we were living around the corner from the hotel, at 3 East Forty-seventh Street. I was fourteen. We were burned out. Near us was the Gould house; I used to play pool with Frank Gould. I was going to Peekskill Military Academy at the time, but we moved to a house in Larchmont that Easter vacation, and I never went back to school. All I wanted to do was play baseball, run the two-twenty and the four-forty, sail, and get into business. Basil Courtney, a friend of mine, an Englishman—his father was Bishop of Nova Scotia—had a job with American Express, and that fall he told me they were opening a new department, called the foreign department. Basil was kind of a cat's miaow of my family. He got me a job as an office boy in this department. I showed up at eight in the morning. It got to be six, seven, eight in the evening. No one told me to go home. At nine, I left. Five dollars a week. This went on for about ten days. I'd heard you had to start at the bottom, but I said to hell with this."

The phone rang, and Dale, after listening a moment, said, "Watch Imperial Oil. That's the one.

"So I quit," he resumed after hanging up. "I had a friend at Douglas & Jones, a Stock Exchange firm at 24 Broad Street, and he got me a job there, also at five bucks a week, but I will say the hours were different. I pasted numbers on the board. I didn't stay there very long. I came in October, 1898, and left around Christmas. I'll tell you why I know it was Christmas. I was a runner at the time, and on Christmas they sent me to a lot of customers in Brooklyn with boxes of cigars. I said to hell with this, and quit. Then I heard of F. J. Lisman, one of the most extraordinary men in his line that ever lived. He was in the railroad-securities business, and he knew more about it than anyone. I got a job with him as a runner. I'd run from our Broad Street office, on the third floor, to the Curb, which was then outside, with orders. I could make that trip in nothing flat; I'd been a track man, you remember. I became Lisman's Curb representative, but then he went into the bond-underwriting business, and my salary stopped. I kept coming down to the office. Lisman became a specialist in unlisted, uncurrent railroad bonds. He *knew* those bonds. I've seen him make fifteen to twenty or thirty points overnight on a *bond!* Well, he put me back on salary, as an office boy. I'd carry the mail out. Old J. P. Morgan would call him up and I'd deliver mortgages to Morgan personally. In my spare time, I'd study these inactive railroad bonds. That's how White & Kemble's *Atlas* became my bible. Now, look."

He opened the *Atlas* to a map of the Southern Railway. "There were eight mortgages here on the main line," he said. "I knew every one of those mortgages. Everywhere you see the black line, it's a first mortgage. The blue line is a second mortgage—$13,144 a mile. They're all paid off now. I was on the Curb in 1901 in the May 9th panic. I learned all the salient facts of mortgages. Here's the L. & N.—Louisville & Nashville—a sleeper. I learned values. I was in railroads until I saw utilities coming. I've been out of railroads



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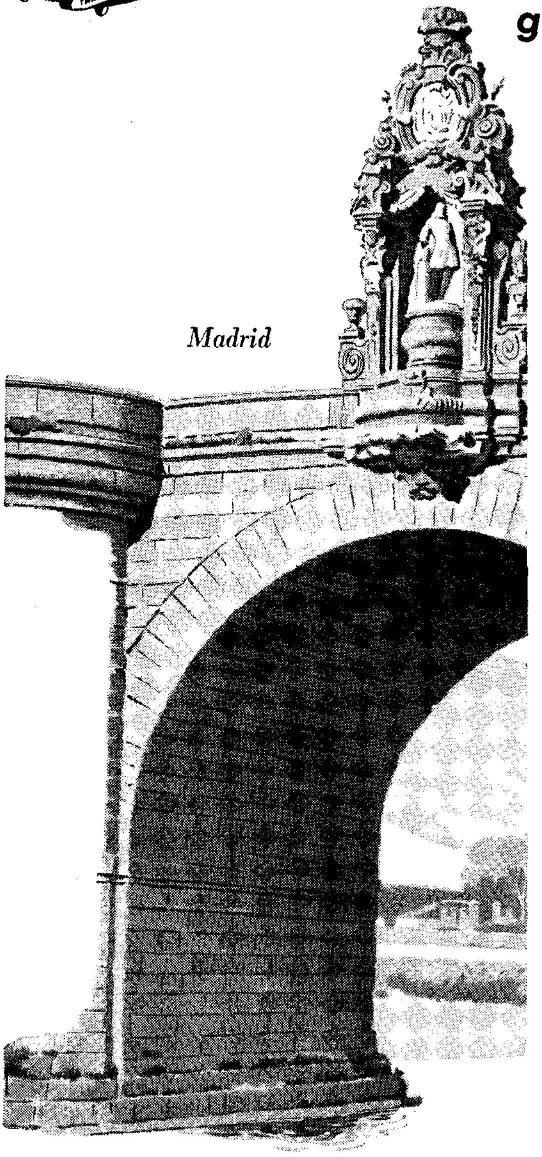

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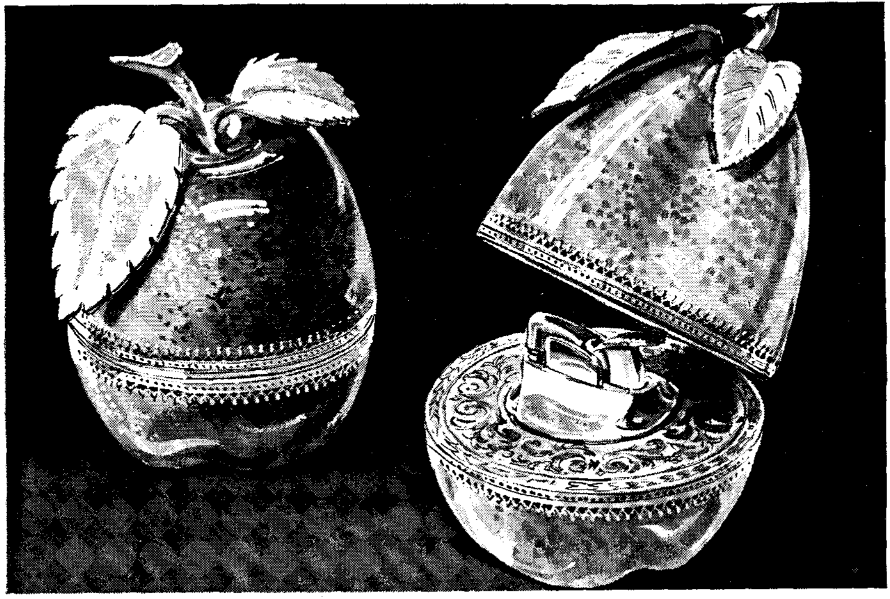

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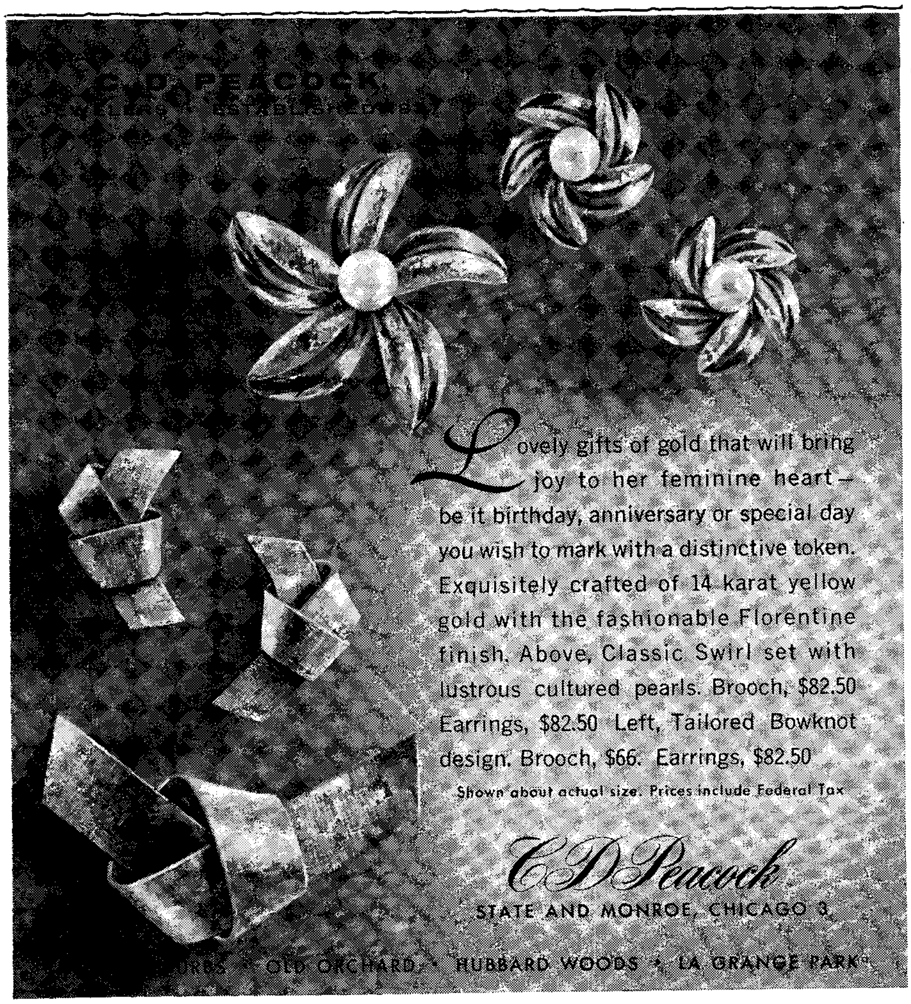

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for over forty years, but I still know the call price of the bonds."

"Oh, Chester-Dale's got a retentive memory!" Mrs. Dale said.

"I soon struck out for myself as a street broker, trading in unlisted and inactive railroad bonds," her husband said. "I've always been a great believer in psychology. Psychology and timing. One day, when I was sitting between George Washington's knees at the Subtreasury, I saw E. H. Harriman going into Morgan's. I thought, He's going about the Erie notes. I beat it over to Kissel, Kinnicutt and bought half a million dollars' worth of Erie notes. Later on, Sidney Mitchell, of Electric Bond & Share, began forming these public-utility holding companies, and I was very active in them."

I wanted to ask Mr. Dale what all this meant, but his thoughts had moved elsewhere. "Every picture in this apartment will go to the public," he said, closing the *Atlas*. "I consider myself the custodian. No one's ever done the art thing on my scale. Eighty-five pictures in this apartment, thirty or forty at the Met, and nine galleries and more in Washington. All the pictures here are French except Rivera and Dali—or nearly all. Cassatt painted in France, you know. Now, about the Dali at the Met. I'd had this heart attack, I'd been in bed eight weeks, and one day I was allowed by the doctor to get up for fifteen minutes and go to the Carstairs Gallery, and there, in the rear room, was this 'Crucifixion.' Like a Zurbarán. I was wobbly—"

"I couldn't see where it would go," Mrs. Dale said.

"Well, the damn picture was on my mind," Mr. Dale said. "I said, 'Mary, that picture gets hotter every time I think of it.' Then the Dalis and Georges Keller came for dinner—Keller was the dealer at Carstairs. I said, 'I'll buy it and put it in storage or put it away.' Then I said, 'I'll offer it to the Met.' This was a Friday, and I knew there was to be an Executive Committee meeting at the Met on Monday. Saturday, I called up Ted Rousseau, the curator of paintings. I told him to go and look at the 'Crucifixion.' He went down and looked at it. He said, 'Chester, there isn't a fake line in it.' 'Do you think the Met would like it?' I said. 'Oh, my God!' he said. 'I'll make you a present of it,' I said. I said, 'Call up Francis' [the late Francis Taylor, then director of the Metropolitan]. So he talked to Francis, and I talked to Francis. I said, 'Francis, Ted's overboard for it.' He went down and saw it. He went overboard for it. I got

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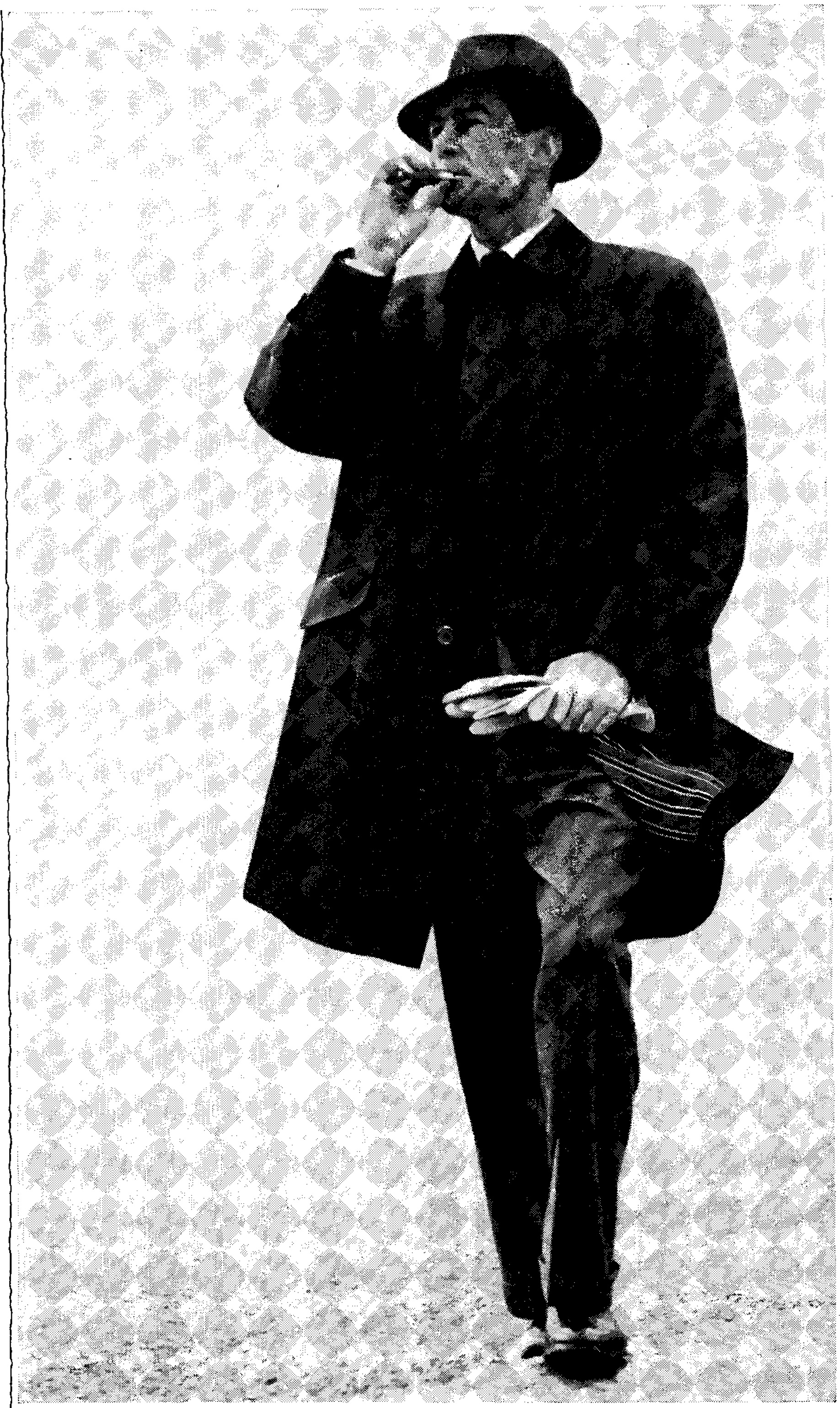
Rolly Redmond at the Links Club [Roland Redmond, president of the Metropolitan]. He went down and saw it. At the meeting, it was passed on. It was hung in the big hall for nearly three months. They wheeled me there in a wheelchair for the opening. Now it's in the twentieth-century gallery there."

"One morning at eight o'clock," Mrs. Dale put in, "Chester-Dale said, 'Dali's got to paint another religious picture—"The Sacrament of the Last Supper." ' He said he'd been awake since three in the morning thinking of it. The Dalis came for dinner that night, and Chester told him his idea. Dali's face went blank. In a moment, he said, 'Chester, I think I could.' "

"Who has done it since Tintoretto?" Mr. Dale said. "I said, 'Dali, you're the only man living capable of doing that. I want you to get on your horse and get going.' He did nothing else for a year. I visited him in Spain, at Port Lligat, while he was working on it. I stayed in a little hotel there for three days. I didn't commission it, but I reserved the first look at it, and I bought it on sight. The crowds around that picture at the National Gallery! It's outselling anything else on postcards. Thirty-three thousand five hundred and forty-five postcards in the last year. Twenty-six thousand two hundred eleven-by-fourteen prints. It's fantastic."

AGAIN Mr. Dale had a lunch date, but he invited me to come back three weeks later and spend the day with him, including a trip to his downtown office, to learn more about business. When I arrived, Miss Marock opened the door and led me into the study, where her employer, once more in his maroon-and-dark-blue getup, was once more telling Coco to quit barking. "What's Woodley Petroleum?" he asked her after greeting me. She called the Langley number, and while she was saying "Good morning. Let me have Charlie, please. . . . What's doing? . . . Look up Woodley Petroleum," he and Coco left the room. He reappeared without Coco, having changed into a blue suit, figured light-gray tie, and pearl stickpin. "What's Jersey?" he asked. "What's Imperial?" He picked up a worn brown leather briefcase with his initials on it and clapped a black homburg on his head, and the three of us went downstairs and got into a Cadillac limousine. "Frank Hague was a great friend of mine," he said as his driver took us downtown. "Foley was an



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extraordinary judge and surrogate. His photograph is in my bedroom. I don't go downtown more than once a month. Miss Marock comes to the apartment and works with me. She's my right and left arm. For years on end, I never left my office. I never once had a business lunch or dinner in my house. Maud wouldn't have it."

We got out at 115 Broadway and went up to the Langley board room, on the fifth floor, where he shook hands with Charlie and two other men.

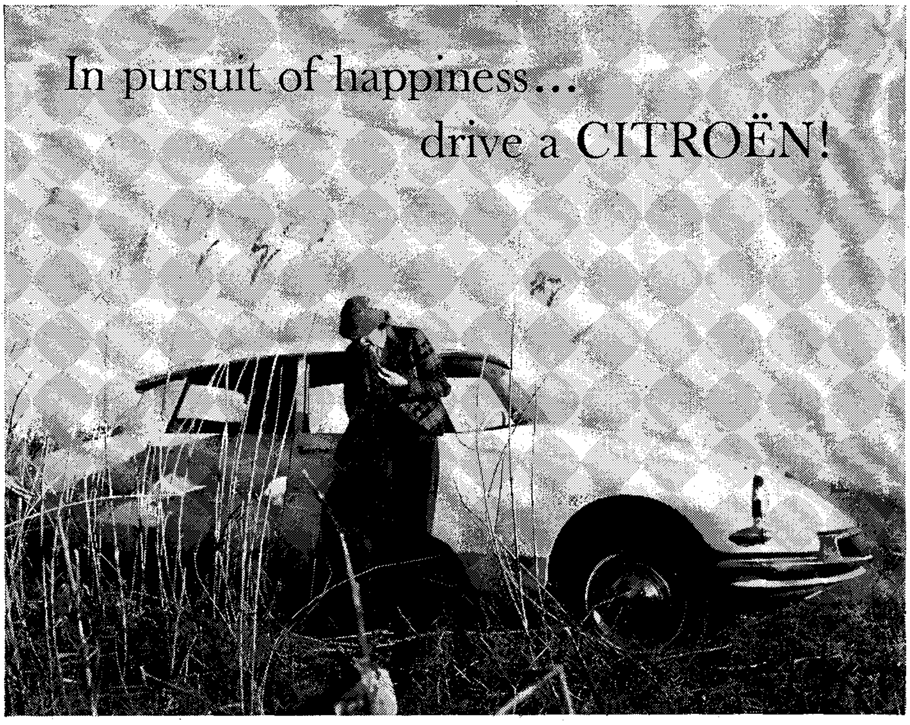
"Jersey's fifty-nine and a quarter, ex-dividend," Charlie said.

"What's Imperial?" Dale asked.

"Opened at forty-seven and three-eighths, up to forty-seven and five-eighths," Charlie said.

We went down a corridor; through a door inscribed "Chester Dale;" through an anteroom hung with Bellows lithographs, where Dale introduced me to Miss Fischer, a secretary; past Miss Marock's office, which was decorated with some big maps of the world and a small copy of the Dali "Last Supper," inscribed to her by Dale; and into his private office, which contained twenty or thirty Bellows lithographs, a big desk with three telephones on it, a green leather sofa and some green leather chairs, a case of bound volumes of the *Merchants Manual* from 1840 on, and a framed letter, dated 1918, notifying him of his election to the Stock Exchange. Two walls were lined with the hundred and nine years of the *Financial & Commercial Chronicle*. Miss Fischer followed us in, and Mr. Dale, still hatted, gave her some instructions and asked Miss Marock to bring in the White & Kemble *Atlas*.

"I keep this *Atlas* here as well as uptown," he said. He flipped it open to various maps, rattled off some names of railroads and figures on their financing, and said, "All these had so damn many mortgages on them. I got to know these bonds, the number of miles covered, and the rate per mile. When I left Lisman and went on my own, around 1904, as a dealer in unlisted and inactive railroad mortgages, I had a desk at Pollock & Vaughan, who cleared for me. A lot of these mortgages didn't have any markets. I'd go into one of the big houses—the Stock Exchange was social then; it was an annex to the Racquet Club, and the Union—and see what they had in the way of bids. I made money on trading. It was a study. People didn't know these things. I'd take these mortgages home and study them. I had my own apartment in the Royalton, on Forty-fourth Street,



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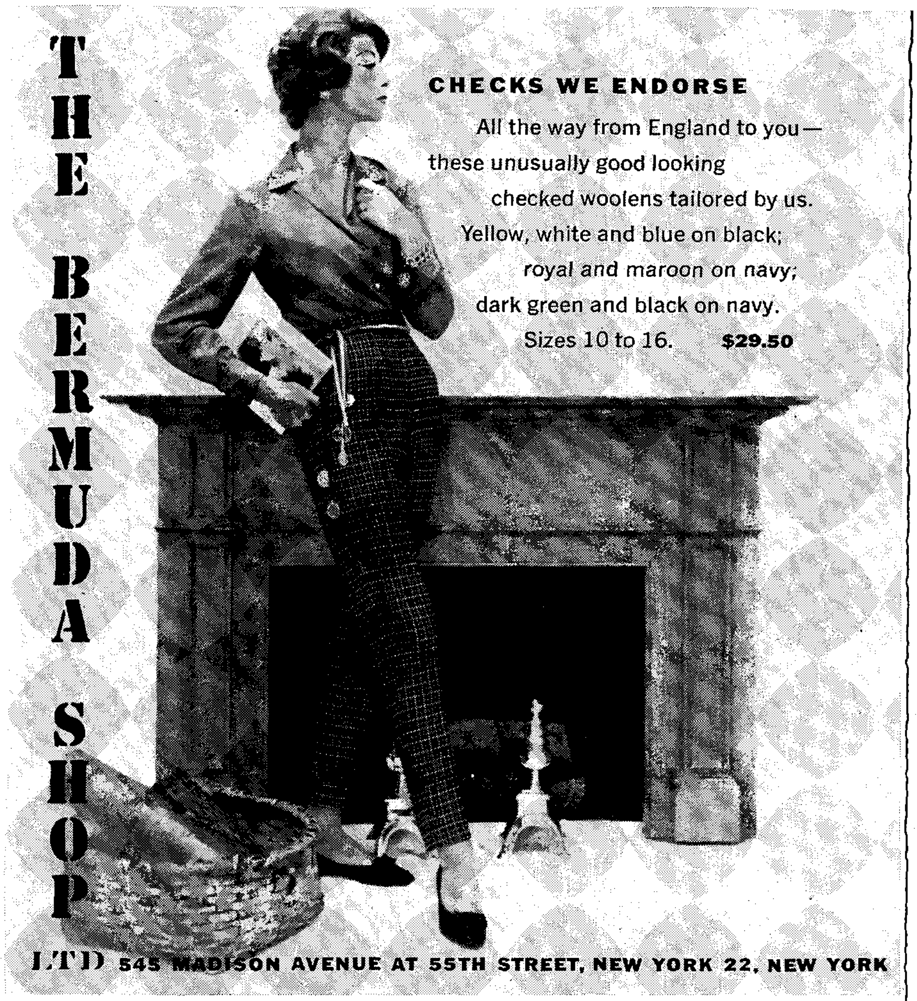
and later I lived at the Mansfield, in the same block. I was lousy in math at school, but this was making money and taking me places. I'd buy fur coats, and dine at Martin's. I was on the roof of the old Madison Square Garden when Stanford White was shot. Did you know that the first grapefruit in New York was served at the Astor, and the first avocado with French dressing at the Knickerbocker Hotel? It was the game! It was the fight! It was a challenge! All my life it's been a challenge, just as my collecting pictures is a challenge. It's like the pictures—you can't do it sitting down *cold*. That terrible desire to win! It's the same thing at golf. I'm not a good golfer, but I'll take anybody on. You win on the putting green. I got so I could putt into the hole from anywhere on the green, because that was the payoff.

"What they did in the days of Gates and those fellows was just *murder*," Mr. Dale continued. "They'd go to jail today. Stock manipulating! Rigged markets! I'd say to my friends, 'You must have some old stuff you haven't markets on,' and to get rid of me they'd hand me something they hadn't had a bid on for two or three years. One day, Willis Wood asked me if I'd ever heard of Watervliet Turnpike First and Second Mortgage Sixes. 'Why, of course,' I said. 'The First Sixes?' I'd never heard of them. He said yes. I said it was an inactive bond. I went back to my desk—those bonds matured in 1916, I remember—and looked at *Poor's*. Nothing. I didn't have this library at the time. Well, I'd made this boast, and I wanted to make good. Trolley Company Fives used to sell at 118! N. W. Harris, a Chicago house, very active in tractions, had recently opened a New York branch. I said to myself, 'Look, Harris is the outstanding house that deals in tractions.' I said to myself, 'Watervliet—Jesus, I know that name!' I looked in the *Atlas*, and found it was just outside of Albany. I thought, Maybe it's in the Albany Consolidated Traction Fives of '52. So I turned to a recent *Moody's*, and there, underlying these Fives, which were legal for New York savings banks, were Watervliet First and Second Mortgage Sixes. These Albany bonds were selling at 115. The Consolidated Fives were a First on the new properties and a *Third* on the property covered by the Turnpike Sixes. The turnpike was the old Albany Post Road. There I was—home."

Feeling far from home, I asked Mr. Dale what in the world all this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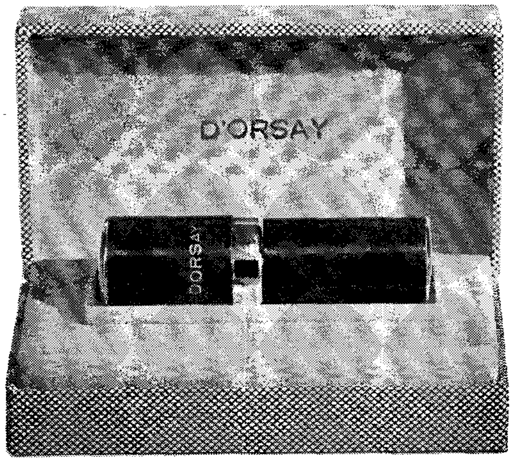

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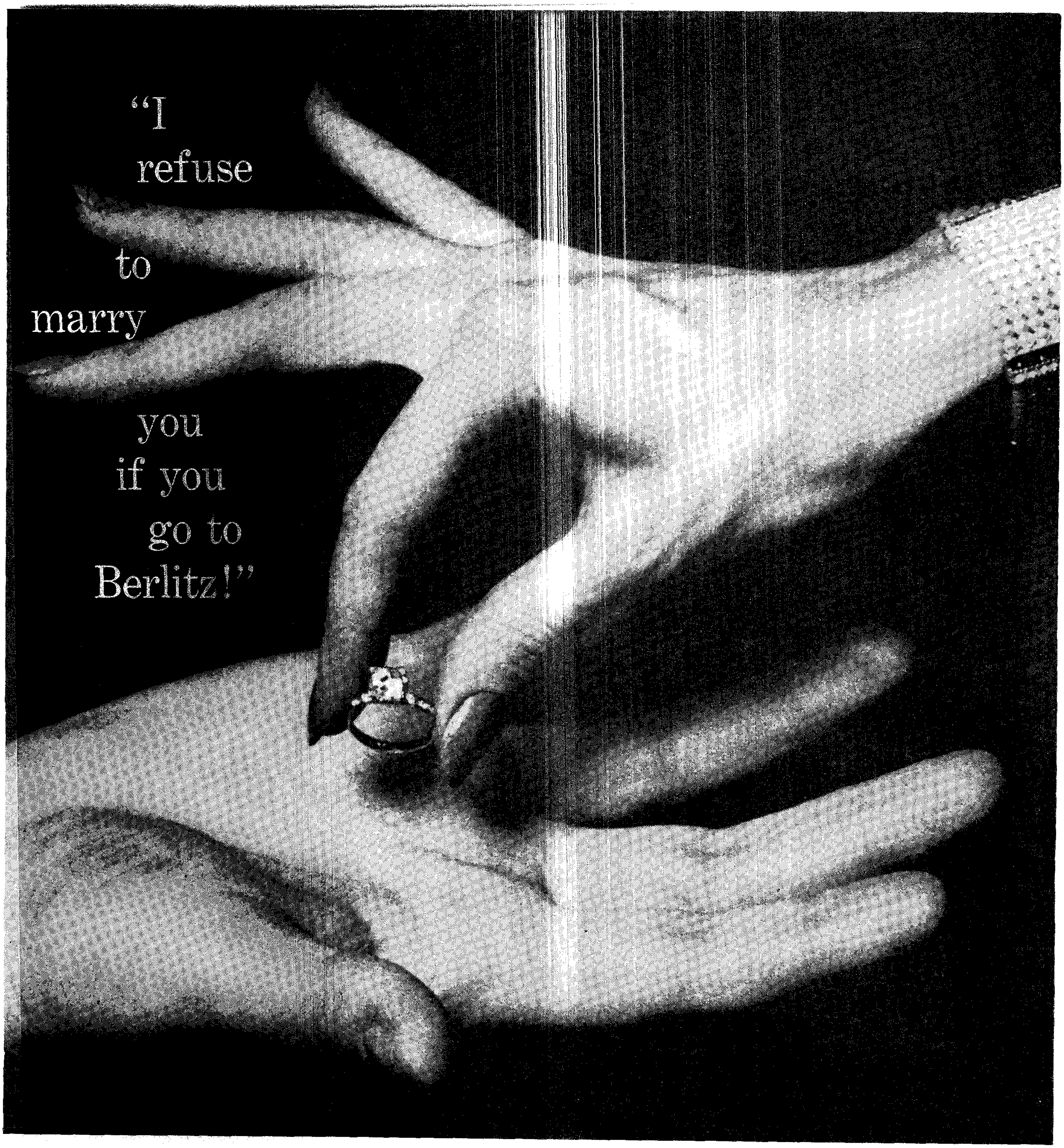

WALTER: All I want to do is learn French . . .
VIRGINIA: You can say "I do" in English and be perfectly understood.
WALTER: Virginia, make sense. What do you have against the French anyway?
VIRGINIA: Oh—I watched you during that Brigitte Bardot movie and the only time you took your eyes off her was to read the English titles . . .
WALTER: Right . . . *and* I missed half the picture.
VIRGINIA: If you think I'm going to sit idly by while that woman transforms you into a bowl of quivering jelly . . .
WALTER: Honey—it was only a movie . . .
VIRGINIA: A *wide-screen* movie! 2,000 square feet of French pastry inundating the entire theatre . . .
WALTER: Virginia . . . here is an envelope. Inside are two tickets. Will you please read aloud what is printed on the tickets . . .
VIRGINIA: Ile de France. That's a boat.
WALTER: Correct. A very swanky, lush, modern and, you should pardon the expression, French ship. It travels between New York and France and you and I will be aboard because *that's* the surprise honeymoon I've been planning for you! Now . . . I know how you feel toward the French but . . . will you join me?
VIRGINIA: Oh oui, M'sieu! Mais certainement! Vive Walter, vive Berlitz!

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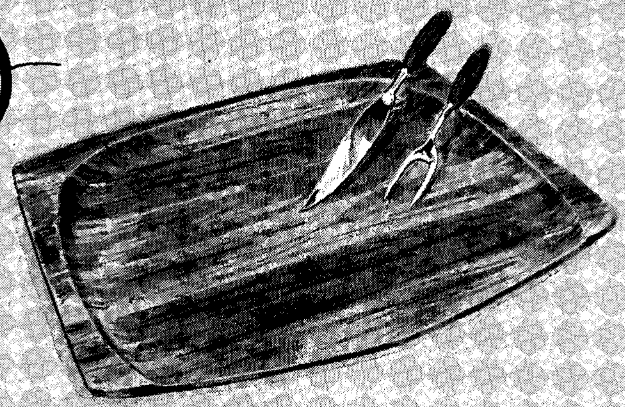

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meant. "I've just *told* you," he said. "Miss Marock!" he shouted through the open door. "Look up the Watervliet Turnpike Sixes. I want to see how good my memory has been.

"I love coming down to this part of town," he went on. "Around 1909, the utilities began to come along, so I got into utilities. I went into business with Bill Langley, who was a few years out of Yale. I wrote all the Langley ads and prospectuses for years. I had a line of telephones to all the brokers. I never squeezed them—they'd tip me off. I became a senior partner. Why didn't I put my name in the Langley firm? Because I might decide to leave. I was the first person to register a company—namely, American Water Works & Electric—under the Public Utilities Holding Act, and the only one to finance under the Act before it was amended by the S.E.C. Harrison Williams came in fifty minutes later with North American. The first original issue of a utility holding company. We took no partners in, and the damned thing walked out the window. Bill and I split seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars *net.* They were raiding Water Works all the time to get me, but Morgan never took Water Works away from me."

I was about to ask Mr. Dale to translate this, but Miss Marock came in with the Turnpike dope. "It *was* Albany Railroad General Gold Fives due in 1947," he said, consulting an opened 1915 *Moody's*, which she put on his desk, "and Watervliet Turnpike Sixes due in 1919. Well, I said '52 and '16, which is pretty close, after all these years."

Miss Fischer put her head into the room to say that John Walker, of the National Gallery, was on the phone from Washington. "Oh, good," Dale said. "I'm just ready for marvellous news." He picked up the phone and listened for a moment. "Oh, my God, isn't that wonderful!" he said. "Oh, boy! I've wanted that picture for so many years my mouth is watering." He coughed with excitement, and swallowed some Vicks cough drops. "John, that is marvellous!" he said. "Oh, God! You've made the day for me! Oh, God, that is marvellous! . . . You come direct to the apartment tomorrow. I'd send Thomas to the airport, but I think Mary is using him. This is wonderfully exciting news."

When he had hung up, he told me that an important painting had been left to the National Gallery in a will that had just been probated; then he telephoned the headwaiter at the Metropol-

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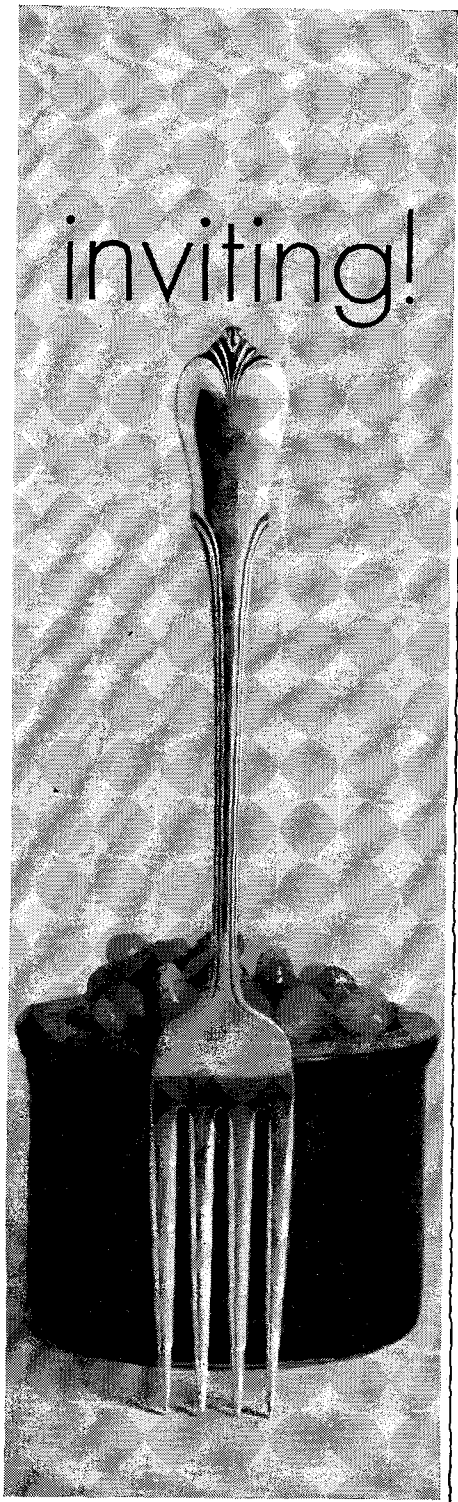

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itan Club to get two pheasants out of the cooler for a dinner for four that night, opened and read a letter from the Springfield Museum, and asked Miss Marock to join us for lunch. We took the elevator to the Lawyers' Club, on the twenty-first floor, and went to the Langley private dining room.

"We were one of the first houses that bought issues from the Electric Bond & Share Co.," Mr. Dale said, over a Martini. "Bill Langley and I worked like dogs. We never took a vacation. I could smell a phony report from a salesman."

"He can smell a person if they're funny," Miss Marock said. "He can smell a situation."

"Some of those fellows would say they'd interviewed someone when they hadn't," Mr. Dale said, over a second Martini. "I said, 'I'll pin this fellow's ears back.' So I had him tailed. He'd been to a movie when he said he'd been calling on a client!"

The phone in the dining room rang, and Miss Marock got up to answer it. A waiter brought in some minute steaks and beer, and the club's headwaiter, Peter, helped him serve. "The real people of this world are headwaiters, like Peter," Dale said. "These are the people I love. These are the real people."

"He's always loved life. It regenerates him," said Miss Marock, who had sold some stock over the phone. "He's the only friend of Surrogate Foley who never tried to get anything out of him."

Over the steak, Dale buoyantly discussed American Water Works, Westchester Lighting Fives of 1950, migratory clauses, Floyd Odlum, the panic of 1907 ("It looked like one of Frankie Campbell's parlors"), and the virtues of convertible debentures. "In the Street, I was known as Mr. Water Works," he said. The headwaiter passed a box of cigars, and Dale clipped his with a gold clipper. "They still know me in the Street," he added.

"You're the legend of Wall Street," Miss Marock said.

Back on the fifth floor, after pausing in the board room, where he asked Charlie "What's Imperial?" and Charlie told him, we regained his office, where Miss Marock brought him several checks to sign. "Drugstore prescription. Thomas's coat. Turf & Field Club. Car insurance," he said, looking them over. "I've got three Cadillacs. I've had this same desk a good fifty years. Oh, the deals I've put over at this desk! Of course, it was in a larger room then. I got interested in pictures through Maud. I've put millions of

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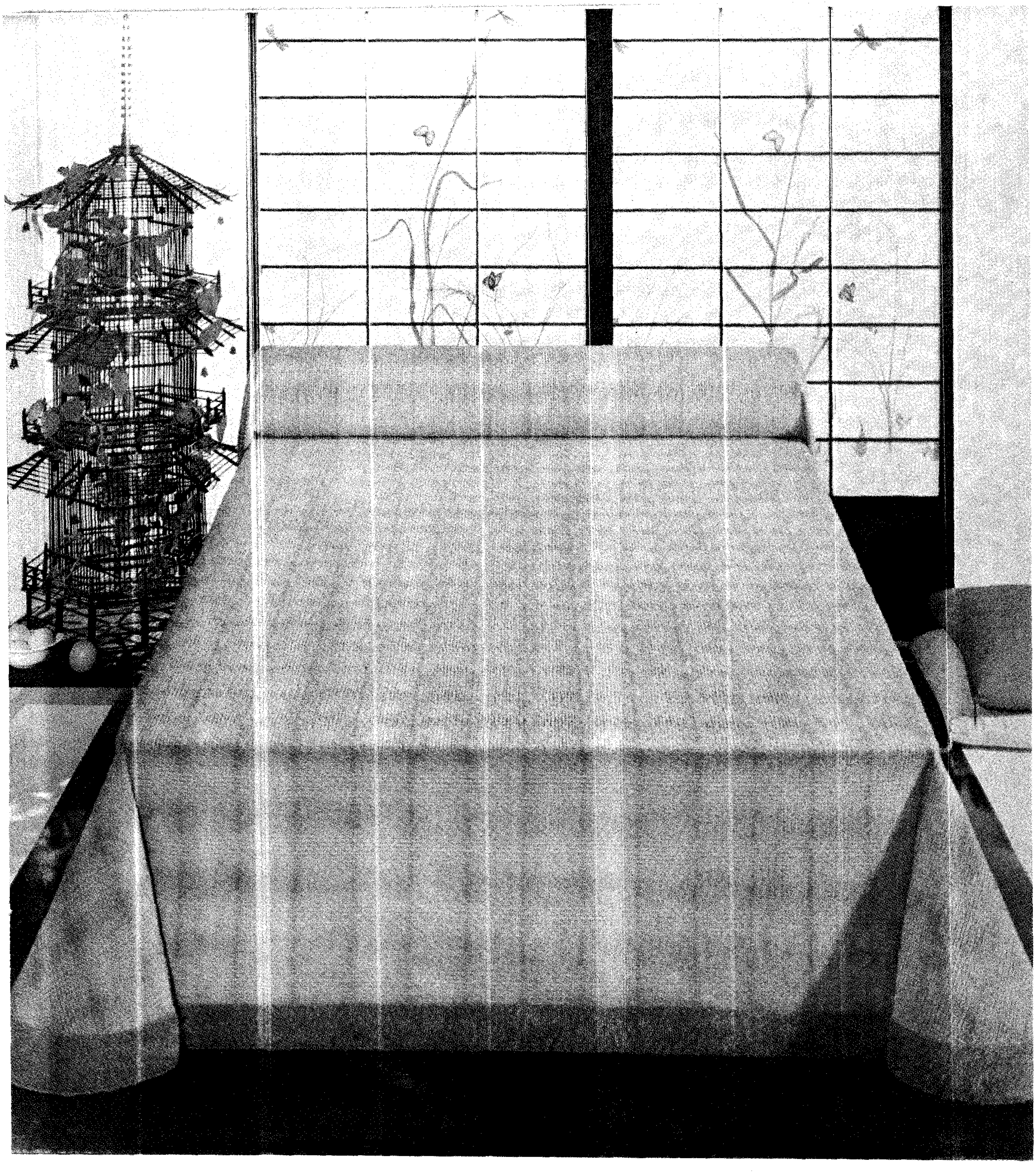

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here's room-flattering sorcery in Shadows' subtly muted plaid pattern of tiny, tight-woven loops . . . there's decorative magic in its new extured weave. Yet this enchanting bedspread is so down-to-earth practical—breezes through launderings, tumble-dries fresh as new, never eeds an iron, never sheds lint. And it's yours in a rainbow-choice of 12 decorator colors—Topaz, Willow Green, Brown, Aqua, ristol Blue, Moss, Sand, Pink, Yellow, Blue, Beige and Snow White—in big pre-shrunk prize sizes, twin or double, for just $14.98.

Slightly higher in the West.

MJ

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Arthur Morgan, skin-diving near the Caribe Hilton in San Juan. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

"I discovered dry rum on the rocks in Puerto Rico and brought the idea back to my New York friends."

"I'd tasted rum before," Arthur Morgan III of New York reports, "but I'd never tasted the *dry* rum of Puerto Rico. What a difference. Imagine drinking rum on the rocks. It's delicious. Bright and clear and brilliant.

"When I got back to New York, I alerted some friends to come and taste this remarkable stuff. Now everybody's drinking it.

"Rum tastes good in so many different drinks. A tall *rum collins* if you are in a leisurely mood. *Rum and tonic* if you're thirsty. The *daiquiri*—for a memorable evening.

"*Rum sours. Rum highballs. Rum punches.* There is a rum drink to fit every mood. And every taste."

Rum on the rocks recipe: 1½ oz. Puerto Rican rum (white or gold) over ice in an old-fashioned glass. Add lemon twist if desired. For free rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. N-5, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 19.

Rum on the rocks→

bucks into them. Now if God came in here and tried to buy them I wouldn't accept. Maud was like Lisman—she taught me values. Maud didn't care who owned a picture—she loved the paintings. I did all the buying."

He took a swig of whiskey from a bottle in his desk, and then, accompanied by Paul F. Hay, a Langley partner who had dropped in, we all left the office and drove uptown.

"My whole idea is you have to know your business, whether it's paintings or bonds," Mr. Dale said, on the way up. "Never stick your neck out, because there's always a guy with an axe to fit it. They're all out to get you. Wait till I tell you a funny one. Morgan wanted American Water Works for United."

"They thought they had Langley & Co. broke," Miss Marock said scornfully.

Mr. Hay, who had asked to be dropped off at Brooks Brothers, inquired what Mr. Dale was wearing to an Albert Loening dinner dance to which both had been invited. "I'm told it's white tie," he said.

"Oh, God!" said Dale. "Why in hell did you call up and ask?"

I GOT off at Brooks Brothers with Mr. Hay, and walked up to the St. Regis, where I called on Dali. "Dale is very intuitive, very quick, very decisive," he said. "Most collectors seek advice and wait; he falls in love with a picture and then he takes it. He is a passionate man for this kind of thing, and a passionate man in general. I've had a few lunches with him. He catches my arm, and the next day it's blue. So violent is his touch."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Des Moines* (*Iowa*) *Register*]

SUNDAY SCHOOL
GOES "SPUTNIK"

BALTIMORE, MD. (AP)—A slender, cardboard "rocket" blasted off to a successful flight Sunday at St. Mary's Episcopal Church.

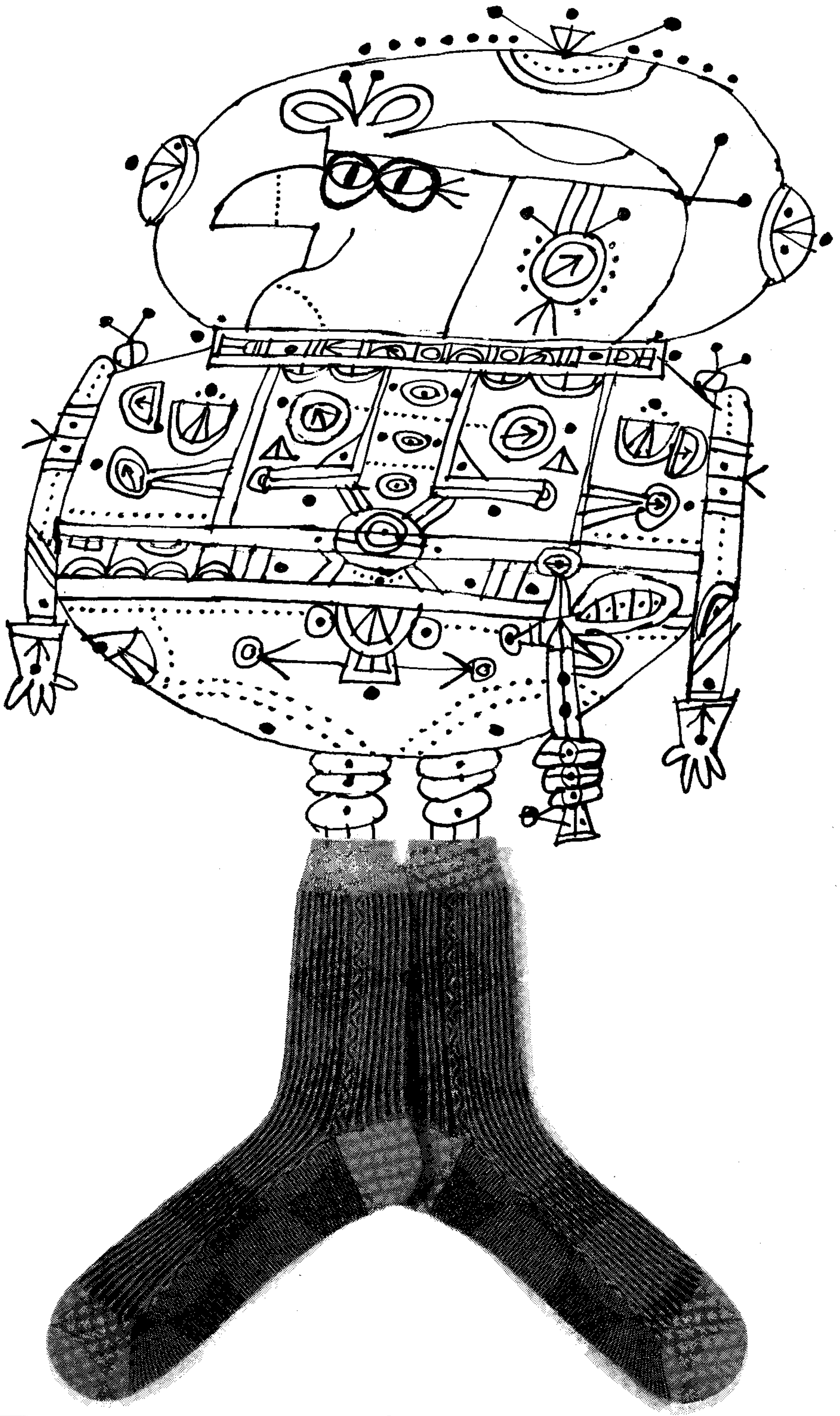
Dry ice dropped into water provided takeoff smoke. The eight-foot silver rocket, 8 inches in diameter with orange fins, soared up to the rafters on a string of rubber bands.

For a countdown, 100 youngsters recited the Ten Commandments to the Rev. George F. Packard, rector of the church.

As the "Churchnik" began to smoke, the rector said:

"Confirmation launches us into the flight of life and the fuel is Holy Communion."

The rocket bearing an orange cross and the word "SOUL" zinged to the ceiling of the church.



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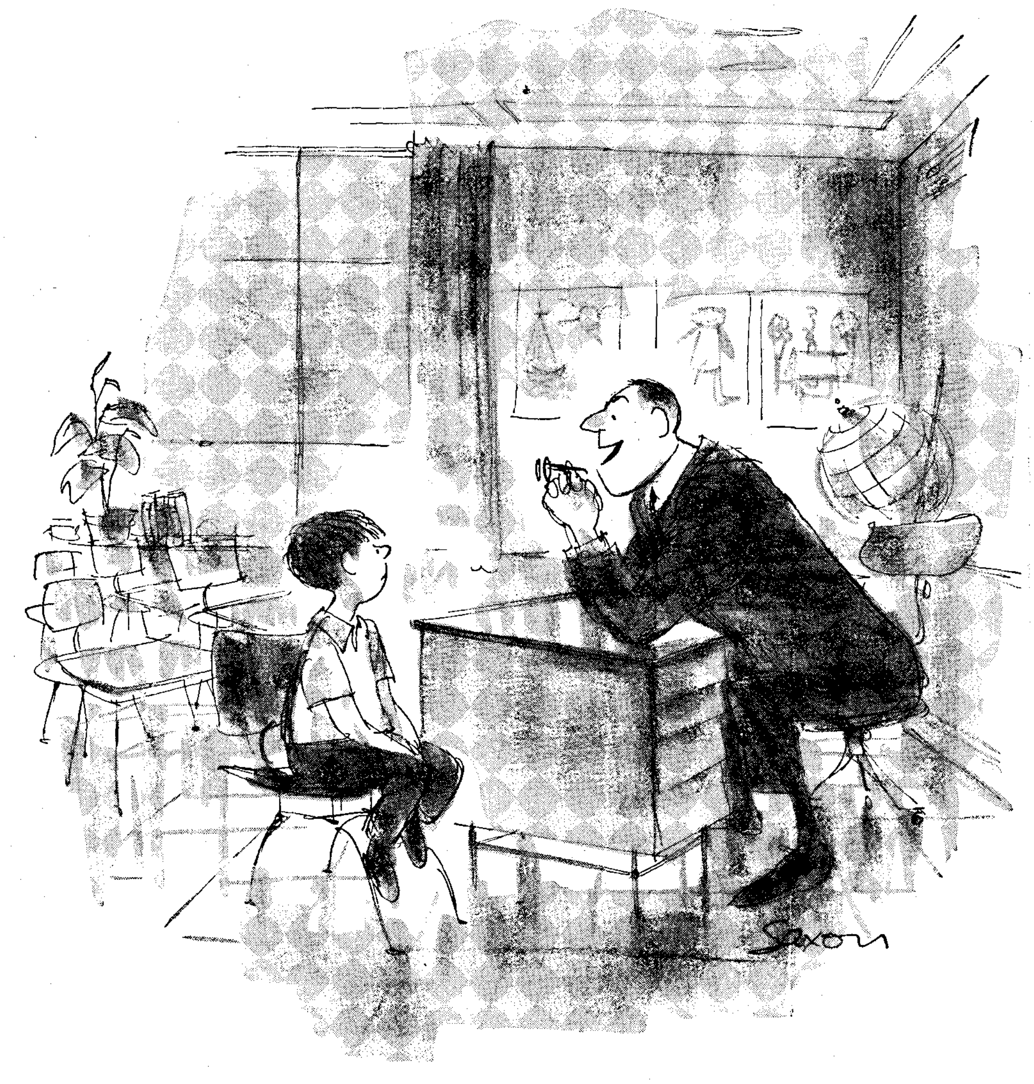
THE THEATRE

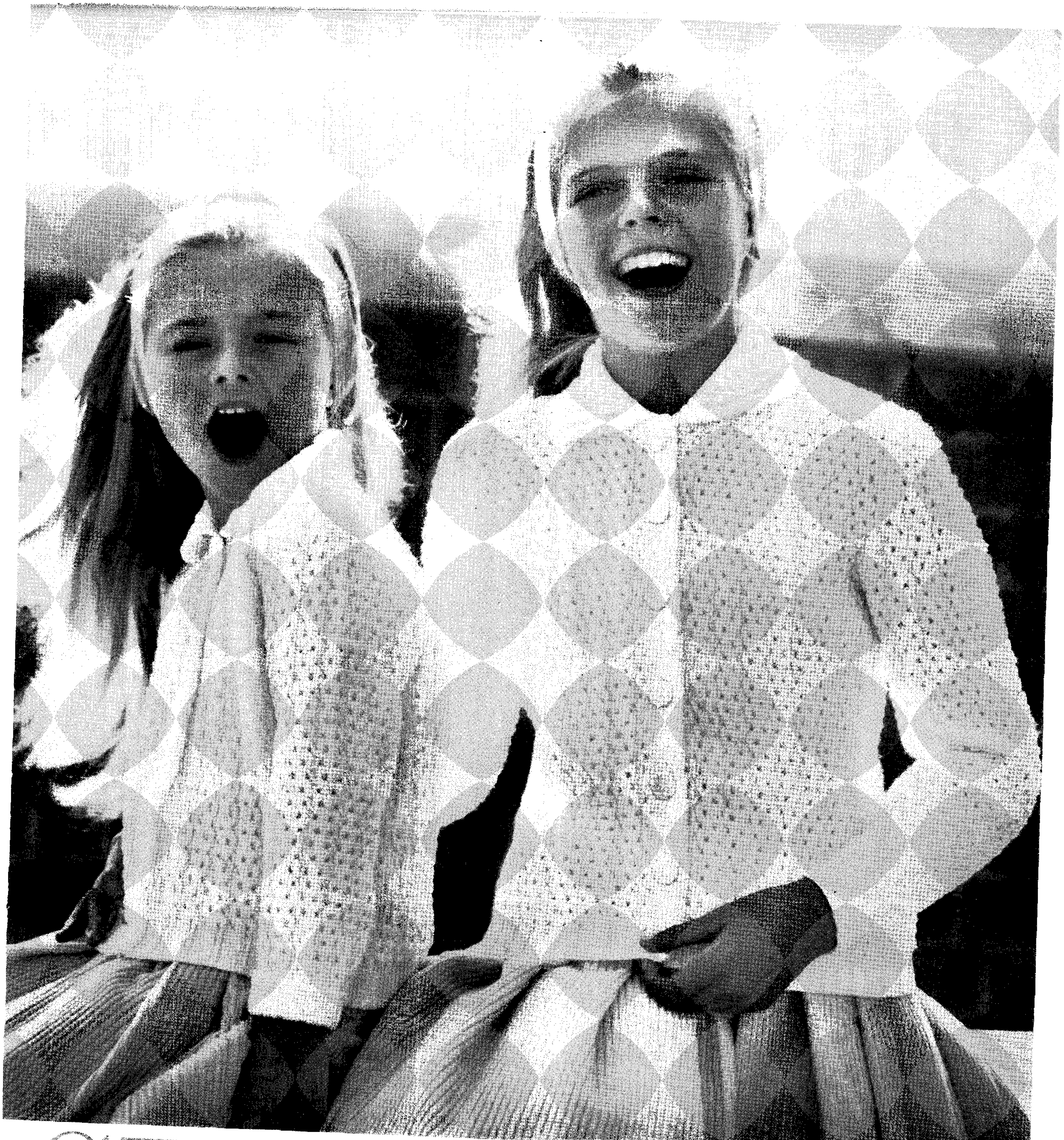
HONG KONG GIRLS AND REPUBLICAN GIRLS

THIS place is not a brothel, because brothels are illegal by local statute, says a Hong Kong hotelkeeper in "The World of Suzie Wong," a play by Paul Osborn that opened at the Broadhurst last Tuesday. The man is kidding, as Mr. Osborn proceeds to demonstrate. Nowhere but in a brothel in a Broadway play will you find such a concentration of sweetness, light, human decency, and hollow rhetoric as occurs in the Hotel Nam Kok, the scene of most of the action in "The World of Suzie Wong." The Chinese girls who do business in the bar and in the rooms upstairs are as pert, as dainty, and—inevitably—as cute as a cageful of canaries; they are also, at heart, as wholesome as a field-hockey team. The male guests—not counting the sailors who line the stage for atmospheric purposes, like books in a law-office set—are almost unfailingly stately and sententious. There is some reason to believe that when the author began writing the play, which is based on the novel of the same name, by Richard Mason, he had his mind on certain comic, not entirely commonplace aspects of the psychology of his heroine—the romantic young prostitute of the title—and of one or two other people in the story. As can be noted in the first act, if you look quickly and listen closely, the possibilities for comedy are there—for instance, in Suzie Wong's rationalizations of her sex life, and in her attitudes toward virginity, which enable her, at different times, to dream of herself as a well-bred maiden and to regard virgins, as a class, as muckers and beasts of prey. So much for Mr. Osborn's good intentions, if he had them. Before long, he yields without struggle to the traditional view of the stage harlot, and Suzie goes downhill artistically—though uphill spiritually—at great speed. Throughout the second, and last, act, she is so tender, true, and saintly that you might expect her, if she were less sturdily built, to do the classic thing, in the end, and die. As it is, Mr. Osborn has made the next most touching arrangement. Her baby dies. To paraphrase a sportswriting expression, this comes as no surprise to the audience. It has long since been made unmistakably clear that "The World of Suzie Wong" is a trite and sentimental piece of work, in which every potentially valuable insight or point of information leads to a platitude.

The play has, it goes without saying, been gorgeously dressed and brilliantly staged. We live at a time when mechanical excellence in the theatre can be pretty well taken for granted, when miracles of stagecraft are no longer news, and therefore, I suppose, no longer miracles. As one well-known showman said last week, on a television program devoted to celebrating the advent of "The World of Suzie Wong," production mechanics make the play seem "almost like a motion picture." That's about the size of it, and the effect he spoke of has come, I think, to be considered by a good many Broadway producers the highest aim of their profession. Acting skill is another thing that can usually be depended on these days. Still, the performance of France Nuyen, a Eurasian girl, as Suzie Wong amounts to a remarkably solid achievement for a young, untrained actress. Miss Nuyen shows more faith in Suzie's reality than Mr. Osborn does, and she asserts it to the end. Even in the second act, when she must say things like "I still Suzie, but you not Robert," she gives the impression, against the evidence, of being a wise, practical, and coherent woman, as well as a beautifully shaped one. Ron Randell is fine in another part that begins promisingly but lapses into banality—that of a British businessman who comes to the Hotel Nam Kok to find a substitute for his hobby of dinghy sailing. William Shatner grapples bravely with the role of



"You see, Herb, it isn't quite enough just to know we're a genius and let it go at that. We've got to be a genius at *something."*



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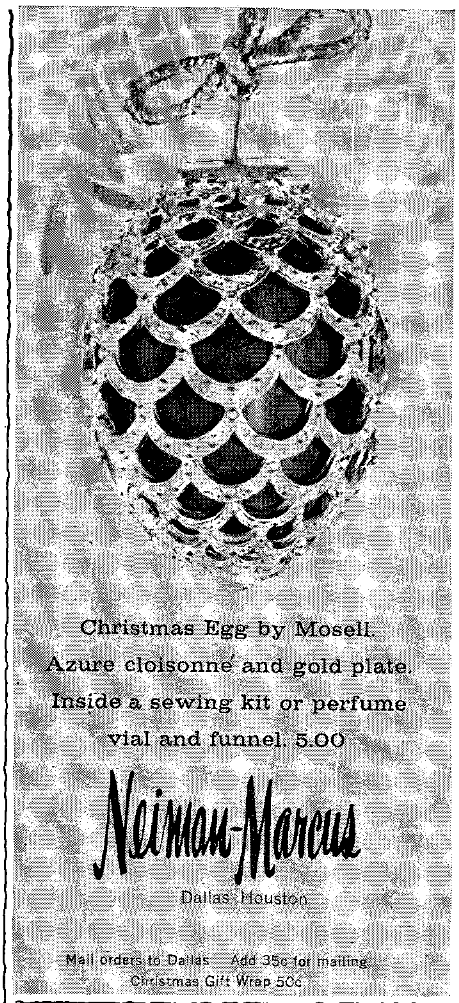
Suzie Wong's most virtuous lover, a spectacularly coy Canadian artist who settles in the brothel to paint and who tortures himself and the audience with morbid oratory because he cannot afford to buy exclusive rights to Suzie's love. Mr. Shatner is an attractive, straightforward kind of actor, and I expect that if he had been given anything believable to do or say, he would have done or said it believably.

The best scenes in the play are big, populous outdoor scenes, into which the director, Joshua Logan, has been able to inject stray touches of humor and character. As I've said, the entire production is a mechanical masterpiece, or miracle. Jo Mielziner's sets are not only brilliant, they are fluid—at any rate, if they don't flow, they spin. They left me groggy with admiration. It's possible, of course, that I've reached a point where these marvels of science are knocking me down too easily. A few weeks ago, I wrote with supine respect about Mr. Mielziner's scenery in another recent play, "Handful of Fire." A letter has just arrived in which a reader says, in part, "The setting for 'Handful of Fire' was the wrong color, the wrong size, the wrong shape, clumsy, and pretentious." In a way, I'd be glad to think that my correspondent knew what he was talking about. It would mean that set designing, like horse racing, could still produce the unexpected.

"PROMISES and batting averages were made to be broken," remarks a character in "The Girls in 509," the new farce at the Belasco. There is something cheerfully incompetent and confusing about that line that reflects the spirit of the play as a whole. If you react to it as I did, by muttering "How's that again?," you will see that the statement, after its powerful opening, contains an inaccuracy in the middle passages that is bound to impair its usefulness to society. It's as though the speaker had said, "Westward, like traffic on Forty-fourth Street, the course of empire takes its way," or "Mad dogs and nightingales go out in the midday sun." What this kind of speech shows is that it is hard to improve an idea just by adding words to it at random, and also, perhaps, that sensible sentences are no easier to write than sensible plays are. Howard Teichmann, the author of "The Girls in 509," wrote a hit of several seasons ago, "The Solid Gold Cadillac," in collaboration with George S. Kaufman. The experience does not seem to have taught him a great deal about the construction of farces, or about how to



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make topical jokes and allusions do the work of political satire. For that matter, I'm not certain that his new play is meant to be satirical. It starts out with the ingredients of a good plot: Two ladies from a violently Republican family have been holed up in a suite in a decaying hotel since 1932, when they felt obliged to retreat from onrushing anarchy. Before he returns them to the outside world, Mr. Teichmann makes the point—or I think he does—that modern conditions, including the need for high taxes, are apt to transcend party lines. That, roughly, is the sum of his social message. The rest of the play consists almost entirely of jokes about people who have been in the newspapers, and about newspapers themselves. There are Franklin D. Roosevelt jokes, Theodore Roosevelt jokes, Chester A. Arthur jokes, Clare Luce jokes, Senator Margaret Smith jokes, New York *Times* jokes, New York *Post* jokes, and New York *Journal-American* jokes. There are also jokes, vintage of 1932, about people and things you may have forgotten, such as the *Literary Digest* poll and Roger Babson, and a fairly special joke about Langley Collyer, a real-life recluse, whom the elder of the two fugitive ladies says she used to date when she was young. Maybe there is a sort of avant-garde irony in the fact that the national chairmen of two political parties are played, without change of costume or makeup, by one actor. Maybe there is a critical comment concealed in the fact that a *Daily News* reporter carries his own camera.

I thought that Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca, as the Republican ladies,

LETTERS
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SAVE THE CHILDREN
FEDERATION

The village that fought the wolf

Little Soon Ja Kim knows what the unappeased pangs of hunger are like. So do all the other children in the small Korean village of Suh-Kam-Chun. The irrigation system for the rice fields which supplied this village with food and its means of livelihood was ruined by a flood and a tornado. The little village was faced with starvation. But today Soon and her playmates all have full tummies. Thanks to an SCF Village Self-help Project, the whole village of 150 families drove the wolf of hunger from their doors.

How the SCF self-help project worked

The SCF Project started with concern for the needs of the village children both now and in the future. Acting as the catalyst that helps people to help themselves, trained SCF Representatives met with the villagers to discuss their plans. "If the canal was repaired," said the villagers, "we could increase the rice crop yields. Everybody will want to work, but how do we get started?" Then SCF proposed a "ten-fold self-help plan." SCF would make a small cash grant if the villagers would match it ten-fold in labor. As a further condition, 10% of any additional revenue from the increased crop yield was to be set aside year after year for the benefit of the village children.

An SCF grant of $210 was made and multiplied by the villagers ten-fold in hours of labor. When the project was completed, the village was able to increase its income by 171 times the SCF grant, or by $36,000 annually.

How you can befriend a village

The New York Times, in an editorial comment on the SCF method of giving aid, pointed out: "What is significant here is that the investment of money is trifling. But there is an investment of some other things. There is an understanding of the people who are to be helped. There is an ability to enlist their support and cooperation. There is an appeal to loyalty and initiative. And there is the continuing factor of warm human interest."*

This vital work must continue. Your contribution in any amount to SCF's Self-help Program will be a self-perpetuating investment in the future. Won't you please send your check to help initiate additional projects today?

SCF National Sponsors include: Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Rabbi E. F. Magnin, Dr. R.W. Sockman, Norman Rockwell.

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gave sterling performances, and that Robert Emhardt was funny as the dual national chairman.

DURING the first week of a three-week engagement at the Broadway Theatre, the members of the Théâtre National Populaire offered Musset's "Lorenzaccio" and Marivaux's "Le Triomphe de l'Amour." Productions of Hugo's "Marie Tudor," Molière's "Don Juan," and Corneille's "Le Cid" were to follow. I have seen only the company's "Le Triomphe de l'Amour." It is putting it conservatively to say that the players, particularly Maria Casarès and Jean Vilar, handle their parts in this neat, cool treatise on passion with an understanding and a subtlety that no one in the world can match.

—JOHN LARDNER

●

CHANEA, Crete—Stelios Armenantzoglou, 20, of Kazé village Rethymnon, and Anna Michalakaki, 35, of Rethimni village eloped with each other.

They ran to the young man's vineyard where Anna's father, a priest, and a best man were expecting them for a quick matrimonial ceremony.

The bridegroom's parents were not invited.

They had not the slightest idea of what was going on in the vineyard.

But the bride's dowry, consisting of two goats, a hen and a score of very young chickens, was on the spot.

The ceremony had begun when a furious, uninvited guest came along. He simply stepped into the middle of the idyllic scene, scared the priest and the chicken away, took hold of the bridegroom, led him to Iraklion and locked him up.

The bride collected her dowry and returned to her village where her 15-year-old illicit son welcomed her with the question:

"You have promised me a father-mother—where is he?"—*Athens Daily Post.*

Quiet, child! You can never tell what'll happen in a vineyard.

●

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A RECRUITING OFFICER

[*From a Revolutionary War recruiting handbill in the Bennington (Vt.) Museum*]

To all brave, healthy, able-bodied and well-disposed young men:

Those who may favor this Recruiting Party with their attendance will have an opportunity of hearing and seeing in a more particular manner the great advantages which these brave men will have, who shall embrace this opportunity of spending a few happy years in viewing the different parts of this beautiful continent, in the honorable and truly respectable character of a soldier, after which, he may, if he pleases, return home to his friends, with his pockets full of money and his head covered with laurels. GOD SAVE THE U. S.

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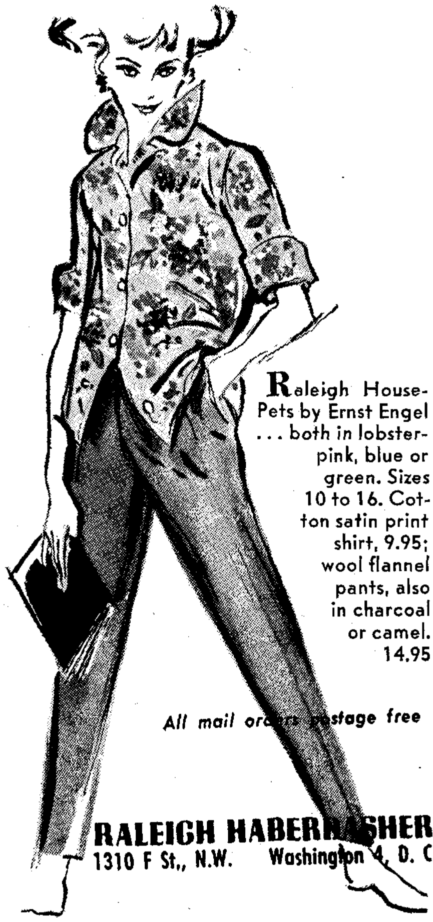

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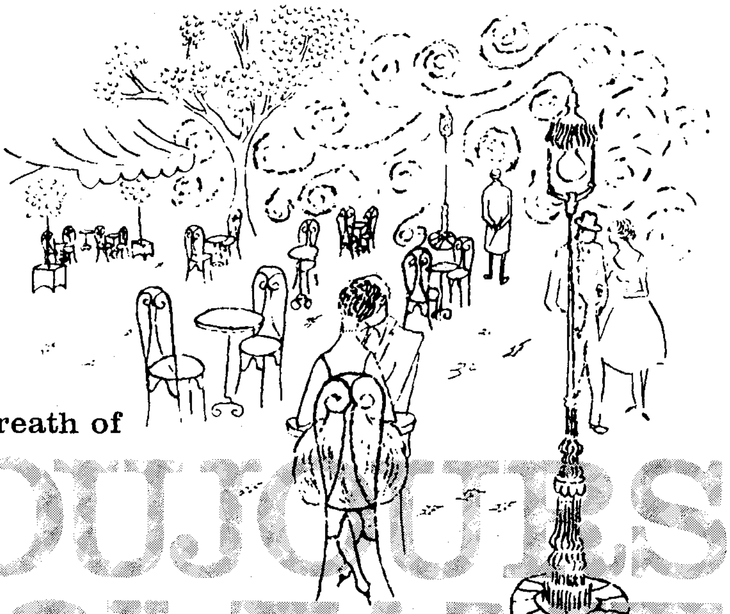
FOOTBALL

Damaged Goods

TWO weeks ago, Syracuse, a good, beefy bunch of upstate boys, beat Cornell, a middle-bracket Ivy League team that had looked fairly good up to that point, by a score of 55–0. In the course of Cornell's next game, which was played in New Haven last Saturday, Yale unexpectedly wriggled out of the handcuffs Cornell had fastened on it and broke a ballcarrier loose into the wide open spaces. He was felled less than eight yards from the Cornell goal. Four plays later, the Cornell line, which had been just a great big paper hoop against Syracuse, had retreated only seven yards, and Yale had to give up possession of the ball. A while after that, Yale, benefiting from a penalty against Cornell, had four plays in which to cover five yards, and again had to give up the ball. These statistics should provide a reasonably accurate bird's-eye view of the disproportion in strength—and, quite possibly, skill—between dwellers in the Ivy League and the denizens of the vast world outside. To prove that it wasn't a case of Cornell's having had an off day against Syracuse, Syracuse met Nebraska, of the Big Eight Conference, last Saturday and beat it, 38–0. None of this, on the other hand, is to say that Ivy League football is a dull pastime. Trial and error is the method of operation imposed by circumstance upon most of the Ivy League squads this season, but it can be a picturesque way of life, no matter how exasperating.

Over the past weekend, Yale and Columbia were the most exasperating. Yale, which had already revealed a faulty knowledge of such commonplaces as blocking out the opposition and throwing passes, came down with a new allergy—to the rule book. Because of infractions of the regulations, the team was twice set back to its one-yard line, and on other occasions was deprived of the rewards of several good maneuvers in Cornell territory, among them the one that, three seconds before the game ended, brought about the touchdown that would have won the game for Yale, 13–12. (Yale had an illegal pass receiver down the field; law and order prevailed, and Cornell won, 12–7.) Columbia's contribution to the weekend's exasperation was its unwilling-

PARIS whispers romantically



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ness to hold on to the ball, and Harvard, playing a bang-up game of finders keepers, won without any trouble, 26–0. Another reason for Harvard's improvement over its early-season form, or lack of it, is probably its sophomore quarterback, Charlie Ravenel. He was Harvard's mastermind on Saturday, as he was the week before, when Harvard beat Lehigh, 20–0. Cornell's improvement over its Syracuse form is just possibly due to *its* sophomore quarterback, Marcello Tino. Last Saturday, Tino's assistance was psychological more than physical. Taking over because Skypeck, who at times has looked like one of the best quarterbacks Cornell ever had, couldn't get his offense into gear, Tino ran the ball with such fury that Skypeck, on being sent back into action, turned in the superlative job he is capable of. Skypeck and Tino, it appears to this observer, have excellent backfield assistants in Wilson, Webster, Taylor, and Bogar, though none of them are as good long-distance men as Yale's Hallas, Kangas, and Curran.

THE evenness of quality among most participants in the Ivy League was further demonstrated last weekend in Philadelphia, where Penn—nosed out, 13–12, by Dartmouth two weeks before, and by a last-minute Princeton touchdown the week before—turned around and nosed out Brown, 21–20. The hazards of allowing Ivy League teams to perform outside their own little magic circle was further demonstrated last weekend by Dartmouth, which accidentally lost to Holy Cross, a team it had seemed reasonably sure of beating. An attempt at a field goal, which would have won the game, 11–8, for Dartmouth, was blocked, and during the ensuing milling about, a Holy Cross back latched on to the ball and ran it for a touchdown. However, Colgate, which on precedent should have beaten Princeton Saturday, came thoroughly unglued and let Princeton gallop home a 40–13 winner. Princeton, operating without Sachs and Jack Sullivan, its two best milers, had no difficulty at all with a team that in the past few years has caused it all kinds of difficulty. Army lost the services of both Dawkins and Walters during its victory over Virginia (35–6), and Carpenter, its famous loose end, had to be called in from his distant outpost to plug up the backfield, which he did with aplomb and skill. Better get to a game this Saturday, before *your* pet performer gets lost.

—J. W. L.

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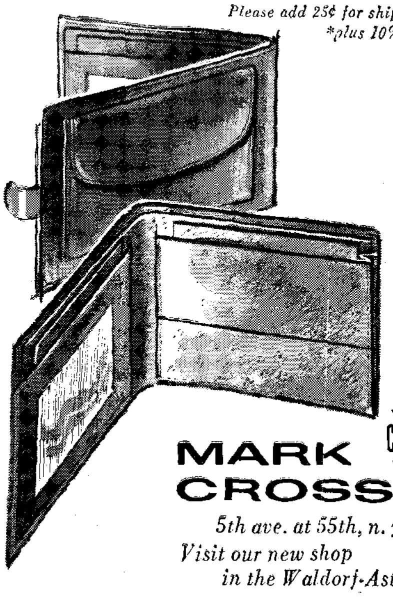

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OPEN SEASON ON TURKS

THE only decent apartment I lived in during the nearly five years I spent in Italy after the war was acquired by a systematic campaign of terror that I still look back on with awe and shame. The events all strike me now as somewhat preposterous and childish, but I remember that at the time, in the midst of an acute housing shortage, nothing seemed as important to me as the acquisition of a private room, free from the depressing communal atmosphere of a cheap *pensione*. On the small monthly allowance I received under the government's G.I. Bill of Rights, I could never have aspired to anything as elegant as the entire floor of a *palazzo* if it hadn't been for my chance meeting with Max Daniels.

I had lived in Italy with my family for four years before the war, and I had come back to Rome to study music, in the autumn of 1948. I first met Max a few months later, when I went to register for another term of courses at the Porcari Institute (as I shall call it here). I found him sitting in the lobby—a dark, stocky figure in a seersucker suit and a battered straw hat. He was holding a load of books on his lap and gazing with mild interest at the harassed young woman behind a school desk, who was doing her best to cope with a noisy crowd of American applicants. I sat down beside him to await my turn with the forms, and he immediately struck up a conversation. "My name's Daniels," he announced abruptly. "Max Daniels."

We shook hands, and one of the books slid off his lap. He cursed and scooped it quickly off the floor. "Where can I unload these?" he asked.

I must have looked blank.

"Sell them," he elaborated.

"Any second-hand bookstore, I imagine," I said. "There are several of them up the street. I'll show you, if you want."

"Thanks."

His abrupt, nonchalant manner and the cocky Midwestern twang of his speech interested me. Most of my American acquaintances in Rome were Easterners, or at least had been educated in Eastern schools, and they all seemed to fit well into their Italian surroundings. Max, on the other hand, exuded an atmosphere of total Americanism—an aura that immediately called up visions of endless prairies basking benevolently under the watchful eye of the Chicago Tribune Tower. I couldn't imagine what he was doing in Rome.

"Did you just get here?" I asked.

"Yes."

"From where?"

He smiled. "Milwaukee. Knee-deep in hops."

"Are you staying long?"

"What I've seen, I like," he said. "Wop is becoming a very big word in my vocabulary."

He was vague about his studies, and when I asked him what the books were for, he said, "Who knows? They give me a book allowance, and I need the money. Seventy-five a month can't take you very far, even in old Italia. I signed up for Italian Literature. It's the course with the most books."

"But why are you in Italy?" I asked.

He shrugged. "It's in the wind, isn't it? It's being done this year."

After we had filled out our forms and handed them in to the registrar, we strolled out together and headed for the street where the second-hand bookstores were. Max was having trouble with his books, and I helped him carry them. In my load I spotted an edition of Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi." To make conversation, I commented, a little self-importantly, on what a fine novel it was and the influence it had had on Italian literature.

"The Italians can't make it as thinkers," he answered. "I tried Dante. Boy, there was a *real* fool!"

I was still mulling that one over when we entered the first bookstore. Eventually, we entered them all, and, with me haggling and Max deciding, we separated the clerks from about twelve thousand lire. After the last book had been sold, Max suggested a beer, and I took him to a German place I knew about on the Piazza Santi Apostoli. We sat down at one of the sidewalk tables and ordered a round of dark.

"Thanks for helping me with the books," Max said. "Now tell me about the Porcari Institute."

"What do you want to know?"

"The only thing that matters—how does it work?"

I told him what I knew. Until the influx of postwar American students, the Porcari Institute had been only a shabby business-and-secretarial school, down whose dim, sordid corridors padded impoverished lower-middle-class Italians in quest of enough short-

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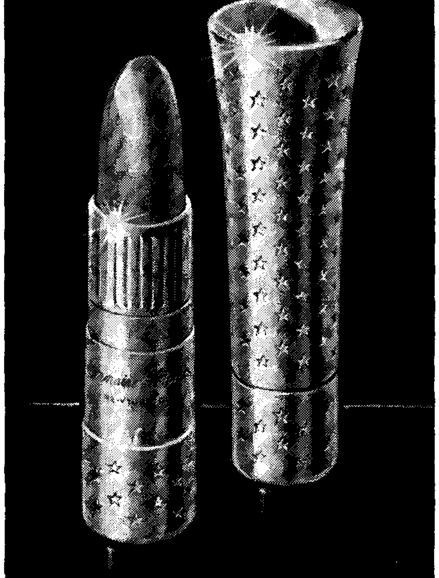

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hand and bookkeeping to improve their hopeless economic status as government clerks. (Rome, like Washington, is inhabited primarily by civil servants.) Then word of the American government's generosity to studious veterans of world conflicts seeped through to Signora Porcari, the agile middle-aged lady who ran the school. She went to the American Embassy and placed her institute at the service of greater learning. Her timing was flawless, and she proved to be flexible in her approach. If you already had a private teacher, the Porcari, unlike the more respectable and better-established schools, allowed you to enroll him as a member of its faculty, thus qualifying everybody for the American benefits. We veterans came to the school to study Italian, French, German, painting, literature, history, economics, music, and drama. The Porcari Institute was swamped with American undergraduates, and Signora Porcari prospered. She rented an entire building to accommodate her school. Even those of us who were really studying something registered with her, because we needed the school's official credits to qualify for the money.

Max listened attentively to my brief explanation, punctuating it with nods and brief grunts to show that he understood. "And what are *you* up to?" he asked.

"I'm studying music," I told him. "Composition."

He nodded again. "Where are you living?"

"I'm sharing two rooms in a *pensione* with a friend of mine named Walter Pondrus," I said. "He's a singer. It works out pretty well."

"Well, how would you like a real apartment?" Max asked. "The Hungarian who changes my money told me about it. He says it's big—three bedrooms—and it has balconies, lots of furniture, and reeks with Mediterranean charm. There's also a grand piano."

"How much?"

"Sixty Italian grands a month, he says," Max said. "They'll take less if we pay in dollars."

"No kidding?"

"On my G.I. money, I can't begin to carry it alone, but split three ways it would be a cinch. You think your roomy wants to change, too?"

"Sure," I said. "But it's too good. There must be something wrong with it."

"There is," he said. "A couple of tenacious Turks."

He went on to explain that one room

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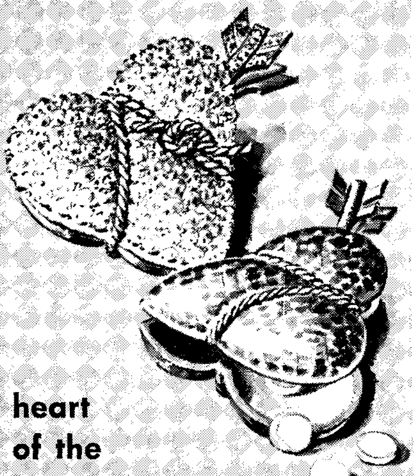

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in the apartment—the best and most centrally located bedroom—was occupied by a pair of Turks, who had been living there since before the war. Because of the antiquated Italian housing law, the owner of the building found himself unable to evict the Turks, who were paying a ridiculously low rental based on the prewar value of the lira, though he was free to rent out the rest of the apartment. The Turks, who had a very good thing, were deaf to threats, entreaties, even bribery. The Italian landlord was desperate.

"Well, I guess it's out," I said.

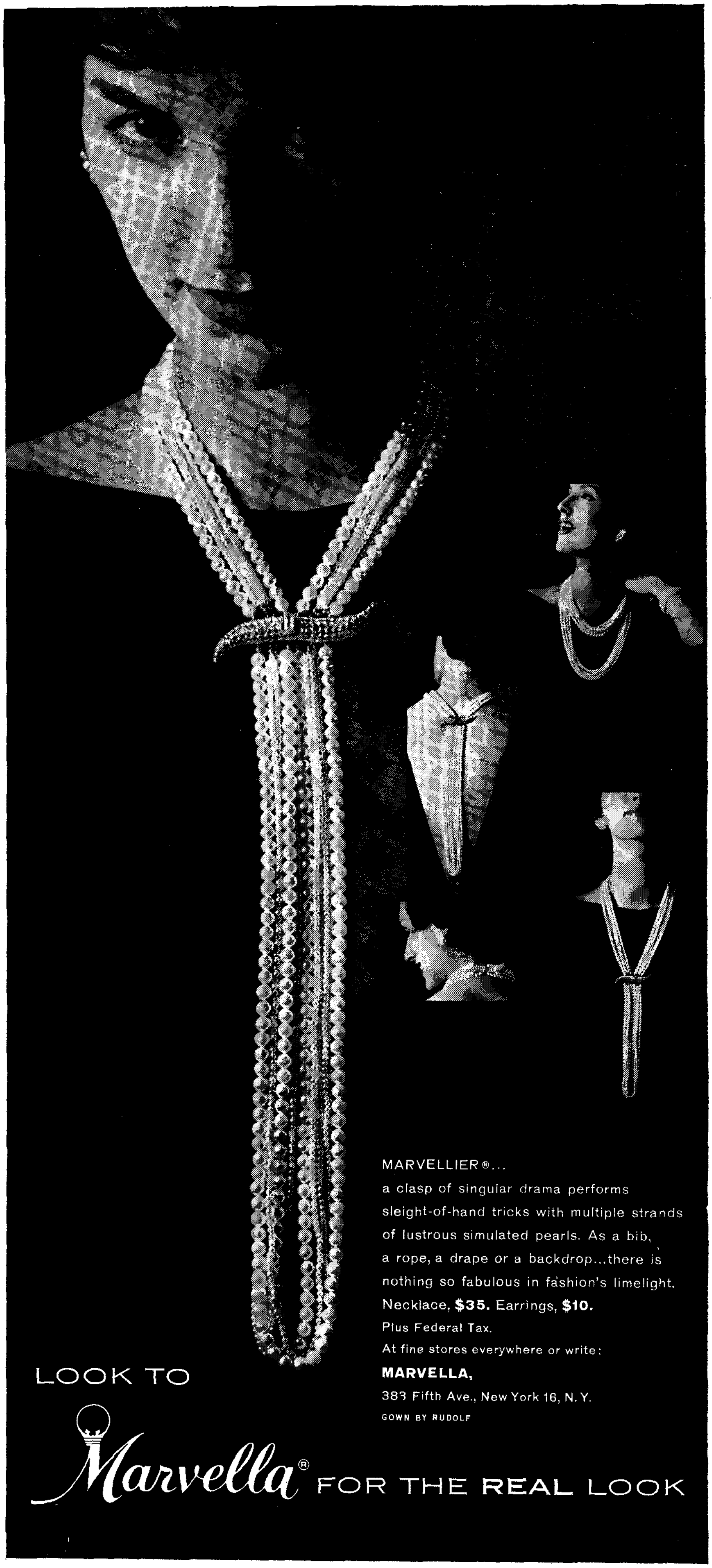
"Don't you believe it," Max said. "Trust in American ingenuity. Now, what about your friend?"

"Walter? He'll love it. At the *pensione*, they only let him sing an hour a day. In this apartment, he could practice any time."

"That's the idea," Max said.

THE next morning, we hunted up Max's Hungarian money-changer and went to see the apartment. The money-changer introduced us to the owner and then vanished. The place proved to be every bit as good as Max had said it was. It occupied the top floor of a small Renaissance *palazzo* not far from the Tiber. The main terrace, off the living room, had a view over the river, and the rooms were enormous, with towering ceilings, and walls on which were hung great dark paintings teeming with saintly-looking women and cherubs. The furniture was hideous but comfortable, and I found the piano to be only a half tone flat and basically sound. The owner, an ancient Italian count with watery blue eyes set close together over a sharply hooked nose, seemed almost hysterically eager to woo us. Dressed only in pajama bottoms, bedroom slippers, and a food-stained silk bathrobe, he shuffled anxiously around behind us and waved long, knobby fingers at the furnishings. "Ah, Signori," he said, "all treasures, all priceless—an apartment fit for royalty! But who wishes to be encumbered with immovable lodgers? Ladies, especially, will not share the bathroom with foreigners. The times are criminal, Signori, and I am oppressed by scoundrels!"

We didn't see the offending Turks, but we knew they were there, because we heard them muttering behind the closed door of their room, which was directly across a narrow hall from the open double doors of the big living room. Once, on our way back from inspecting the kitchen, the Count shook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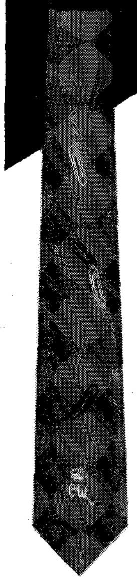

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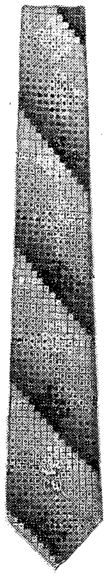

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his fist and swore savagely at the hostile door.

I wasn't at all sure what we were going to do about the Turks, but Max was serene, and Walter, who had been testing the acoustics in the living room, was enthusiastic. He tried a scale up to B flat and sat on the note, cupping both hands behind his ears to get the full effect. "My God!" he said. "I sound like Caruso in here!"

"You are all musicians?" the Count asked.

"Two of us are," I said.

"Ah, that pleases me very much!" the Count said. "I have played the violin for many years. Of course, I do not play well any more." He shrugged apologetically. "The fingers are stiff."

Max chuckled. "How high can you sing, Wally boy?" he asked Pondrus.

"My name is Walter," Walter said stiffly.

"Sure. What's your top note?"

"E flat over high C," Walter said. "I have nearly three octaves."

"Fine. That sounds stratospheric. And how long do you practice every day?"

"Well, that depends," Walter said. "I'd like to get in at least a couple of hours a day."

"Fine, fine!" Max said, and he rubbed his hands together.

I was beginning to understand what Max had in mind, but the Count was standing there with a puzzled and slightly pained expression on his face, clasping and unclasping his hands.

"Well, do we take it?" I asked.

"What do you say, Walter?" Max said.

"I'm for it."

"What about the Turks?" I asked.

Max brushed them aside. "Forget about them," he said. "They'll be gone in no time."

My own doubts evaporated before such quiet confidence, and I broke the news to the Count, who immediately produced a lease, which we all signed. The apartment was ours—ours except for the Turks. That same afternoon, we started to move in. Max took one bedroom, while Walter and I arranged to share the other one.

AFTER Walter and I had struggled in with our last load of possessions, on the evening of that first day in the apartment, Max launched his campaign.

"I've seen them," he said. "I knocked on their door."

"Who?" I asked.

"The Turks. I suggested they move

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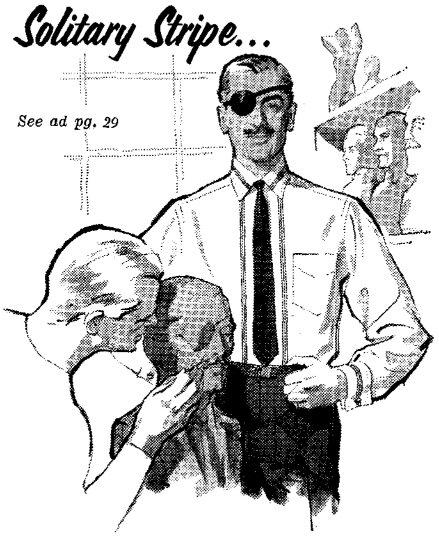

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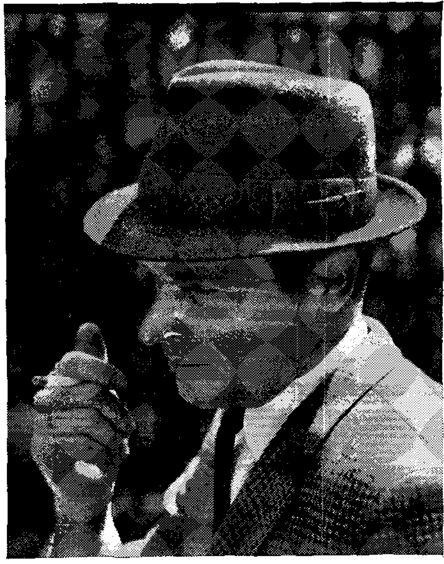

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"What did they say?"

"They wouldn't discuss it with me," he said cheerfully. "Actually slammed the door in my face."

"What do they look like?"

"I don't know," Max said. "Middle-aged, surly professorial types."

"Well, I suppose if they won't move out, we can live around them," I said.

"Don't be ridiculous," Max said. "Sing, Walter."

"Now?" Walter said, putting down some books he was unpacking. "It's after eleven o'clock."

"Of course now."

"Isn't it sort of late for music?" I asked. "I think the Turks must have gone to bed."

Max flashed me a pitying look. "You don't catch on very fast," he said. "Let's hear those golden tones, Walter."

Pondrus went over to the piano, struck a chord, and went up and down the scale.

"Not over there," Max said. "Out in the hallway, where they can get the full benefit."

Walter took up a position directly opposite the Turks' closed door and began running through his full repertoire of vocal exercises. "Boy," he observed during a momentary lull, while the echoes reverberated in the stair well, "the acoustics out here are even better!" After the exercises, Max insisted that I sit down at the piano, and Walter and I ran through a few arias. Walter's voice wasn't very pretty, and it occasionally strayed from the pitch, but it was robust. Max beamed, especially on the high notes, which Walter liked to hold as long as his breath lasted.

After more than an hour of this, just as Walter was going up for the first C sharp in "A te, o cara," Max raised a hand. "I hear some action," he said, and beckoned him back from the hallway. No sooner had Walter retreated into the living room than I saw the Turks' door violently flung open. A swarthy, enraged face protruded into the hallway and began to shout at us in what sounded like a blend of Turkish and Italian. After several minutes, the face withdrew and the door slammed shut.

"The other one has a beard," Max said. "You can see that it's going to be open season on Turks."

THAT was only the beginning. For the next three weeks, Max threw himself into the siege with such dedica-

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tion and fiendish intensity, sweeping us along in his wake, that, almost in spite of myself, I began to think of myself as a Crusader at the gates of some Saracen fortress. I never really understood what cold inner flame drove Max to such excesses. He certainly never spent any time studying, and he was never seen at the Porcari except on the days when checks were due or study credits had to be recorded. His whole life in Rome revolved around the impasse in our apartment. It was as if the exhumation of the Turks had become essential to his vision of himself. But, whatever the reasons, he never let up for a moment, and it began to be painfully clear to me that, in our zeal to dispossess the Turks, we were proving ourselves to be far more objectionable than they.

One of Max's more ingenious devices was a dart game he rigged up. From almost any part of the living room, we could hurl our darts at a target he had painted on the Turks' door. In order to communicate with the outside world, the Turks—pudgy, scurrying figures in dark suits, foulmouthed and frenzied in their haste—had to make a run for it past our living-room doors, shielding themselves behind briefcases and magazines. There were other such booby traps, but the real emphasis of the campaign was musical, and here Max proved himself to be an impresario of classic dimensions.

He planned an entire late-evening and early-morning concert season of meticulously scheduled alternate performances by Walter and me, with occasional assists from guest artists. On one of our more successful evenings, the Count was brought out of retirement and did quite nobly by Schubert's "Ave Maria," managing never to fall below the pitch by more than a quarter tone. His technique was faulty, but his showmanship was immense. Elbow cocked at chin level, eyes closed in ecstatic absorption, he pumped the bow vigorously back and forth in great rasping strokes that caused little clouds of dust to puff out of the instrument and float up toward the ceiling. He played six encores, and would have played more if a string hadn't snapped in the middle of some Paganini variations. My own best contribution was a two-finger exercise, up and down from one white key to the adjacent black key, that Max dubbed the Drip-Drop Movement from the Chinese Water Concerto. I was also partial to a long polonaise I improvised out of themes from "Wozzek," and a piece I played with closed

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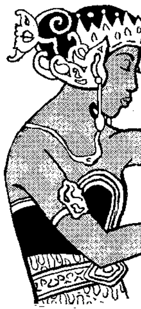
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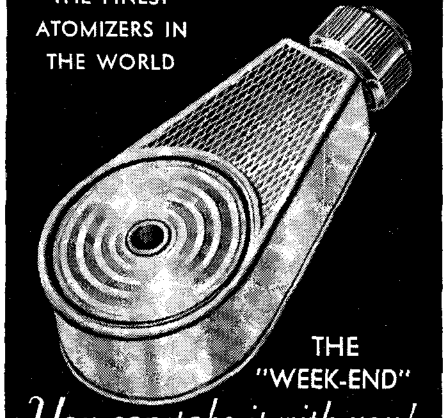
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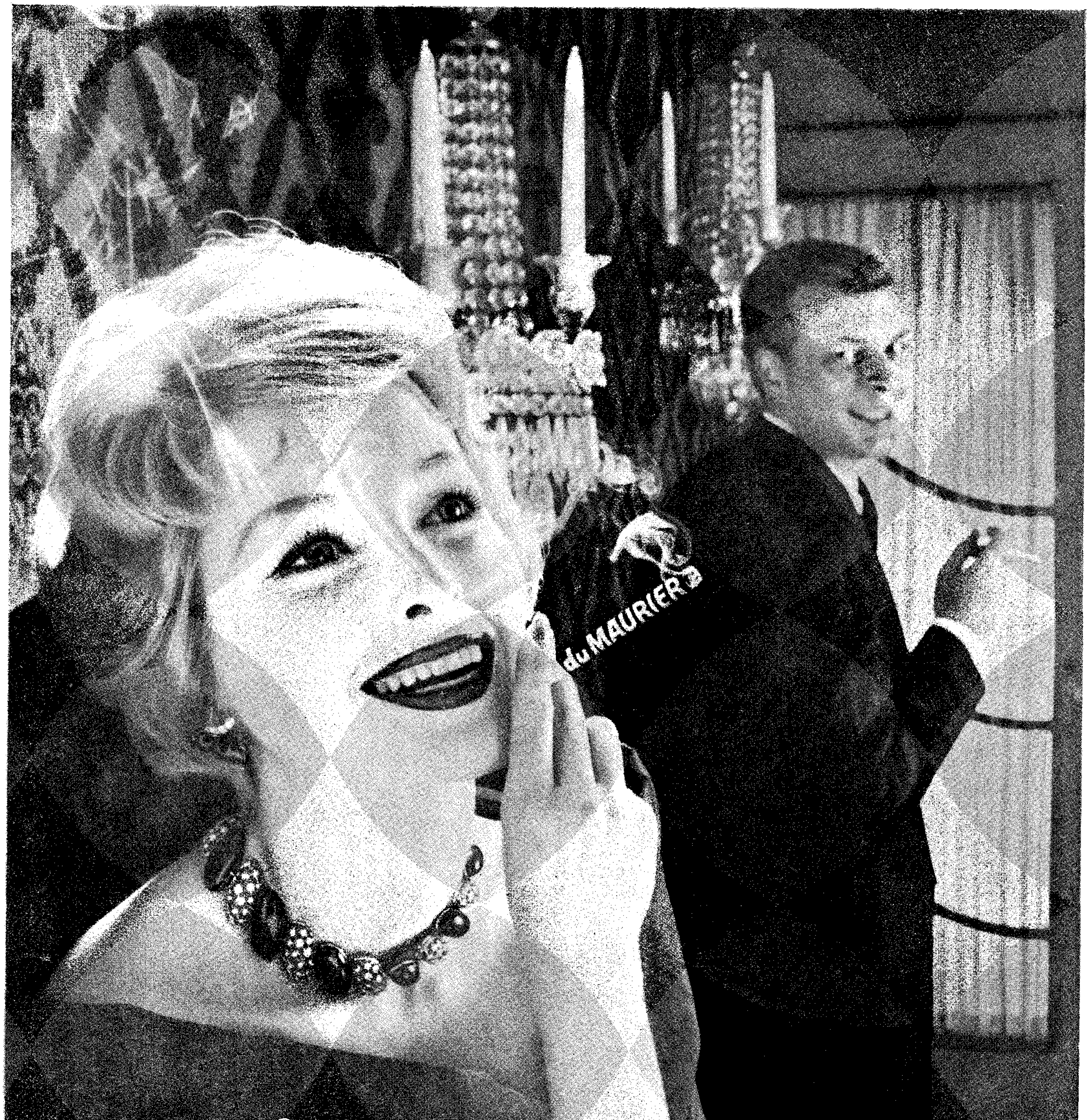

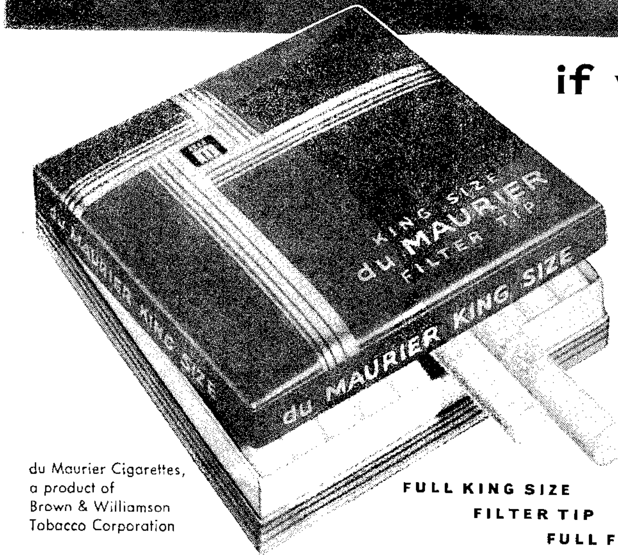
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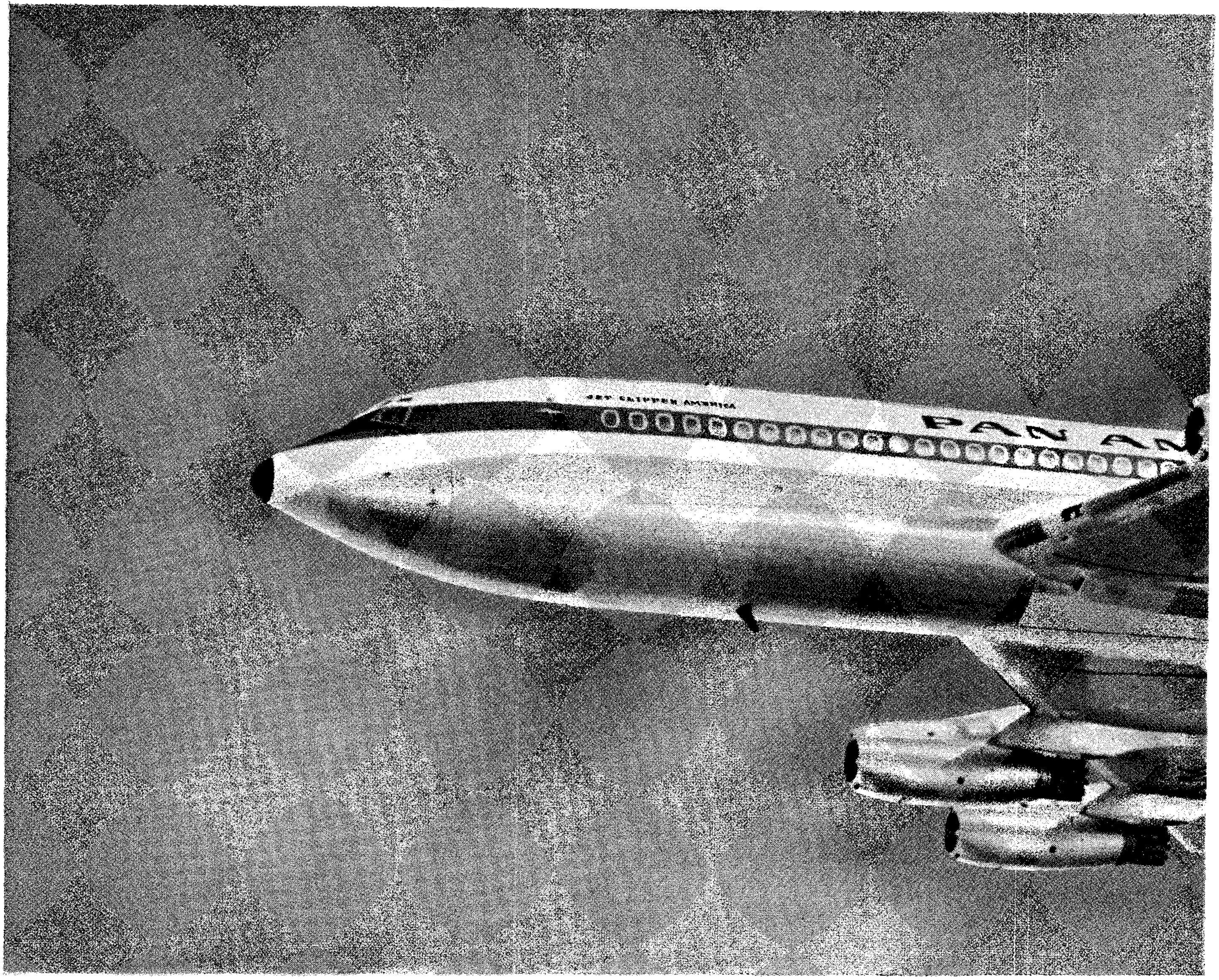

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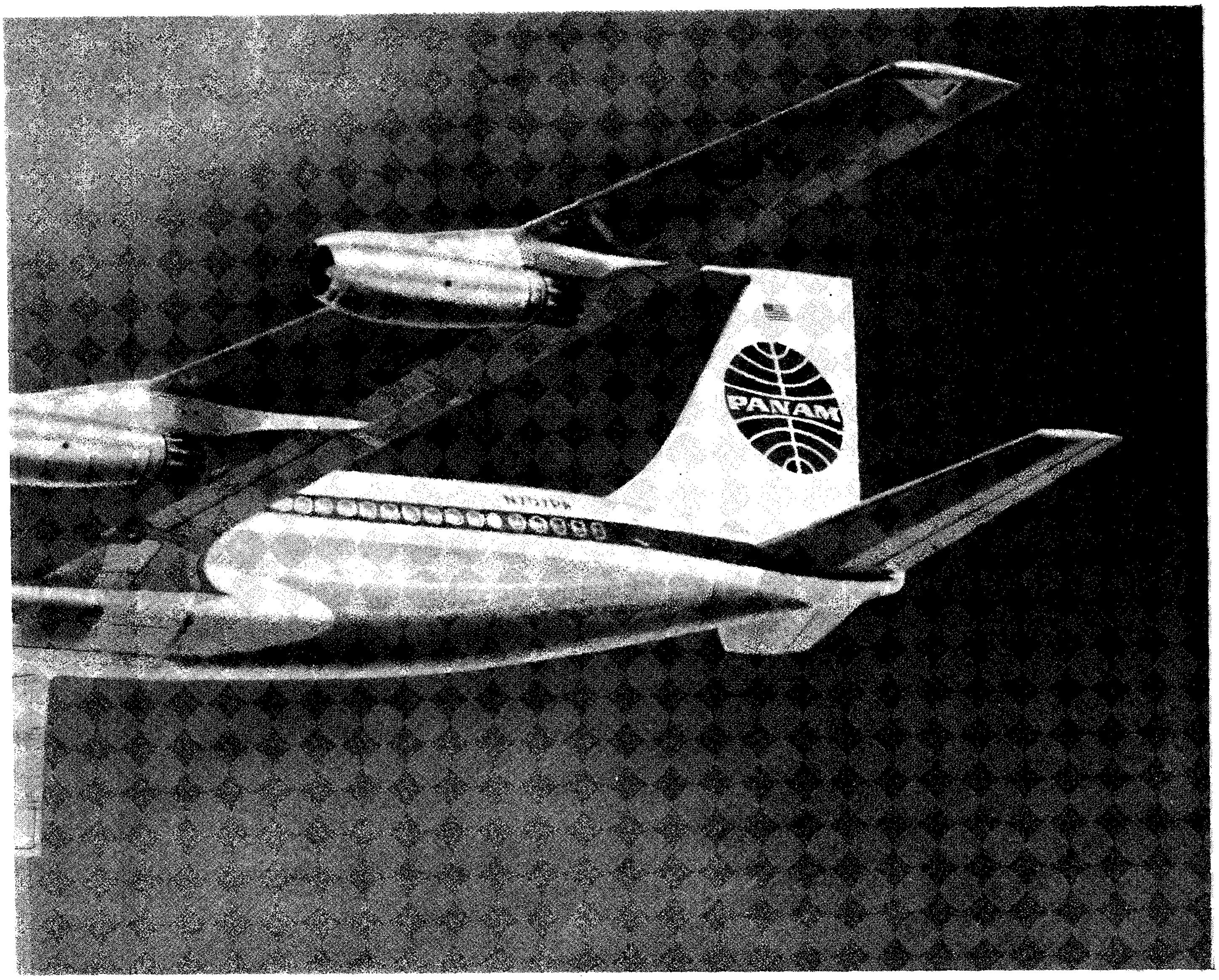

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By the way, ladies and gentlemen, there's a lot to see and do in London at night. And one of the most interesting is a walk along the Thames Embankment with an excellent view of the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben. With tonight's full moon you won't want to miss it.

4:00 P.M.

This is the Captain
We are still flying at our cruising altitude of 31,000 feet. You can look outside and see the lights of Ireland. In a few minutes we will be over Bristol and making our descent. It was a pleasure having you aboard our Jet Clipper *America*. Hope to have you with us on your return flight. Thank you."

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fists, which I called my Sledgeklavier Sonata. And then, of course, there was always Walter, our star attraction, whose voice was constantly raised in spontaneous song or recalled in electronic splendor through the amplifier of his phonograph.

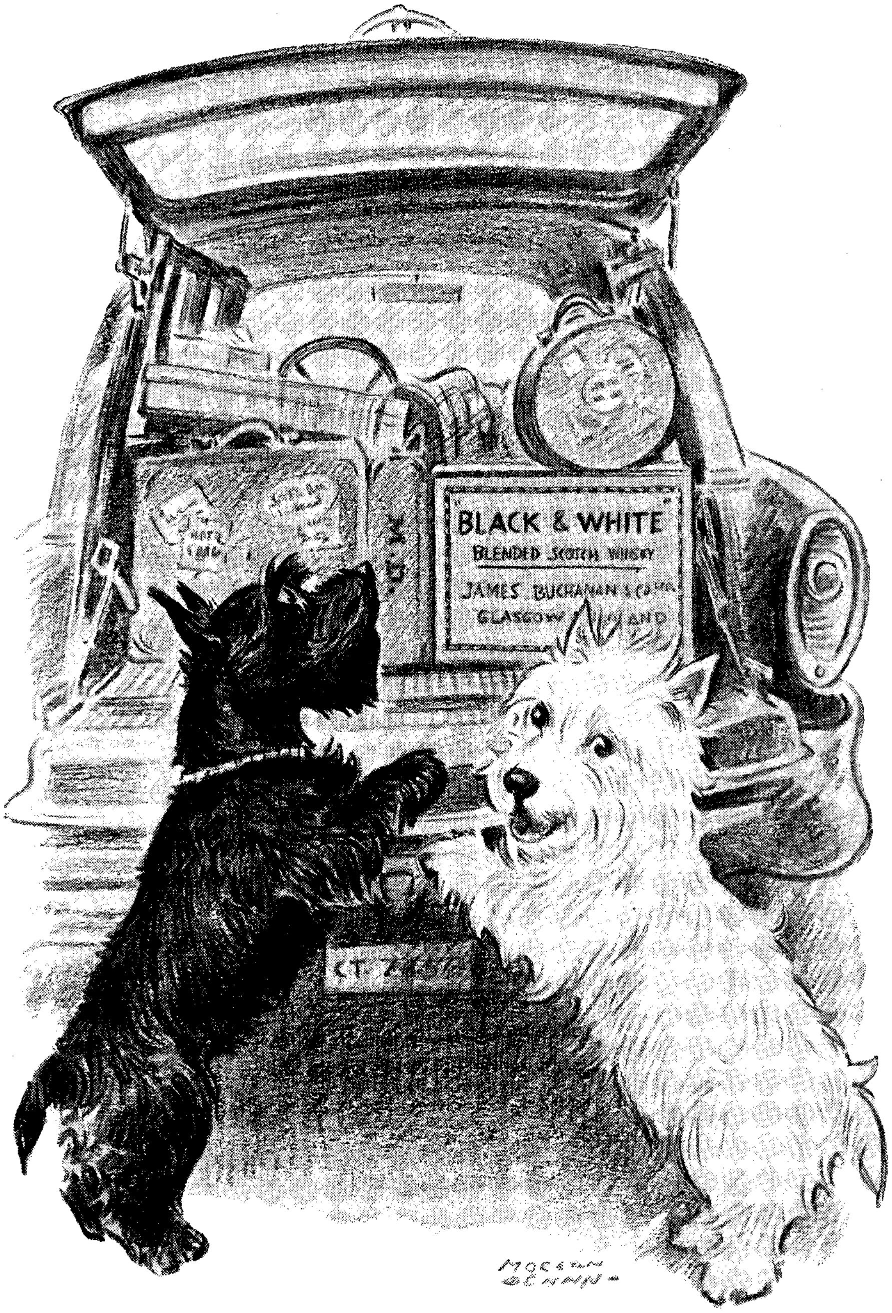
It lasted twenty-three days—until, early one Sunday morning, the Turks finally cracked. It seems a miracle to me now that they lasted as long as they did.

Their defeat was not a surrender but a desperate last rally from their low-cost stronghold. Max had persuaded Walter to invite all his musical friends up for an informal breakfast concert. We planned a long and varied program, which got under way, shortly after eight o'clock, with the "Triumphal March" from "Aïda." We had about twenty voices for it, if you include Max and me, and everyone sang loudly. Even the Count proved to have a serviceable monotone. It was such a success we ran through it twice before starting in on the tomb scene from "Ernani." Then followed excerpts from "Rigoletto" and "Traviata." We moved on to "Lucia," and were barely into the swing of the sextet (Walter was flatting badly) when one of the Turks—the one with the beard, this time—came bursting out into the hallway and dashed toward the street, busily tucking in his shirttails as he went.

We had prepared for this, of course. When the police arrived—three of them, led by the furious Turk—they were confronted by a tranquil scene: Max, Walter, the Count, and I sipping morning coffee to muted Mozart from the phonograph. The other Turk came out of his room to join his friend in shouting accusations at us. We remained in our seats, smiling in a puzzled fashion at them and shaking our heads gently at the questions of the confused officers. Finally, just as we had expected, we were all ordered to accompany the policemen to the office of the local Commissioner of Public Security.

This office proved to be a dingy, poorly lit room in the police station, two blocks from the apartment. Here we had to wait for almost half an hour, surrounded by dry inkwells and photographs of assassins, before the Commissioner came in and sat down behind his desk. He looked irritated at this disruption of his Sunday routine. He wiped some stray crumbs from his mustache, buttoned his jacket, and asked the policemen what the trouble was.

The officers explained the situation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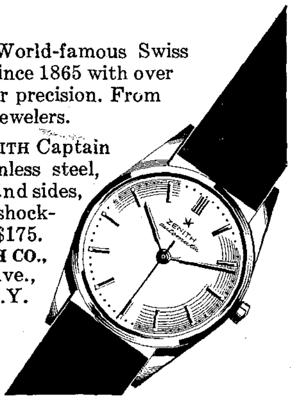

briefly, shrugging their shoulders. The Turks interrupted, shouting accusations in bad Italian and pointing their fingers at us. We denied everything, and were supported by the Count.

The Commissioner scribbled in his book. "The accusers have the right to their privacy," he said at last, in Italian. "Have any of you violated that right?"

"Not once, Signore," I replied, also speaking Italian. "We've never even entered their room."

"What about the darts?" the bearded Turk said. "Those cursed arrows thrown at us."

Walter smiled boyishly at the Commissioner, and said, "A harmless pastime. A game much enjoyed by all Americans."

"But what about the *music*?" cried the other Turk. "Above all, the singing—their endless, insane shouting of insane music!"

I allowed myself to look hurt and a little angry. "Signore," I said to the Commissioner, "are we not to be allowed to live our own lives in our own apartment? Must we curtail our studies and our necessary hours of practice because of these two neighbors who have no interest in culture?"

The Commissioner nodded sympathetically, whereupon both Turks began to scream at once. The Commissioner banged on his desk with the flat of his hand and informed them that another such outburst would lead to an immediate fine.

"Obvious paranoid types," Max murmured, in English.

Now the Count came forward and bowed to the Commissioner. "We are men of the world," he began, with an elaborate and gracious flutter of the hands. "As you know, Cavaliere, I am a respectable property owner, well known in this part of the city. I know these young men. They are talented *artisti*, and representatives of the greatest and most generous ally in the world. As for these—" He turned and cocked a finger at the Turks. "As for *these* gentlemen, what are they, after all?" He paused for an instant, and then brought his eyebrows down into a terrible frown. "Not only are they profiteers and disturbers of Sunday's sacred peace—they are also foreigners and *pagans!*"

The Commissioner looked startled. "What?" he whispered to the Count. "They are not Catholics?"

The Count snorted. "Not Catholics?" he echoed. "Signore, they are not even Christians!"

The Commissioner closed his book

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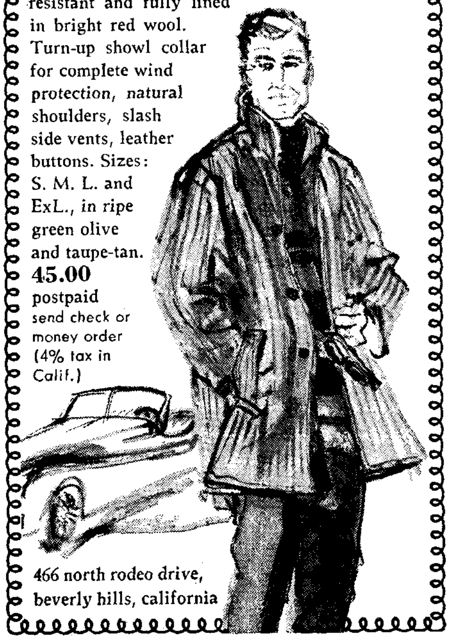

gently and straightened the pencils on his desk. "I have heard the evidence," he said quietly. "There is no foundation to the charges. The case is dismissed."

Both Turks rushed up to the desk, shouting and waving their arms. The Commissioner banged his hand down again and jumped to his feet. "Enough!" he shouted. "I warned you! Desist from this primitive display of disrespect. Any further disturbance will be followed by instant detention and the drawing up of formal charges!"

The Count shook hands with the Commissioner, and we filed out ahead of the unhappy Turks. On the street, Walter turned to me and said, "You know, I can't help feeling sorry for them. I mean, we weren't *entirely* in the right."

"You sing," Max said, with a brief smile. "I'll dance."

The Turks moved out that afternoon, never to be seen again. I moved into the liberated bedroom, and we settled with relief into a more tranquil routine. Once his mission had been accomplished, Max quickly lost interest in the apartment, and we rarely saw him. I don't think he cared at all about the place now that it no longer offered a test of his ability to get on top of a situation. After a month or so, he moved out, and I later heard that he had gone into partnership with the Hungarian money-changer. I ran into him one afternoon at the Porcari, and he told me that he had acquired an interest in a night club in Capri. Anyway, Walter and I spent a pleasant year in that apartment, though our relations with the Count cooled after the scene in the police station. When our lease was up, he asked for too much money, and since we were postwar tenants and therefore not protected by the housing law, we had to move. I guess he didn't like us very much, and I can't say I blame him.

—WILLIAM MURRAY

•

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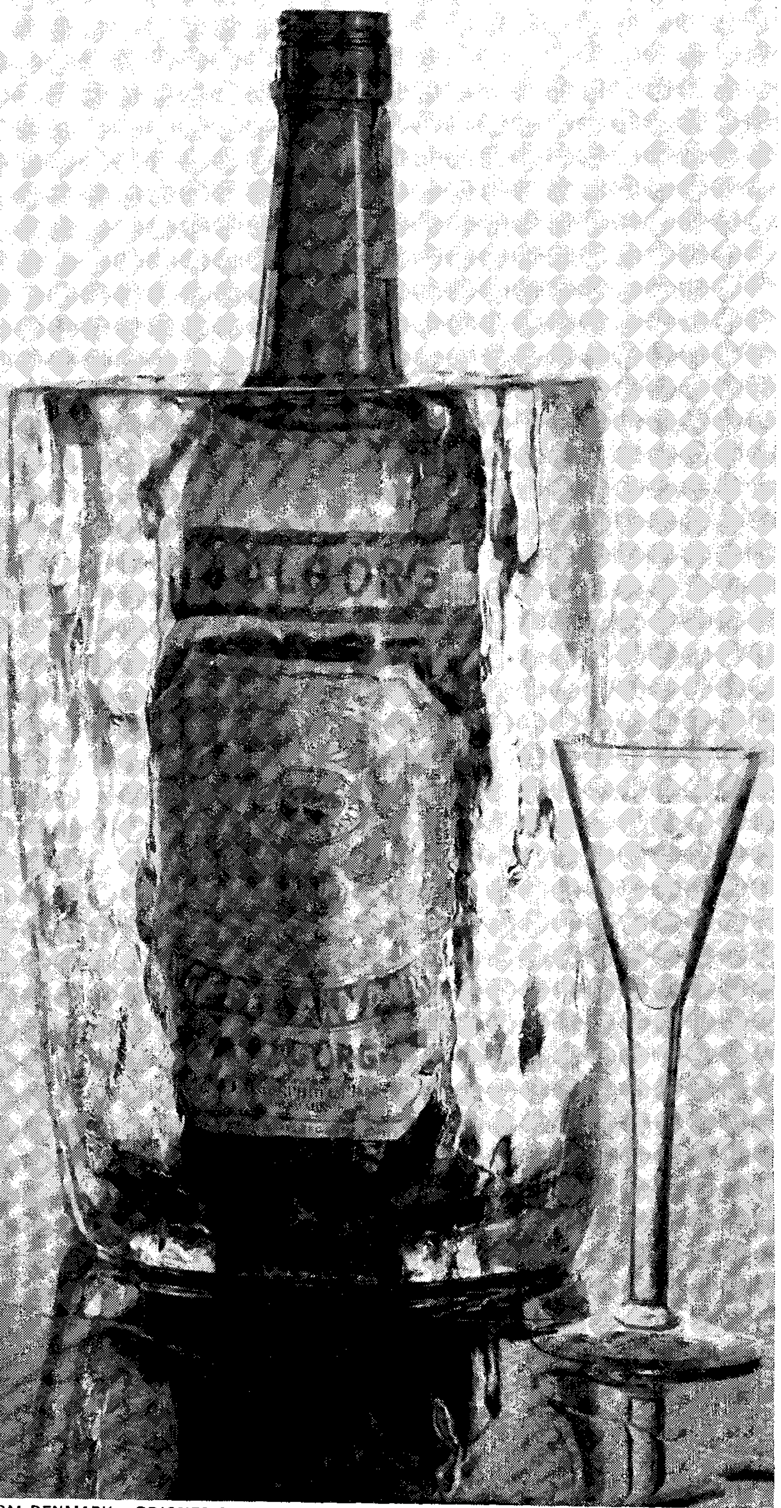

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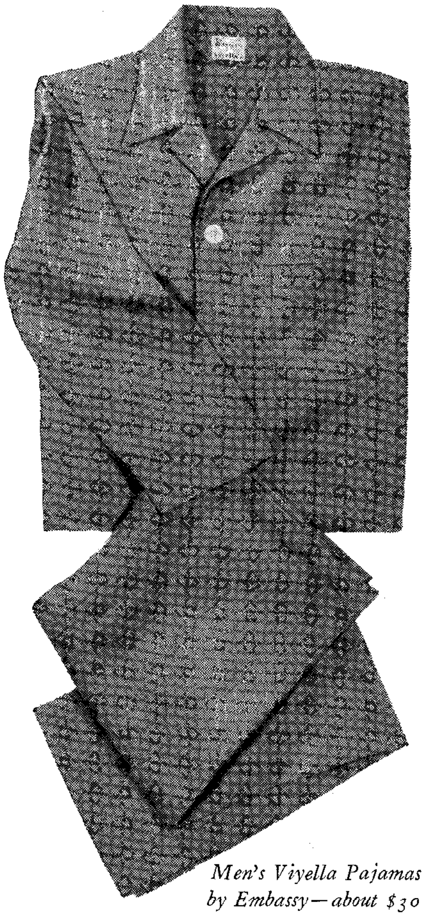

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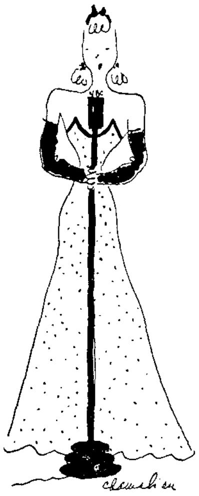
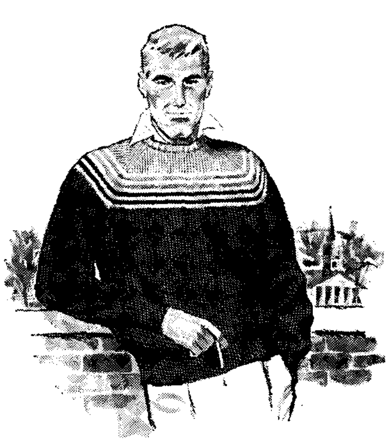
TABLES FOR TWO

Make Way for the New



THE groundswell of progress (or of what local realists like to call office buildings), which some years ago began drowning out the inhabitants of central Manhattan, has now started drowning out the nesting places where at night these inhabitants assembled. Even the marshy reaches of Sixth Avenue, marginal land from which only the most tenacious husbandman could exact a living, are being taken from the tenant farmers. The most resplendent phoenix to rise from its own ashes, which the winds have already scattered from the corner of Fifty-first Street and Sixth Avenue, is the duplex enterprise that goes under the joint name of Upstairs at the Downstairs and Downstairs at the Upstairs, now in operation on Fifty-sixth Street, not far west of Fifth Avenue, behind an airy, spidery marquee that suggests the outer end of a palace in Xanadu. The original Fifty-first Street enterprise, its parishioners will recall, suggested nothing so much as the outer end of the world. The spirit of rebellion that was hatched in that forlorn mushroom cellar lives on, though, since "Demi-Dozen," the fourth annual edition of the revue that has eminently justified the existence of the establishment, is as articulately dubious about the wisdom of the accepted way of life as any of the antecedent editions. A few beguiling concomitants of the old place are absent now. The Quonset-hut atmosphere has been exchanged for red plush; the lights man no longer perches perilously overhead, dropping cues and slides with impartiality upon the just and the unjust; and the young ladies of the troupe (this season they are Ceil Cabot, Jean Arnold, and Jane Connell) are no longer encased in the workaday middy-blouse sort of dress that drove the belles of St. Trinian's to such fury. Fortunately, the young ladies still *are* belles of St. Trinian's at heart, and in their curricular pranks they are properly (or perhaps it is improperly) aided by the three young men of the cast—Jack

A&F



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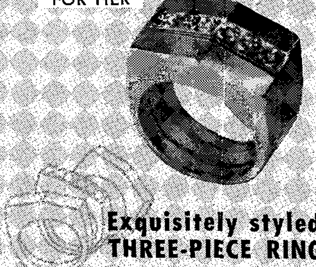

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The responsible party in all this is Julius Monk, the entrepreneur of Upstairs and Downstairs, whose important contributions to the rescue of the revue form, which has long been becalmed on Broadway, are, first, an ability to bring troupers onstage in a state of apple-cheeked euphoria and, second, a resolution to see to it that round holes are never pegged with square words. In the construction of "Demi-Dozen," he was principally assisted by an author named Tom Jones and a composer named Harvey Schmidt—both of them, up to now, widely uncelebrated. Together with several other words-and-music people, they consider such doubtful concepts as New York City's Summer Festival, folk song, the supper party, the man in the gray flannel suit, and the man with the notebook and couch. Sometimes they are sentimental, as in a requiem for love and a requiem for the Third Avenue "L," and sometimes mocking, as in a brusque parody of "Give My Regards to Broadway" and in two community dances, "The Upper New Jersey Hop" and "The Intellectuals' Rag"—both of these from the impish imagination of a Mr. Jay Thompson. As for the performers, Jean Arnold, a Boadicea sprung to arms, dominates, but without destroying, every word she has to say or sing; Jane Connell suggests a mistress of ceremonies as she might be played by Clytemnestra; and Ceil Cabot's feckless girl idiot is among the most fetching impersonations of our generation. Jack Fletcher, of giraffe stature and with a face born to comedy, wanders through the evening in a mood of point-blank bemusement; George Hall conveys the dour or sardonic import of what he is saying without the flick of a muscle or the twitch of an eyebrow; and Gerry Matthews is the exemplar of the Julius Monk *farceur*. The permanent stage-set within which they all prance is a roguish commingling of the rococo and the simple; the costumes they wear achieve their effect not through theatrical exaggeration but by a skillful blending or a flaunting contrast of colors.

This occupies the Upstairs part of the duplex. The Downstairs part is a conservatory where Portia Nelson, who employs a straightforward cut-glass voice, sings her own requiems for love, some of them emotional, some of them sardonic. She is assisted in this late-evening pastime by Don Evans and Carl Norman, whose pianos, which are devoted solely to the best efforts of our

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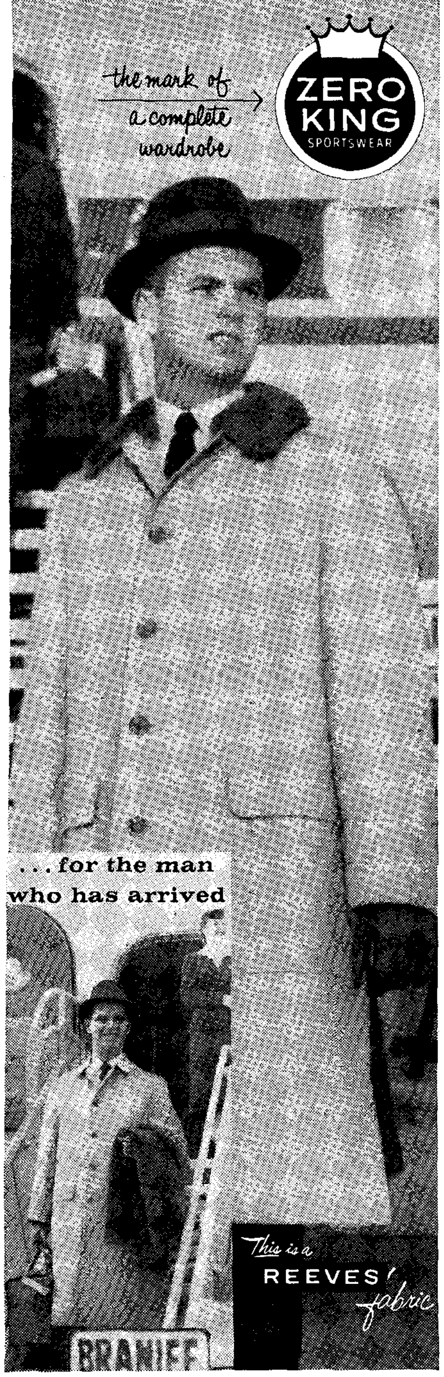
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best composers, while away the interludes between Miss Nelson's recitals.

THE Florentine restaurant In Boboli, up at Eighty-second Street and Second Avenue, inherited a small platform along one wall from the series of deciduous ventures that had previously occupied the premises, and of late this has become a sounding board for some young people with a few after-the-theatre bedtime stories to tell. The sunniest of them is Isobel Robins, a small but blithe spirit who sits on a tall stool and sings. Because she happens to be a Julius Monk graduate, she seems more an actress than a singer; her words are not simply a lyric exercise but (and this doesn't happen often any more) a true and clear statement of what the composer had in mind. In a plain black dress, hands in lap, pretty head thrown back, a bit of ribbon twining through her pale hair, Miss Robins also has the knack of looking exactly like what a young man's springtime fancy ordered. An ode to summer, bright with internal rhyme yet overcast by a haze of affection, a little girl's diatribe against her elders' bad manners—this is the yarn of which her sort of song is woven. Dean Sheldon, whose ballads range from the cheery to the mordant, has the odd notion of accompanying himself on a bongo drum—a notion that won't make sense until you see it in action. He, too, suggests that acting might be his true profession; if this kind of thing catches on, listening to night-club singers will be less of a burden. In Boboli (it's named for the gardens in Florence) is in the charge of Arturo Sacco, long of the Blue Angel, and his North Italian kitchen, slow but sure, will turn out specialties of the house not just at dinner but at an hour when ham-and-eggs is all that can be expected of most places.

ANOTHER reconstruction has changed the Versailles, a club that ran for twenty years without napping, into a music room called the Roundtable, which has been decorated, from errant memory, by a Connecticut Yankee who was at King Arthur's court for a rather tousled weekend. The acoustical properties had delusions of grandeur at the outset, but they have now been adjusted to the human ear, and the music comes straight to you from the stand without being garbled in transmission. The housemaster for this semester is Tyree Glenn, whose joyous trombone once ornamented the Ellington band, and one of his sidemen is

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Hank Jones, whose piano work, solo and ensemble alike, is an uncomplex pleasure. Now and then, presumably on the theory that there is a state fair in town, someone like Steve Allen or Jackie Cooper is given a band to play with, but usually the group that supplements Mr. Glenn's affords solider nourishment. The incumbent visiting band is led by Joe Bushkin, a pianist of considerable standing who may surprise his acolytes by his occasional lapses from bedrock dynamics into a close approximation of sugar cane. Once you have made your emotional adjustment to the décor, you will notice several things that are not customarily regarded as necessities by the owners of music rooms—comfortable seating, especially on the banquettes; waiters who are waiters, and not touts; steaks that are steaks, and not charred remains; an audience that has mostly come to listen instead of holding a convention. It's another idea that one can hope will catch on.

—R. W.

* * *

COWS UNDER A TREE

There is a shadow round the tree;
It shelters seven cows and me.
The seven cows have fourteen eyes,
Which view me with a grave surmise.
Three legs, they think, would be too few;
How does this creature stand on two?

There are, or so I calculate,
Some thirty legs among us eight—
Say, three legs and three-quarters each.
The mathematics that they teach
Must be in some respects awry—
One leg and seven-eighths per eye?

I clutch with an uneasy hand
The average legs on which I stand,
And find them two, and find them whole,
Which findings much relieve my soul,
The only one (so say the wise)
That lurks behind our sixteen eyes.

—R. P. Lister

* * *

A novelist has only to write that one of his characters is wearing a shirt, suit, coat or even a nightshirt made by Brooks Brothers, and the reader knows instantly what type of citizen is being described. He is always outstanding, an executive or would-be executive, well born and well schooled, invariably well behaved.—*From "The Great Merchants," by Tom Mahoney.*

Whaddya mean, "would-be" executive!

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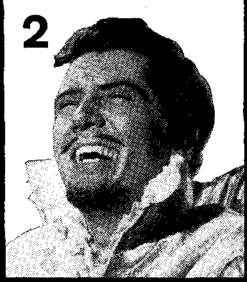

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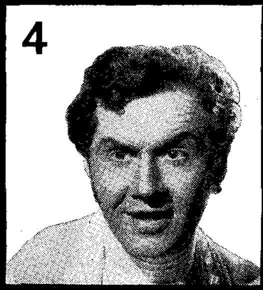
Name these Opera Stars

4



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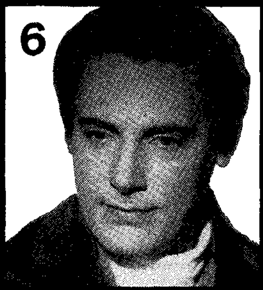

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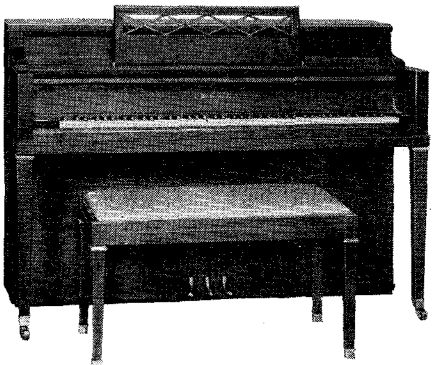

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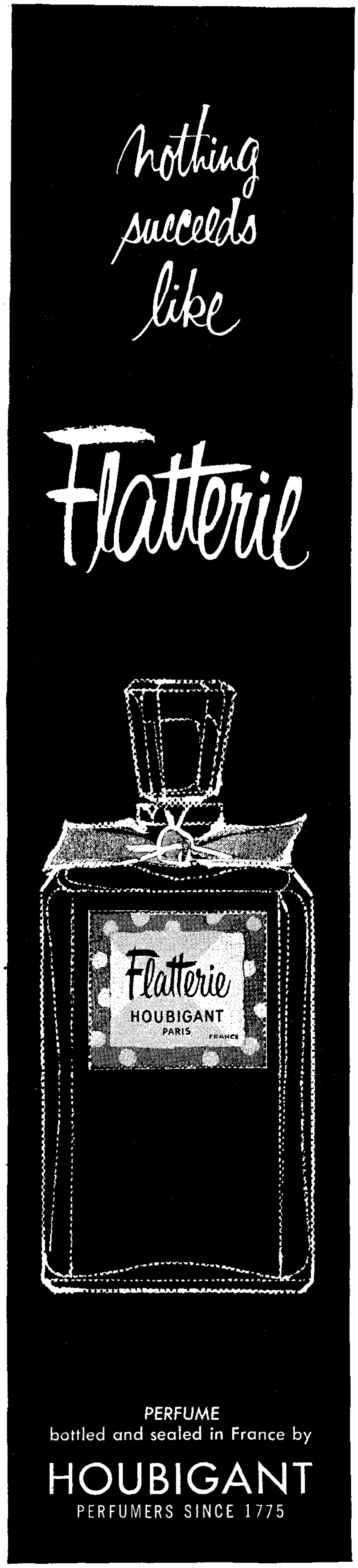

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MUSICAL EVENTS

O Pioneers!

ALONG with a good many other people, I am beginning to be slightly worried about the sputnik-like career of Mr. Van Cliburn, which, it seems to me, may fizzle out unless it is based on a somewhat larger repertory than he is playing at present. The problem is that he is so busy exploiting his rather phenomenal artistry in two or three concertos that he obviously hasn't the time to retire for a while and embark upon the study of the wide range of piano literature he must eventually master if he is to take a permanent place among the great pianists of our era. If I were in his place, I would withdraw from all concert activity for several years and return to painstaking study. But then this is Mr. Cliburn's affair, not mine, and I must say that his performance of Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto at the Friday afternoon Philharmonic concert last week, under the baton of Leonard Bernstein, was, like his first here, a brilliant and altogether masterly one. I did not find Mr. Bernstein's conducting of the orchestral accompaniment quite as perceptive as that provided by Kiril Kondrashin last spring. There were places—especially at the beginning of the slow movement—where Mr. Bernstein seemed baffled by the work's leisurely eloquence, showing once again that he is not always entirely at home in the field of late romantic music. But the faster passages scintillated, the orchestra sounded fine, and, on the whole, there was enough verve and energy about the proceedings to make the occasion a memorable one.

The first half of the program was given over to three compositions by elderly American composers, all of which represented what used to be called "advanced" musical thinking, and I am afraid that my reaction to the entire sequence was one of depression. In a short prefatory speech, Mr. Bernstein apologized for subjecting his audience to a "large dose" of music of this sort, and pleaded, in extenuation, that the three composers in question—Wallingford Riegger, John J. Becker, and Carl Ruggles—had been around for a long time and might be regarded as "pioneers" of modern American music. In making this statement, Mr. Bernstein was, to my mind, merely reflecting a fashionable attitude that will not bear close scrutiny. In fact, one of the most striking features of fashionable early-twentieth-century musical thought (and one that I am sure will provide considerable amusement for future historians) has been its tendency to mistake extreme decadents for pioneers, and to hail every symptom of artistic disintegration and decrepitude as evidence of a new dawn for the art of music. Personally, I think I see the new dawn coming—particularly in the field of opera, where composers like Gian-Carlo Menotti, Carlisle Floyd, Douglas Moore, and Vittorio Giannini are returning to fundamentals and writing melodies that people like to listen to. But their music owes nothing to the supposed pioneers of a generation ago, and is, indeed, a healthy reaction against the thoroughly unpleasant excesses of those composers. In any case, I found Mr. Riegger's "Music for Orchestra," Mr. Becker's "Symphonia Brevis," and Mr. Ruggles' "Men and Mountains" (I had heard this last one before) rather dated and exceedingly decadent compositions, and by "decadent" I mean that they are concerned with the exploitation of technical devices instead of with the conveying of any perceptible musical meaning. There were naturally some slight differences between these works, but they all added up to about the same thing, which is to say that they consisted of a lot of agonizingly contrived noise. It was a vast relief to turn, finally, to the concerto of the great Sergei Rachmaninoff, a man who lived through all this "pioneering" without paying any heed to it, and who will probably always hold his place as one of the few truly interesting composers of his generation.

PERHAPS it would be beneficial if our musical "pioneers" dropped their pioneering for a while to consider the pure and uncomplicated aesthetics that lies behind the work of Vincenzo Bellini, whose seldom performed opera "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi" was revived by the American Opera Society at Carnegie Hall early last week. It is by no means Bellini's greatest opera, being unquestionably outshone by his masterpieces "Norma," "I Puritani," and "La Sonnambula," which would account in part for the neglect that it has fallen into, and the situation is undoubtedly not improved by the fact that the composer, in setting the "Romeo and Juliet" theme to music, allotted the part of Romeo to a female singer, with results that are not very convincing from a theatrical point of view. But "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi" is nevertheless a completely lovely opera—completely so because of the unfailing inspiration of Bellini's melodies. Nothing in the way of self-conscious contrivance or artifice obscures this inspiration, and in listening to the work one is constantly face to face with simple and unadorned lyric genius of a sort that is, and always has been, very rare in music. The Bellini orchestra has little to do that is not traditional, and even perfunctory, and one's attention is drawn instead to the naked, classical elegance of his tunes, which soar and subside with flawless grace, expressing in every note some subtle shade of human emotion. When a composer places his reliance entirely on melody, as Bellini does, he accepts an enormous challenge. No complex intellectual machinery is present to help him over any rough spots or to conceal his weaknesses from any audience. The composer's heart is laid bare, as the saying is, and his personality, whether lofty or vulgar, is there for everyone to hear. Fortunately, Bellini was incapable of vulgarity, and his melodic writing, for all its simplicity, is of the most moving, dignified, and eloquent kind.

Of course, Bellini's operas make similarly great demands on the people who sing them, since they, too, are so exposed that the slightest departure from taste or accuracy is immediately evident. The performance given "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi" last week was, on the whole, adequate to its exacting requirements. Giulietta Simionato, a mezzo-soprano—or is she really a contralto?—of tremendous range, which includes rich low notes, sang the role of Romeo with authoritative style and very few lapses from phraseological perfection. Laurel Hurley, whose voice is perhaps not quite as spectacular a one as Bellini had in mind, coped intelligently and neatly with the role of Giulietta, and the lesser parts, taken by Richard Cassilly, David Smith, and Ezio Flagello, were all competently handled. I have the impression that Arnold Gamson, the conductor, slightly miscalculated the acoustics of Carnegie Hall in moving the troupe there from its usual quarters, the smaller Town Hall; in any event, his brasses and woodwinds occasionally competed too heavily with the singers. But this was a minor flaw in a worthy pro-

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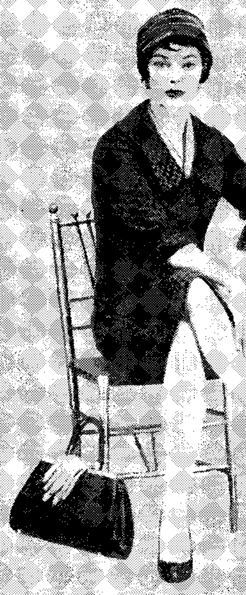

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JAZZ RECORDS

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WHEN Big Bill Broonzy, the dean of the old-time blues singers, died last summer, at the age of sixty-five, the *Times* printed a short notice near the middle of its obituary page, the area generally reserved for passé novelists and New Jersey businessmen. A few years ago, the late Art Tatum was given a resounding top-of-the-page two-column photograph and a statesman-length notice. The *Times* was right; the obituaries were accurate reflections of where the two men stood at the end of their lives. Thirty years ago, their positions would have been reversed. For although blues singing has been slowly and steadily declining ever since, it was regarded in the twenties with much the same enthusiasm as rock 'n' roll, a corruption of the blues, now is. (Peculiarly, instrumental blues now appear to be nearly as fashionable as vocal blues once were; during the past year alone, over a dozen L.P.s have been devoted to them, to say nothing of the one or two blues that turn up on every new jazz record.) Nonetheless, Broonzy, who made hundreds of often obscure records, was widely and almost feverishly recorded before his death. Three of the efforts—"Big Bill Broonzy Sings Country Blues" (Folkways FA-2326), "Big Bill Broonzy: The Blues" (Emarcy MG-36137), and "Big Bill's Blues: Big Bill Broonzy" (Columbia WL-111)—all first-rate demonstrations of his later style, were set down in the past seven years but have only lately been released. They are a remarkable celebration of the blues.

Perhaps the best thing to do with our sporadically threatened national anthem, whose manhandling melody resembles a plain with a butte in the middle, would be to replace it with a good blues. The blues are indisputably American, they can be sung with ease, and they just about cover the register of human emotions. Nevertheless, they are usually considered a simple-minded song form that deals with anguish, dejection, or sorrow. There is good reason for this confusion. Washington Irving is credited with having first used the term "the blues" in 1807, as a synonym for melancholy: "He conducted his harangue with a sigh, and I saw he was still under the influence of a whole legion of the blues." His usage was a shortening of "the blue devils" (Robert Burns: "In my bitter hours of blue-

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devilism;" Thomas Jefferson: "We have something of the blue devils at times"), a synonym for a baleful presence that goes back at least to Elizabethan times, when blue apparently became associated with being down in the dumps. By the third quarter of the nineteenth century, both the non-musical term and the still nameless music derived from Negro spirituals, work songs, field hollers, and the like were in full swing, and since frequent characteristics of this music are slow rhythms and a seemingly minor harmonic cast, someone inevitably pasted them together. It was a poor alliance. Although the blues can express total gloom, as in

> Blues, blues, blues, why did you bring
>   trouble to me?
> Blues, blues, blues, why did you bring
>   trouble to me?
> Oh, death, please sting me, and take me
>   out of my misery,

they can also, as in many of the vocal and instrumental blues that began coming out of Kansas City in the early thirties, communicate an equally expressive buoyancy and abandon. Unlike the typical Anglo-American folk song, which has become largely picturesque and ornamental, the blues are still a functional music that is used both as elementary autobiography or confession (like all vital folk music) and/or as an emotional safety valve—for both the performer and the listener. At the same time, the blues can represent a kind of unspecified ill, which assumes a nearly visible shape, like the old blue devils themselves. The late Leadbelly once prefaced a song by saying:

> When you lay down at night, turn from one side of the bed all night to the other and can't sleep, what's the matter? Blues got you. Or when you get up in the mornin', and sit on the side of the bed—may have a mother or father, sister or brother, boy friend or girl friend, or husband or wife around—you don't want no talk out of um. They ain't done you nothin', and you ain't done them nothin'—but what's the matter? Blues got you. Well, you get up and shove your feet down under the table and look down in your place—may have chicken and rice, take my advice, you walk away and shake your head, you say, "Lord have mercy. I can't eat, and I can't sleep, what's the matter?" Why, the blues still got you.

This process of catharsis is achieved in many ways. In vocal blues, anger can be got rid of with anger ("I can't eat the marriage license 'cause I ain't no billy goat [repeat]/I can laugh in your face and cut your doggone throat"); cruelty with satire or ridicule; disaster with humor ("If your house catch on fire, Lord, and there ain't no water around [repeat]/Throw your trunk out the window and let the shack

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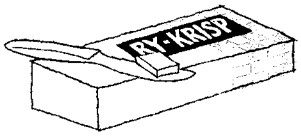

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burn down"); bereavement with selflessness ("That was the last time I saw my daddy's face [repeat]/Mama loves you sweet papa, wish I could take your place"); fear by disguising it in fable. Instrumental blues are an abstraction of vocal blues. With the comparative limitations of words, meanings, and the human voice removed (but with its image exaggerated by the horn), a good blues instrumentalist, like Louis Armstrong or Vic Dickenson, can, with delicate inflections, a wide range, and an inexhaustible variety of timbres—the growl, the mute, the thin, high-pitched note—seemingly revel in the persistent ache at the center of the blues. Moreover, the more elaborate, repetitive structure of blues singing, with its substructure of instrumental accompaniment, occasionally tends to become blurred and top-heavy, while a classic blues solo, like Armstrong's at the close of "Knockin' a Jug," a Columbia recording made in 1929, retains as sharp a sound as a slammed door. The most astonishing thing about the blues, that all-purpose medicine, is their ingenuity and simplicity.

THE blues, which predate instrumental jazz, seem to have been specifically designed for jazz improvisation. Stripped to the essentials, the blues, which are a highly malleable form, have no set melody. A fairly common type developed in the thirties is most often twelve bars long and consists basically of three chords. In the key of B flat, a common one for blues, these chords are B flat, E flat seventh, and F seventh. They are arranged in a rough rondo form: B flat (four measures), E flat seventh (two measures), B flat (two measures), F seventh (two measures), and B flat (two measures). The form moves toward a subtle climax with the F chord, and then slopes satisfactorily away to where it began. This pattern may be varied by all kinds of sub-chords, breaks, and ornamental notes. It is repeated again and again during a performance, so that the climactic chord in each chorus is picked up and slightly heightened by the same chord in the next. (The blues, like bridge, allow no dabbling; you feel them hotly or not at all.) But the mysterious emotional pull of the blues also resides in the so-called "blue notes," slightly flattened ones that frequently occur in the second and fourth chords; they may, however, appear in any of the chords. At slow tempos, these notes, in combination with the continually revolving tonic-subdominant-dominant form, can pleasurably evoke just about any-

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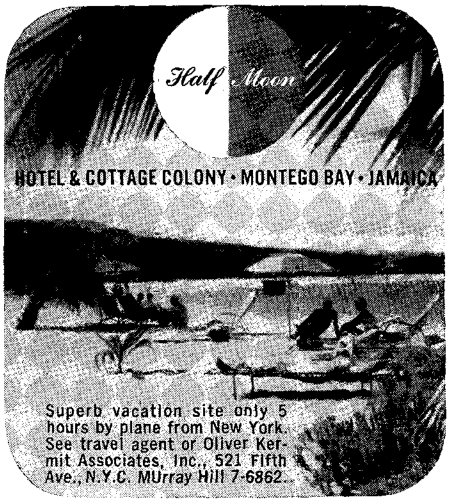
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thing—a black-and-white November twilight, the longing bound up in the steam whistle, wind coming up in the trees. This air of Balkan melancholy, however, is sublimated at fast tempos, so that the harmonic structure becomes only a short, brisk, but still highly flexible form upon which to improvise.

Good lyrics rarely read well, just as good poetry is rarely set successfully to music. Despite their frequently being celebrated as a unique and beautiful folk poetry, blues lyrics are not often an exception. They are occasionally in a rough iambic pentameter, which is set in queer couplets whose first line is repeated twice. Broonzy had a disarmingly logical explanation for this:

> There's a lot of people can understand English, but you gotta talk very slow. So, the blues singers, they sing the same thing over twice. The same thing. Over and over again. No matter 'cause you're dumb, but simply to give you a chance to catch it the next time when they come around.

Blues lyrics usually don't scan, have faulty, strained rhymes, are repetitive and ungrammatical, and abound in non-sequiturs. Yet they sometimes come close to the concision of rhythms, words, and imagery of genuine poetry. There is a kind of one-armed poetry in this graceful brevity:

If you see me comin', hoist your window high.
Oh, if you see me comin', hoist your window high.
And if you see me goin', hang your head and cry.

This terseness is intensified, in the following stanza, by the words "railroad iron" and "pacify" and by the insistent, almost stuttering middle-of-the-line breaks:

I'm gonna lay, lay my head—yes,
On some sou–, southern railroad iron,
I'm gonna let that two, two-nineteen, dear,
Pacify my mind.

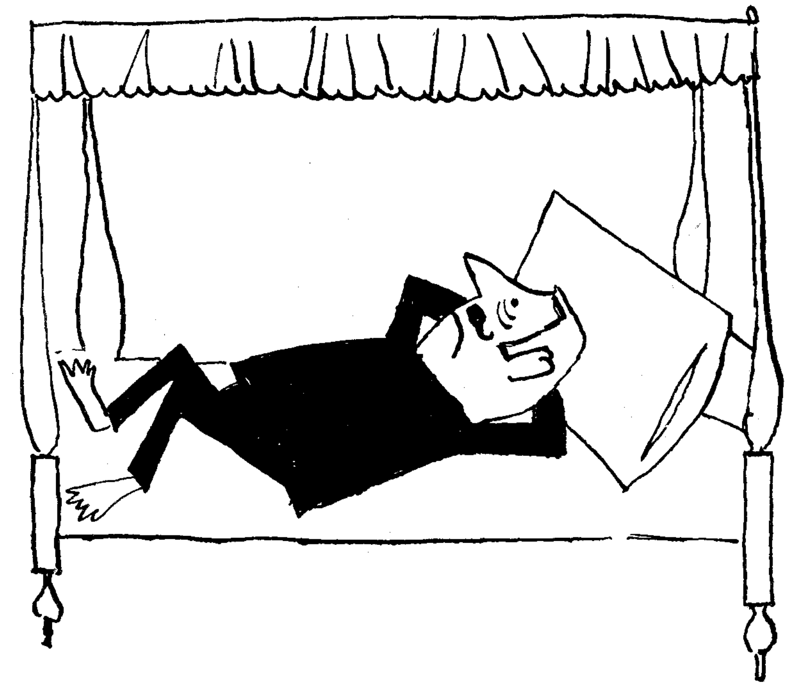
Through a Biblical foreshortening of space and time, parts of Bessie Smith's "Backwater Blues" achieve a rough majesty:

When it thunders and lightnin's, and the wind begin to blow,
When it thunders and lightnin's, and the wind begin to blow,
There's thousands of people ain't got no place to go.

Then I went and stood up on some high old lonesome hill,
Then I went and stood up on some high old lonesome hill,
Then I looked down on the house where I used to live.

Totally different is Muddy Waters' "Honey Bee," with its possibly un-

how do you get to the "sleeping point"?



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conscious parody of a poem that used to be drummed into every fifth-grader in America:

> Sail on, sail on my little honey bee, sail on.
> Sail on, sail on my little honey bee, sail on.
> You gonna keep on sailin' till you lose your
> happy home.

Thus, the real lyricism of vocal blues is a careful balance of the quality of the words, the particular melody hit upon, and the mood and technique of the performer. As in any fine mechanism, the parts are inseparable.

THE first of the two great blues periods began around the turn of the century and ended about 1930. It involved two quite different groups. The earlier was the "country" blues singers, who, like Broonzy, worked their way all over the country as laborers, and, like genuine troubadours, recorded their adventures in their blues. (Parallel with them are the pioneer blues pianists, like Montana Taylor, Romeo Nelson, Pinetop Smith, Jimmy Yancey, and Cripple Clarence Lofton, who, though they occasionally sang, were primarily instrumentalists whose work, ironically, became well known only because of their best pupils—Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, and Meade Lux Lewis.) They were, in the main, rough-and-ready singers whose voices often resembled foghorns and whose enunciation was unintelligible. Operating on the fringe of show business, they frequently adopted pseudonyms—the Yas Yas Girl, Speckled Red, Sunny Land Slim, Memphis Minnie, and Washboard Sam. Paradoxically, their blues were far more complex in structure and meaning than those of the "city" blues singers, who form the second group. For some reason, the best of the early "city" blues singers were women, among them Chippie Hill, Ida Cox, Sara Martin, Ma Rainey, and the unrelated Smith girls (Bessie, Clara, Trixie, Mamie, and Laura). All in all, Bessie Smith has never been equalled. A big monument of a woman, with a hard, handsome face, she had a thick contralto voice that seemed to threaten almost everything she sang. At the same time, her lumbering deliberation had a serenity and majesty—the majesty, in part, of sheer mass—that can be approximated only in opera. By 1930, many of these singers were dead or in obscurity, and the second blues period began. In one of its two groups are such singers as Jimmy Rushing, Joe Turner, Hot Lips Page, Teddy Bunn, and Jack Tea-

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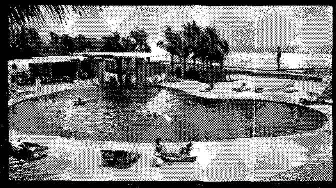

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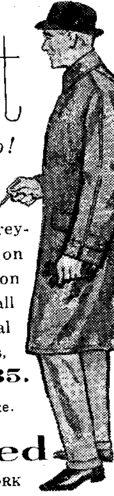
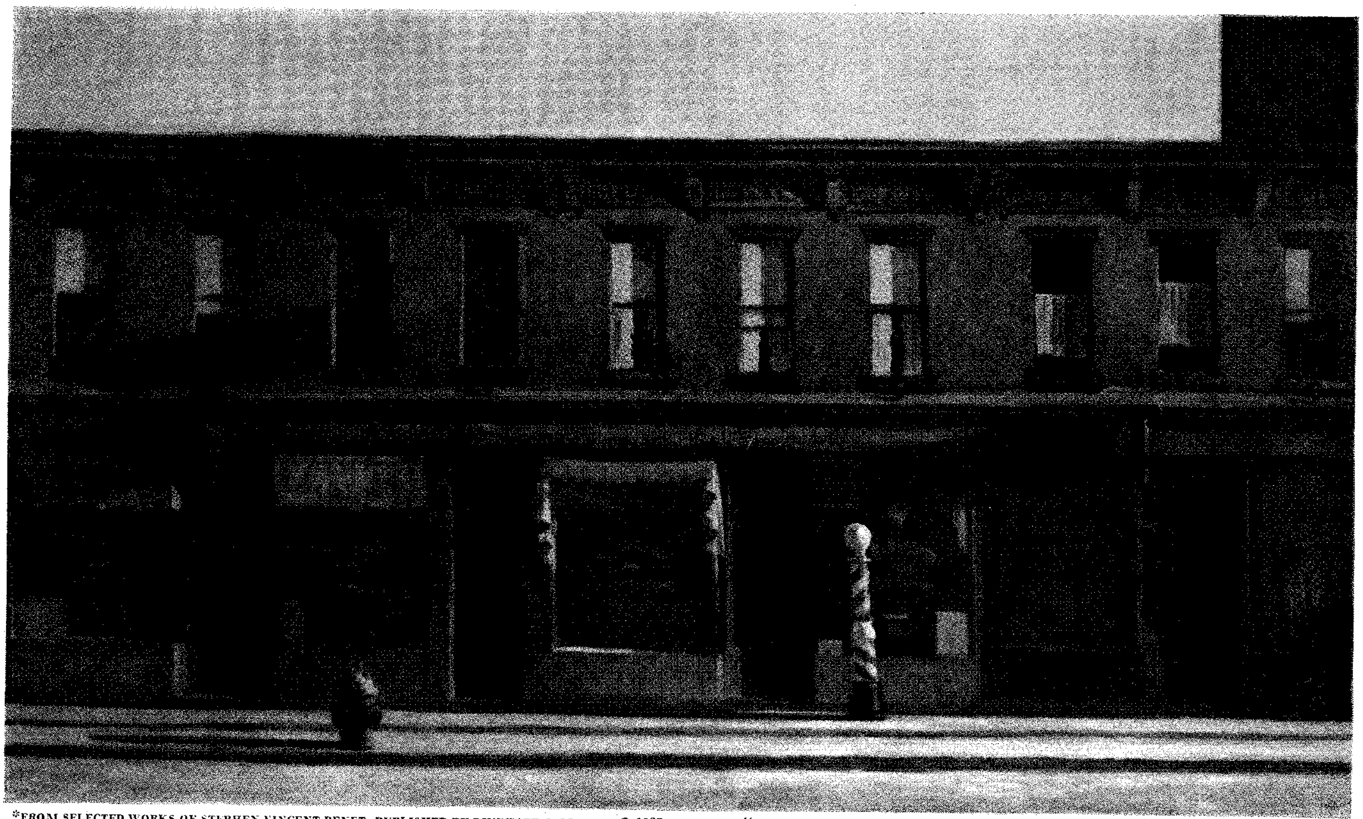


AMERICAN NAMES *by Stephen Vincent Benet**



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I have fallen in love with American names,
The sharp names that never get fat,
The snakeskin-titles of mining-claims,
The plumed war-bonnet of Medicine Hat,
Tucson and Deadwood and Lost Mule Flat.

Seine and Piave are silver spoons,
But the spoonbowl-metal is thin and worn,
There are English counties like hunting-tunes
Played on the keys of a postboy's horn,
But I will remember where I was born.

I will remember Carquinez Straits,
Little French Lick and Lundy's Lane,
The Yankee ships and the Yankee dates
And the bullet-towns of Calamity Jane.
I will remember Skunktown Plain.

Rue des Martyrs and Bleeding-Heart-Yard,
Senlis, Pisa, and Blindman's Oast,
It is a magic ghost you guard
But I am sick for a newer ghost,
Harrisburg, Spartanburg, Painted Post.

I shall not rest quiet in Montparnasse.
I shall not lie easy at Winchelsea.
You may bury my body in Sussex grass,
You may bury my tongue at Champmédy.
I shall not be there. I shall rise and pass.
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee.

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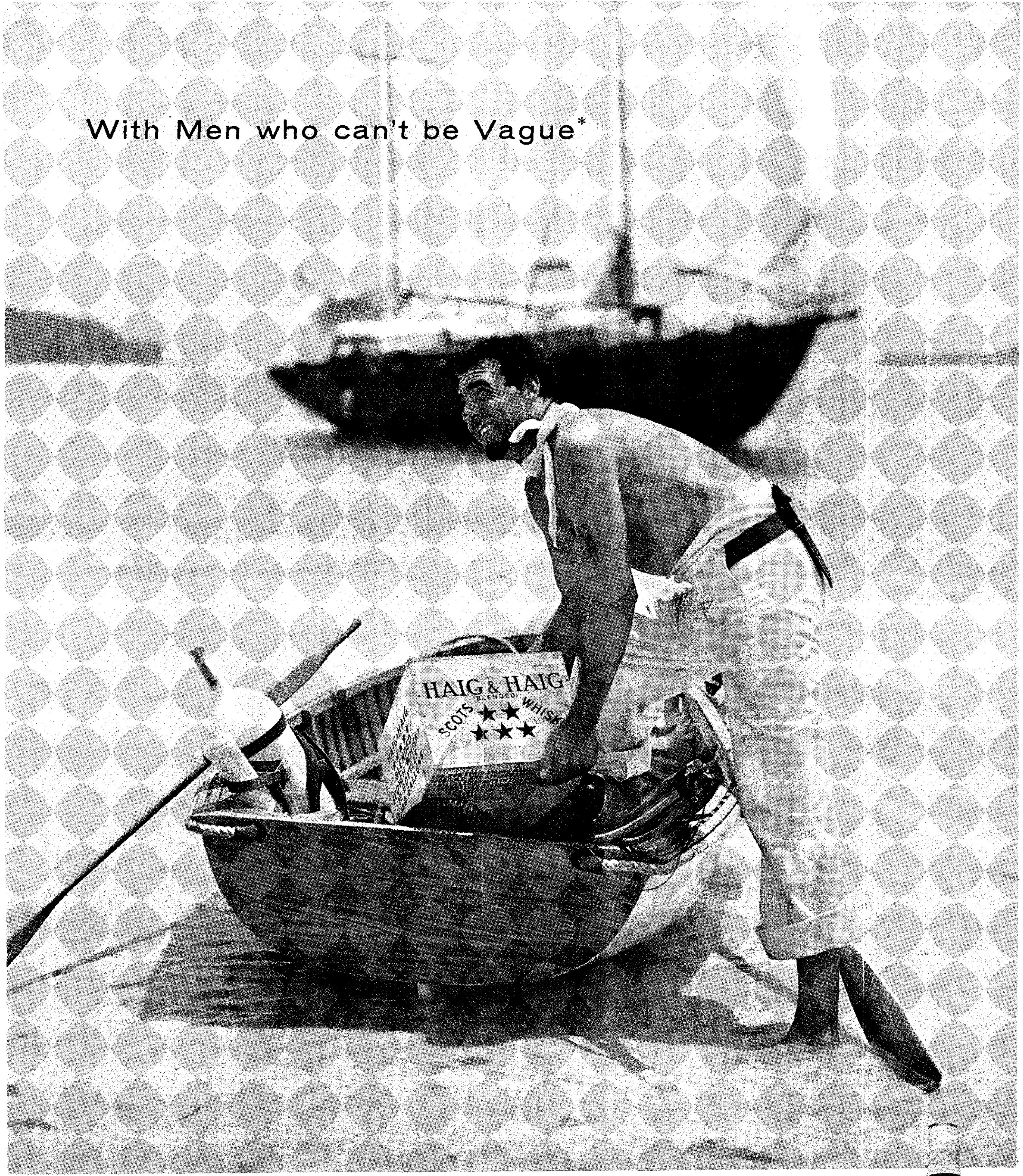
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garden. They are, for the most part, more adept technicians, but they also have less of the sorrowing, brimstone quality of their predecessors. The second group includes the great blues instrumentalists, who, curiously, are also the great jazz musicians, the spirit of the blues having become the cornerstone of jazz. In recent years, these men have been almost savagely ignored by the members of the "funky" or "hard-bop" school, who go at the blues with hook and claw. Although they unintentionally capture some of the dreadnaught quality of the older men, their doggedness disrupts much of the delicate balance of parts that gives the form its poignancy. (The cool musicians, on the other hand, seem to cautiously pat the blues, as if they might get bitten.)

Like the older blues instrumentalists, the older blues singers have not, by and large, been surpassed. In fact, with the exception of such recent arrivals as Little Walter, a demonic singer and harmonica player; Joe Williams, a loud imitation of a blues singer; and the highly erratic Ray Charles, new blues singers have simply stopped appearing. (An indirectly related form, gospel singing, appears, however, to be booming.) Perhaps the principal reason is that blues singing—passed orally from generation to generation—once filled an emotional gap that, even in the remote backlands of the South, is now inexplicably taken up by jukeboxes, radio, and television. In comparison, the old blues sound as archaic and unwieldy as Chaucerian English.

DURING the forty years that Broonzy sang the blues, he composed three hundred songs and provided a model for countless singers, the best-known of whom is Josh White. He made his living not from singing or composing but by working as everything from a farmhand to a janitor, a necessity commemorated in such pieces as "Plough-Hand Blues" and "Mopper's Blues." Although his uncut baritone lost some of its resilience and light-

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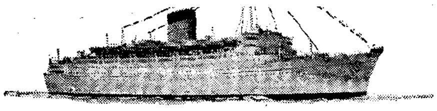

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ness before he died, the outlines of his spacious technique are clearly visible in the three dozen selections on the Folkways, Columbia, and Emarcy records. "Trouble in Mind," an eight-bar blues on the Folkways record, is a superb example. Most blues singers rely on an unvarying method of attack, the boisterous shout. Broonzy, however, has a continual awareness of dynamics, dramatics, and shifting rhythm that is faultless. Here is the first stanza of "Trouble in Mind":

I'm troubled in mind, baby, I'm so blue,
Yes, but I won't, won't be blue always,
You know the sun, sun gonna shine
In my back door someday.

Singing at a very slow tempo, Broonzy delivers the first line almost as an aside, neatly squeezing all the syllables into about a measure, with a vague emphasis on the word "mind." Then, abruptly, he shouts the "yes" at the start of the next line, unbearably sustaining it on one note for two measures, until one gets the feeling of being pushed bodily backward. He cuts off the shout as suddenly as it begins (Broonzy used almost no vibrato) and eases through the rest of the line in a rapid, plaintive, gradually melting way. His voice continues to sink until the last line, which he half shouts in such a way that the emphasis curves up to the words "back door," and then subsides. The total effect of the stanza is of slow, deliberate, slightly irregular hammer strokes. Broonzy's own "I Wonder When I'll Get to Be Called a Man," a social-protest blues, on the same record, which goes, in part,

When I got back from overseas,
That night we had a ball,
Next day I met the old boss,
He said, "Boy, you get some over-hauls!"

is sung at a rolling medium tempo, but in a delicate, offhand way that inescapably points up the meaning of the lyrics. In "Texas Tornado" (on the Columbia record), he reverts to the classic blues-singing style—a sustained shout, with a slight dropping of the voice at the end of each of the first two lines, followed by the quieter, resolving third line. His treatment fits the words nicely:

My baby is a Texas tornado, and she
  howls just like the wind.
My baby is a Texas tornado, and she
  howls just like the wind.
She'll blow the house down, Lord, if I ask
  her where she been.

Broonzy, however, is incomparable in "Southbound Train," which appears on both the Emarcy and Folkways rec-

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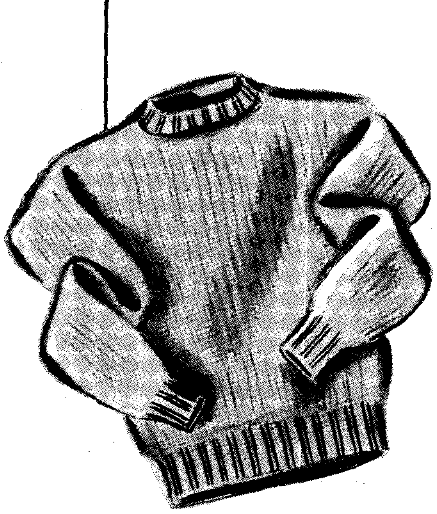

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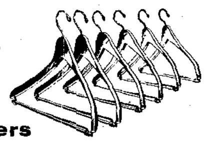

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ords. It is sung slowly and gently all the way through, each word sliding into the next, as if being hummed. (Broonzy backs himself on guitar on all three records, except for five numbers in the Emarcy album, in which he is accompanied by a small, thumping blues band.) The melancholy in his voice never varies, but because of the inexorable blues pattern it seems to deepen steadily. By the time he has reached the last two stanzas—which, though unashamedly emotional, are not, as is true of all blues, the least sentimental—one is reduced to a state of solid compassion:

Standin' at the station, tears was in my eye.
Standin' at the station, tears was in my eye.
Now that I've lost my best friend, how can I be satisfied?

I hear a whistle, wonderin' where is that train.
I hear a whistle, wonderin' where is that train.
Now that I've lost my baby, I've got all red brain.

Broonzy fills in the pauses between lines with bright, quiet staccato strummings that provide a stunning contrast to the fibre of his voice. Indeed, the balance between voice and guitar, form and content, and emotion and restraint is perfect. It's a pity the *Times* was right.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

◆

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[*Letter received by a housewife in New Hyde Park, L.I.*]

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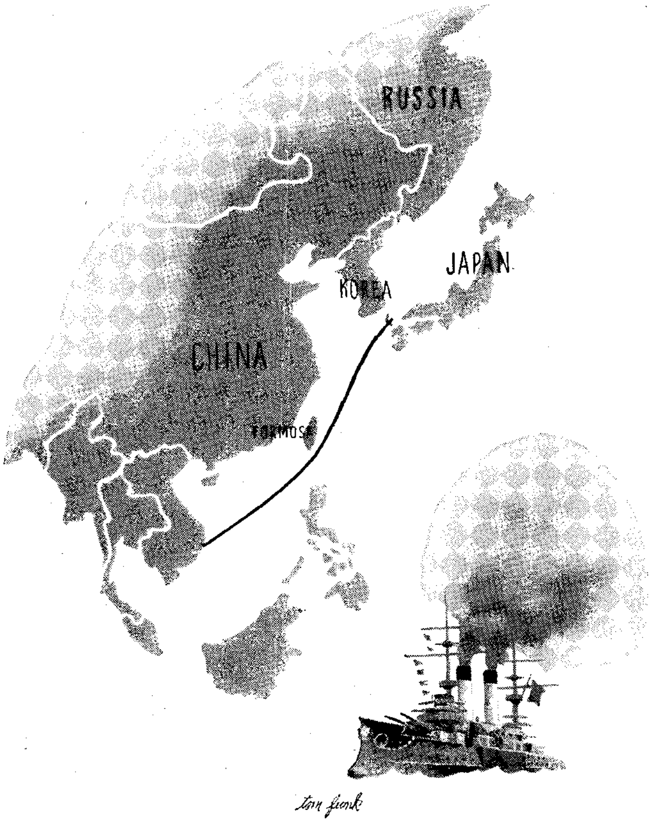

"WE will be under the orders of Admiral Togo, a fact in which we all ought to rejoice," the commander of a Japanese destroyer wrote home in May, 1905, a few days before the naval battle that ended the Russo-Japanese War. "Nevertheless, I am very glad that my ship will be at a certain distance from him. He is an unpleasant neighbor for his inferiors." Admiral Heihachiro Togo, then fifty-seven, was incontestably a commander to be feared, both by his subordinates and by his enemies; a tough, grizzled little man, with brilliant black eyes and a grim mouth, he combined a fanatical patriotism with a cool and practical perfectionism in naval matters. Perhaps more than any other Japanese, Togo, in the course of a long life, embodied the boundless ambition, self-confidence, and resourcefulness that enabled his country to make its remarkable leap from somnolent feudalism to the position of a world power in less than a century. When he first fought for Japan, as a fifteen-year-old boy, the enemy was a punitive British flotilla that had come to the shores of Japan in 1863 to avenge the murder of a British subject, and his weapons were a matchlock and two swords. By the time he died, in 1934, he had commanded one of the most potent and modern fleets in the world and was generally acknowledged to have been among the most brilliant naval strategists of his era.

In the middle of May, 1905, Togo's battle fleet—four ironclad battleships and eight heavy cruisers—was lying at anchor in Chinhae Bay, an inlet of the Sea of Japan, off southern Korea, and his light cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo boats were patrolling the approaches to Japan. Fifteen months earlier, his warships had opened hostilities between Russia and Japan by striking without warning at a squadron of Russian vessels in the roadstead of Port Arthur, at the tip of southern Manchuria. The rival empires had been squabbling for years over the considerable economic spoils to be had in Korea and Manchuria, and a war had plainly been in the offing, but the Russians, who scorned the Japanese as barbaric heathen, had failed to prepare adequately; when war came, the Japanese Army rapidly proceeded to rout the Russians on land, and Togo's fleet decisively defeated them at sea. Now Togo had only one cause for alarm; a huge Russian fleet had set sail from the Baltic for the war area, and in mid-May it had been reported setting out from the coast of Cochin China, two thousand miles south of Chinhae Bay. At the rate the Russian vessels were travelling, a two-thousand-mile voyage would take just about two weeks.

AT the time the Russian fleet was approaching Japanese waters, it consisted of about fifty ships and thirteen thousand inexpressibly weary men. Most of the vessels had made an excruciating eighteen-thousand-mile, seven-month voyage down the coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian Ocean, and into the China Sea, and the rest, including some reinforcements the Russian Admiralty had taken a notion to send out rather late in the game, had sailed through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, joining the fleet off Madagascar and Cochin China. Time and again, the ships had stopped to take on coal from bulky colliers, sometimes in ocean swells, sometimes in full gales, and sometimes—a cruel ordeal for sailors from the North—in the enervating heat of the tropics. Indeed, the whole voyage had been marked by difficulties, disappointments, and dangers, and the commander of the Russian force was hailed as a hero, even by Russia's enemies, for having brought it off.

He was Vice Admiral Zinovi Petrovich Rozhestvensky, a tall, handsome, moody fifty-six-year-old naval veteran, with strong opinions on seamanship and on the strategy to be used against the Japanese. It is hard to say which put him through greater psychological torture—the obtuseness (as he saw it) of his superiors at the Admiralty in St. Petersburg, the incompetence of his subordinates, or the quality of his ships. His best battleships, to be sure, possessed powerful armor and armament, and they had been hailed in Russia as invincible, but he knew that they were no match in speed, maneuverability, or firepower for Togo's vessels; as for the other Russian ships, they were, on the whole, very bad—slow, clumsy, and feeble. His men were poorly trained and inclined to mutiny, and he distrusted, above all, the admirals serving under him; he never asked their advice, and rarely gave them more than an inkling of what he intended to do. Against his superiors in the Admiralty he had for months been conducting a long-range war by cablegram—totally without success. When he had set out from the Baltic, his mission had been to join up with the Russian forces in the Far East and, in the words of Czar Nicholas II, "wipe the infidels off the face of the earth," and he had accepted the job readily. After the first few months of war, though, there were practically no Russian forces in the Far East to join up with, and Rozhestvensky had worked out a new strategy: to try to slip past the Japanese fleet to Vladivostok, Russia's sole remaining Far Eastern port, on the northwestern shore of the Sea of Japan, six hundred miles from Togo's anchorage, and from there to harass the Japa-

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nese as best he could. In the interest of speed, he had proposed to take along only his fastest and best ships, leaving behind the "obsolete iron coffins," as one of his officers called the others. In Madagascar, where his fleet had holed up for two long months, in the Indian Ocean, in Cochin China, he had sent off message after message pointing out the merits of this plan, but the answer from St. Petersburg had always been an adamant no; he would have to take along every vessel and, instead of making a dash to Vladivostok, would have to seek out the Japanese and do battle with them. Rozhestvensky's reaction to what he considered the Admiralty's pigheadedness was to fall into fits of utter despair. A fiery, energetic man to begin with, he gradually lost spirit as the voyage went on, and frequently locked himself up in his cabin and simply sulked, neglecting to issue any orders.

Rozhestvensky's fleet consisted of four divisions, and the only one he relied on at all was the first, which he himself commanded; it consisted of four modern battleships—the Suvoroff, his flagship; the Borodino; the Oryol; and the Alexander III. The second division had three older battleships, and was commanded by Admiral Dmitri Gustavovich von Felkerzam, who had suffered a stroke some weeks before, and was very ill; his flagship, the Oslyabya, was an awkward, towering vessel, with high, vulnerable sides. In command of the third division, which consisted largely of cruisers and destroyers, was Admiral Oskar A. Enkvist, whose flagship was the cruiser Oleg, and who, as the Russians approached Japanese waters, was developing a bad case of the jitters. In Rozhestvensky's view, the fourth division, commanded by Admiral Nikolai Ivanovich Nebogatoff, was not fit to go to sea at all; its ships—an old battleship called the Czar Nicholas I, three coastal-defense vessels, a cruiser, and a few supply ships—were terribly slow, and held the speed of the whole fleet down to eleven knots.

Von Felkerzam, Nebogatoff, and Enkvist were Rozhestvensky's top subordinates, and on them would depend much of the fleet's effectiveness in action, but throughout the voyage the Admiral had seen as little as he could of them; what conferences there had been were formal and terse. He much preferred the company of some of the officers on the Suvoroff, which, all things considered, was a happy ship. Perhaps his favorite was his Chief of Staff, Commander Konstantin Konstantinovich Clapier de Colongue; a tall, impeccably turned-out aristocrat,

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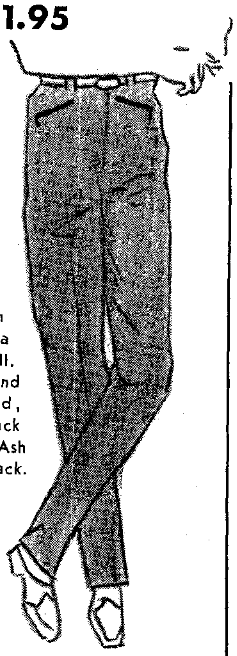

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who was civil to the other officers but kept his distance, he idolized Rozhestvensky and served him with absolute devotion. Then, there was the ship's captain, Vasili Vasilievich Ignatzius; he was a rotund, optimistic little man, and he was convinced that the outcome of the voyage—and the battle, too, if there was to be any—had long since been decided by St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Russia and of sailors. Next to Clapier de Colongue, Rozhestvensky's closest friend was probably Commander Vladimir Semenoff, a ruddy-faced, pudgy staff officer, who served the Admiral pretty much as a high-ranking factotum. In general, the officers aboard the Suvoroff got along well together, and quarrels were rare, even though two men were teased and tormented from the beginning to the end of the voyage—a Lieutenant Zotoff, the navigation officer, who was given to windy, punditlike utterances about the progress of the war, and Midshipman Werner von Kursel, a rough, tough, simple-minded youth, who was forever boasting about his accomplishments and forever being deflated.

In the wardroom of the Suvoroff, on the evening of May 26th, Lieutenant Zotoff was pontificating, as usual. "I think we have reached the culminating point of our adventures," he said. "Presumably, Togo is no greater fool than we, and knows that the only course for us is the Korea Strait. I assume that he also knows how to use a pair of compasses." He was lucky that no one threw a vodka bottle at him; his fellow-officers did not need to be told where they were heading or that the crisis was at hand. A week before, as the fleet had steamed northward through the China Sea, around the east coast of Formosa, there had been a good deal of suspense about which course it would take. To the officers, who, as always, were in the dark about Rozhestvensky's plans, the issue seemed to hinge on whether the Admiral, in spite of all his instructions, was still bent on reaching Vladivostok without a battle. If he was, he might sail far out into the Pacific, move up along the east coast of the string of Japanese islands, and then turn west again into the Sea of Japan. But in the days that had passed since the fleet skirted Formosa, it had become clear that the Admiral had no intention of doing this. Instead, he was following another route to Vladivostok—and one everybody was sure would lead to battle as well. This was through the Korea Strait—a sixty-mile-long channel between the west coast of Japan and Korea, connecting the China Sea and

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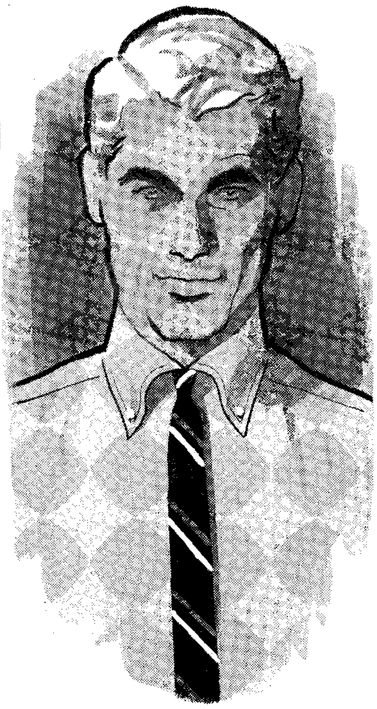

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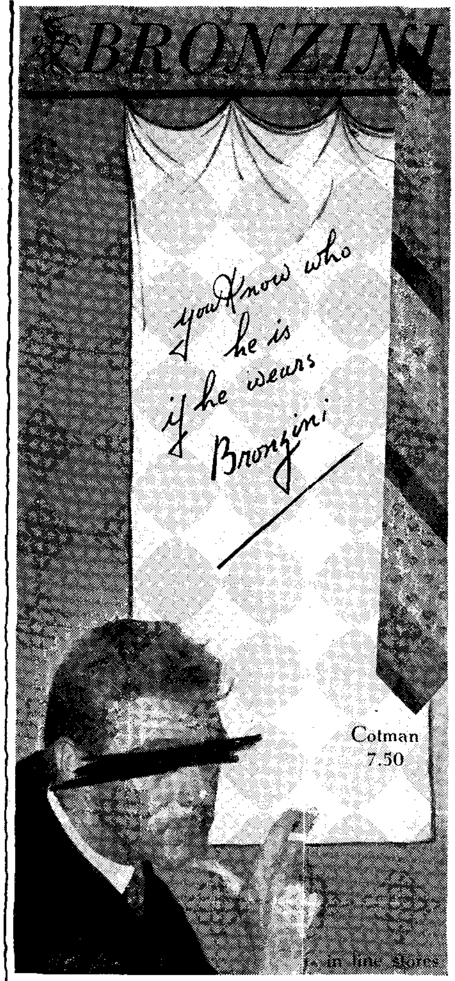
the Sea of Japan. Somewhere just inside that strait, the Russians suspected, Togo's fleet was lurking.

On the night of the twenty-sixth, as Lieutenant Zotoff was belaboring the obvious, the Russians were scarcely a hundred miles from the mainland of Japan, and the next morning they would be entering the Korea Strait. For the past several days, there had been a heavy mist, but, even so, the officers found it amazing that the fleet had been able to get so close to Japan without, as far as they knew, having been observed; if Russian luck persisted and the mist held, they might still slip past Togo and make it to Vladivostok. Whatever hopes the fleet had, however, it was prepared to fight. Since it had entered the danger zone, the gun crews had been at their stations day and night. Tables, chairs, and all other combustible objects not vital to shipboard life had been hurled over the side; the lifeboats had been filled with food and water; and tarpaulins, hammocks, sailcloth, and ropes had been soaked in sea water and put up at exposed points on the ships, to serve as shields against shell splinters. The fleet's priests had sprinkled the decks and guns with holy water, and the surgeons had set up operating tables, with instruments laid out alongside. "All was ready," as one officer put it, "for the morrow's harvest of death."

That evening, the sailors went through their sea bags, sorting out letters and keepsakes for consignment to the ships' treasure chests, and although there was no chance of posting any mail before Vladivostok, many of them wrote letters home. Nearly everybody who was not on watch turned in early, but at three o'clock Semenoff, who was making a tour of the flagship, came upon a few officers in the wardroom, drowsily sipping tea. Out on deck, where some men were standing watch and others were sleeping uneasily beside their guns, Semenoff found the silence thick and ominous; the only sound was the creaking of the plates as the ship rose and fell in a gentle swell. It was a relief for him to climb down the iron ladder into the engine room, where the air quivered with the throb of the engines, the hissing of steam from the pipes, and the clatter of moving machinery. Here, at least, men still moved and shouted at one another. Then he went up to the bridge. Rozhestvensky was there, slumped in an armchair, and Ignatzius was standing at his side.

"What are you doing—wandering about at this hour?" Ignatzius whispered to Semenoff.

"Just having a look around," Seme-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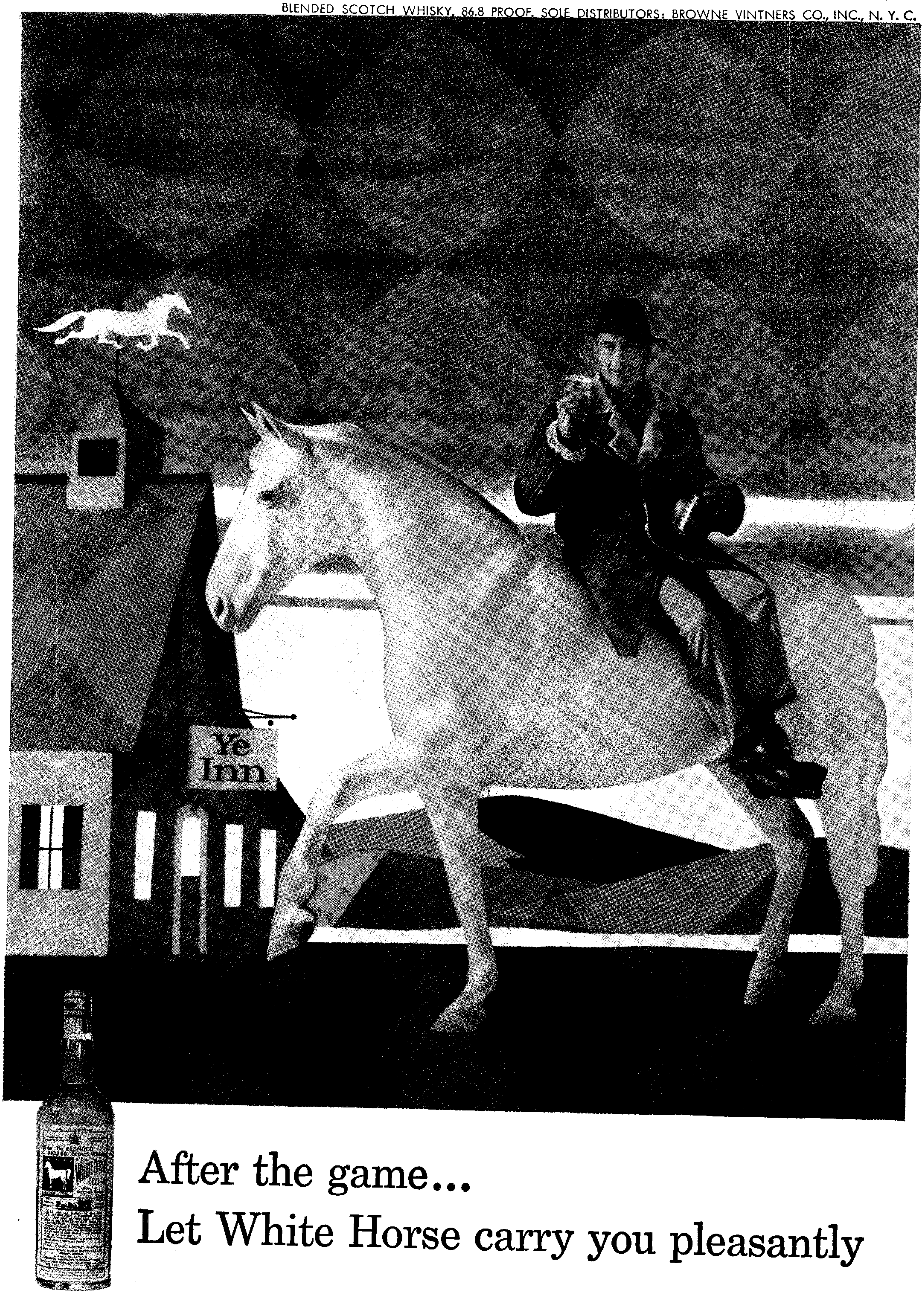

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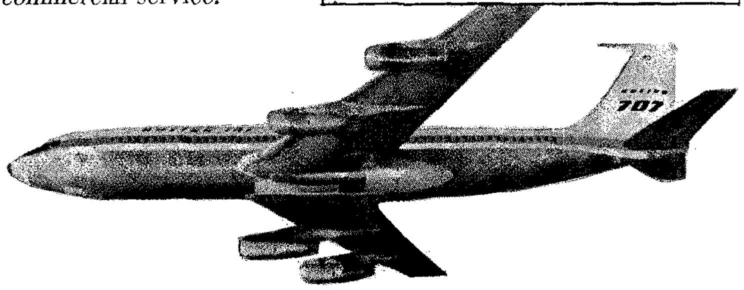
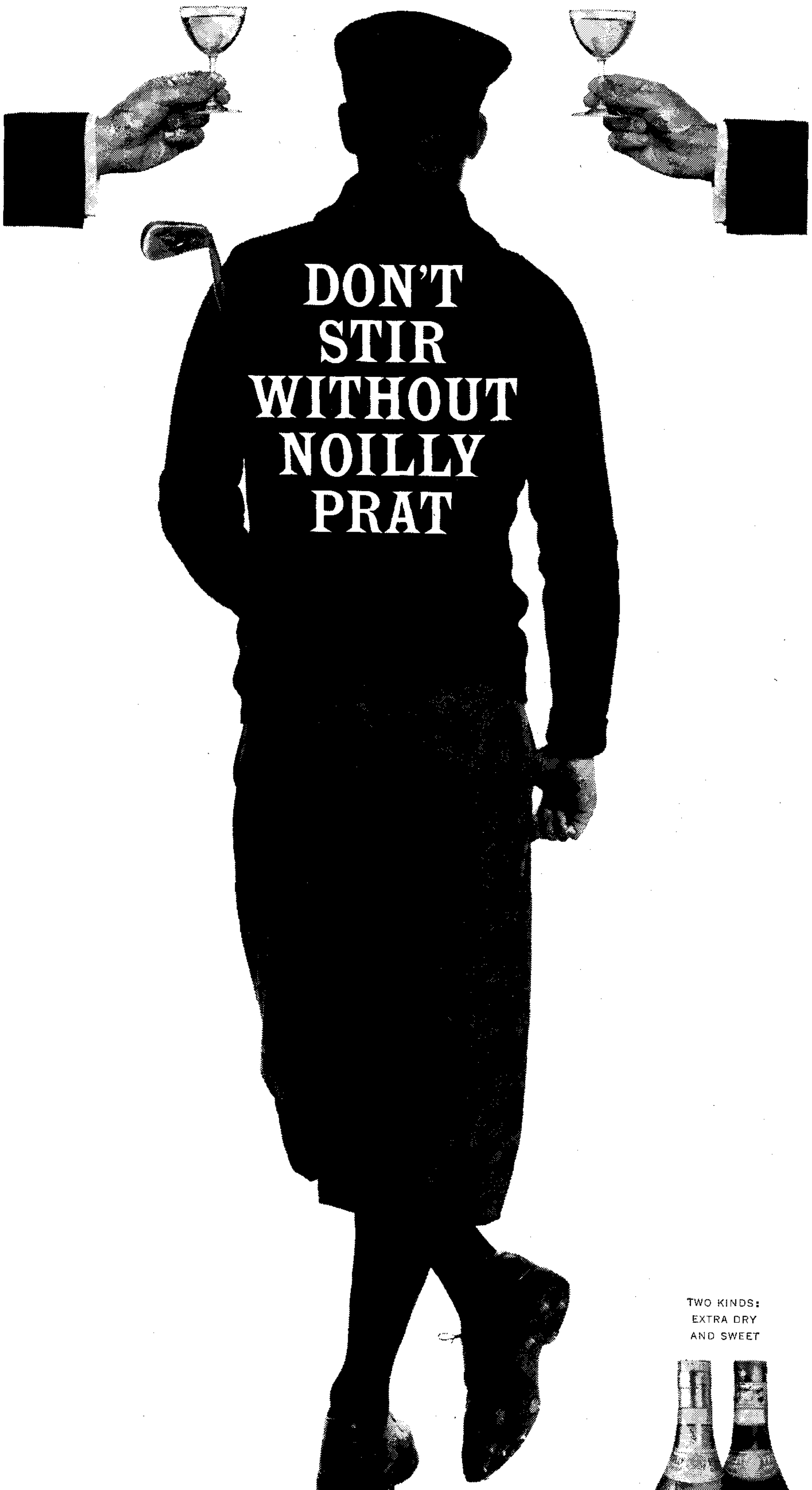


noff said, and, nodding toward Rozhestvensky, "Gone to sleep?"

"I finally persuaded him to," Ignatzius answered. "And why shouldn't he? It will be daybreak in a couple of hours." Even on that night, Ignatzius' optimism was unshakable. "With the mist as thick as this, we can give them the slip," he said. "If only the mist lasts, it's two hundred thousand to one against anyone running into us."

AT dawn on May 27th, at Rozhestvensky's command, the fleet hoisted battle flags and got into battle formation—one long column. The Suvoroff and the other new battleships led the way; then came von Felkerzam's ironclads; then Nebogatoff's rickety vessels; and, finally, the supply ships, protected by Enkvist's cruisers. That morning, the mist was still there, but the wind had risen, and visibility varied from moment to moment. For an instant, a dark smudge could be made out ten miles ahead. It was the island of Tsushima, in the Korea Strait, about halfway between Korea and Japan. Then the mist closed in again and the island disappeared. A little after five, the Suvoroff's lookout excitedly called down to the bridge that a strange vessel was approaching from the east. Rozhestvensky and a dozen other officers were on the bridge, and they scanned the murky water through binoculars, but for a full minute nothing could be seen. Then the mist drew back like a stage curtain, revealing a two-funnelled ship less than a mile away. It was a Japanese cruiser, heeling hard over as she sped away from the fleet. Before a gun could be brought to bear on her, the mist closed in again. Captain Ignatzius' two-hundred-thousand-to-one chance had come up.

The Russian fleet sailed on, heading northeast, at a speed of nine knots. The seas were rising, and it was hard going for the destroyers, which bucked about like twigs in a millrace, disappearing from sight every few seconds; now and then a roller swept over the bow of a battleship, drenching the foredeck and pouring into the lower gun ports. At about half past five, the mist thinned again, and the crews could see Tsushima plainly; its shores were steep cliffs, and high above them towered twin peaks, called the Donkey's Ears. One officer remarked that the fleet had come halfway around the world to be greeted by an ass. Still, the Russians were left in peace, and the idea spread that the Japanese cruiser must have been a ghost ship—a hallucination. Then, just after six o'clock, word came from the rear



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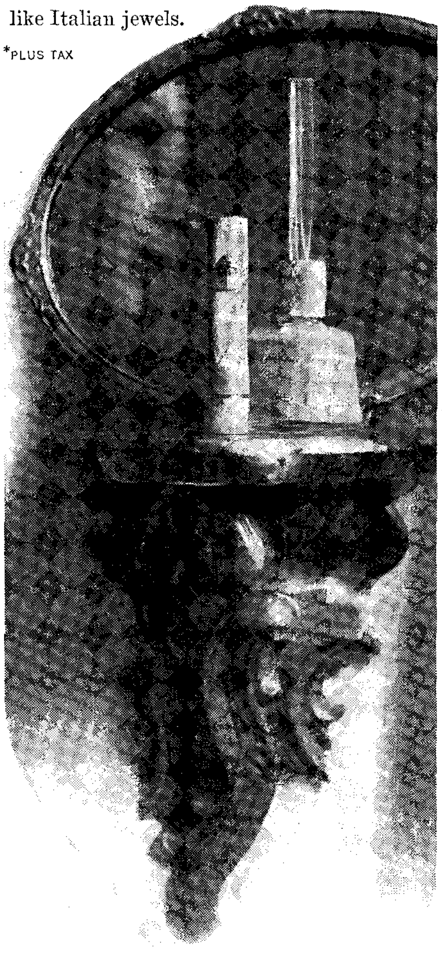

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that four Japanese light cruisers were shadowing the fleet. And suddenly the Russian wireless operators found that the air was humming with incomprehensible messages, undoubtedly in Japanese code.

The first Japanese warship that deliberately exposed herself to the Russians was a fast cruiser, the Idzumo. She appeared in the northeast, at about eight o'clock, with black smoke streaming from her funnels, and she swung around to sail parallel to the advancing columns. She was six miles away—well beyond the effective range of the Russian guns—and at first made no hostile move; in fact, she might almost have been a welcoming escort sent by the Mikado, and after a quick glance at her, Rozhestvensky, sitting in his armchair on the flagship's bridge, went about his business as if she did not exist. But then she began coming closer, and the flagship's great aft guns swung around, their barrels rising into the air. The Idzumo veered away at full speed, and before fire could be opened, she was out of range. A few minutes later, five other Japanese vessels were sighted off the starboard bow of the Suvoroff—roughly where the Idzumo had been. They remained there for an hour, just beyond range, examining the Russian fleet at leisure; then they, too, slipped away, and soon afterward four light cruisers came to replace them. The Russians had passed the island of Tsushima, and behind them the Donkey's Ears were fading from view. It was evident that Togo was biding his time; he would let the Russians clear the strait.

"THE ship's company was unusually cheerful and talkative," A. Novikoff-Priboy, a sailor who lived to write his memoirs, said of that morning of waiting, and he went on to explain that the men were relieved to know that their fate—"a watery grave" or "a return home"—would probably be determined by sundown. On his ship, the Oryol, some of the sailors who were off duty were playing checkers and others were engaged in a lively debate as to whether a hypothetical gourmand could down fifteen pounds of Russian rye bread at a sitting. That morning, Rozhestvensky, too, was prepared to meet his fate. He issued a fleet order that read: "I have sworn to God to accomplish my task. He has already strengthened my nerve, and has in His infinite mercy protected us in the stress of the operations we have already accomplished. I pray that God may strengthen my right hand, and that if I fail to fulfill the oath I have sworn,

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He may purge my country from shame with my blood." As it happened, May 27th was the anniversary of the coronation of the Czar and Czarina, and at noon, imminent as the struggle seemed to be, the Admiral insisted on having the traditional ceremony of thanksgiving, with the priests, in full canonicals, leading the men in song and prayer. Everybody felt that there could be no fitter occasion for the celebration than this, as His Imperial Majesty's squadrons sailed toward the enemy, ready for action; even the most stalwart revolutionaries in the fleet—and there were a good many—joined in the anthem "Long Live the Czar." There was a tot of rum for every crewman, and the officers hurried down to their wardrooms and raised glasses of champagne for the royal toast: "On this, the great anniversary of the sacred coronation of Their Imperial Majesties, may God help us to serve with honor our beloved country. To the health of the Czar! To the Czarina! To Russia!"

The festivities did not last long, however. As the fleet entered the Sea of Japan, still on a northeasterly course, the call to battle stations sounded. A group of Japanese destroyers had joined the four cruisers to starboard, and the lot of them had moved well within range of the Russian guns; the destroyers, it was feared, might dart ahead at any moment and attempt to lay mines across the fleet's path. All morning, the officers and crews had been wondering why Rozhestvensky had not given the order to fight the insolent Japanese ships, and now they believed that the time to open fire had certainly come. The Admiral, though, stood motionless on his bridge, hardly bothering to look at the Japanese vessels and not saying a word. The captain of the Oryol had been raging against Rozhestvensky's inaction ever since dawn, and now, on his own authority, he ordered his six-inch guns to fire. The keyed-up gunners on the other vessels took this as a signal that battle was joined, and broadside after broadside crashed out. Then, to the bewilderment of the crews, the flagship ordered an immediate cease-fire. It was some moments before the command was obeyed, and still more moments before the flagship signalled an explanation: "Ammunition not to be wasted." That only puzzled many of the men; what was their ammunition for, if not to be used against the enemy? Meanwhile, the Japanese vessels drew away, lobbing back a few stray shells. "Ships' companies to have dinner at once," signalled the Suvoroff, and the crews went down the ladders to the messrooms,

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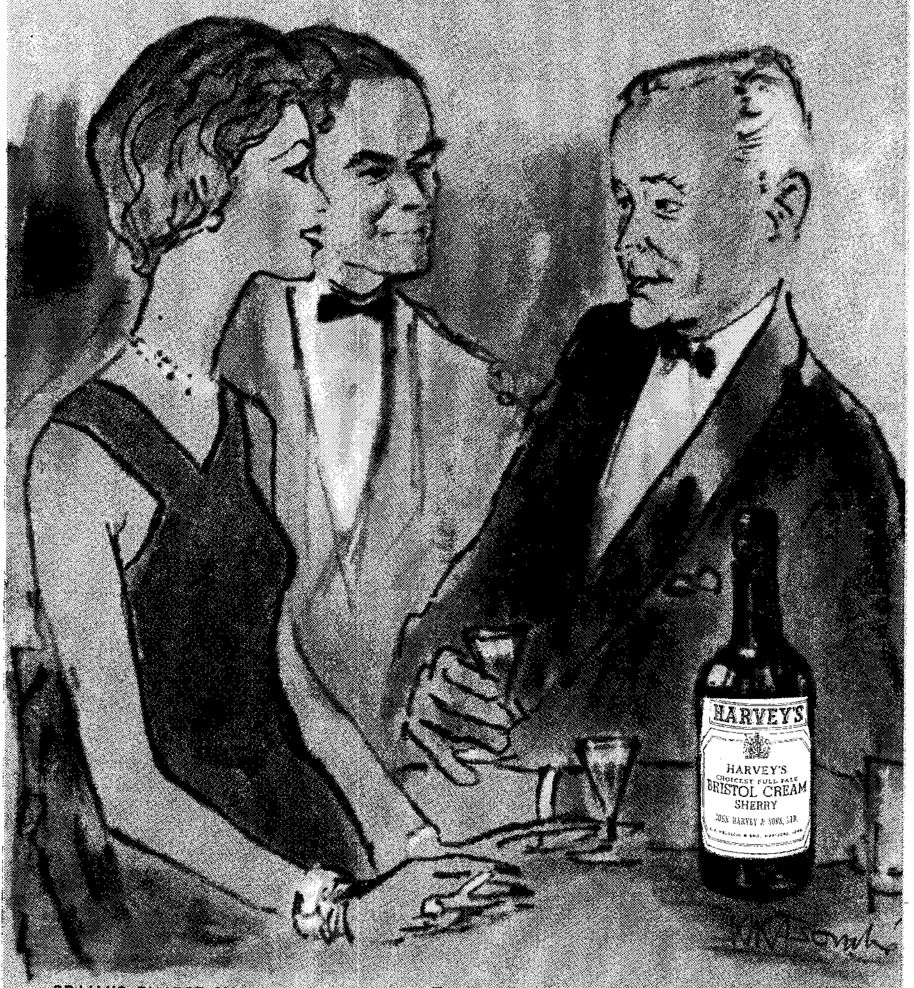

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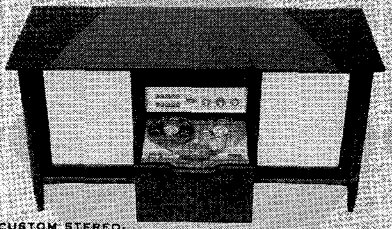

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shouting and laughing triumphantly. They had fired on the Japanese, and the Japanese had fled.

BY all accounts, Rozhestvensky was not himself that day. Usually, he stormed or he sulked; now he was silent and seemingly placid, and as the Japanese appeared and disappeared, he issued few orders. At one o'clock, though, he issued a fleet order that was to cause mystification and dismay. He directed his battleships to turn ninety degrees to starboard, one by one, and at the same time accelerate to eleven knots. This was the first positive step he had taken since his order to assume battle formation, and perhaps he guessed—it could only have been a guess—that the main Japanese fleet would approach from the east. In any case, the first four battleships completed the movement, but before the others, led by the Oslyabya, could begin it, Japanese light cruisers suddenly appeared again—this time to the northwest. The Admiral instantly changed his mind; he countermanded the old order, and directed the ships that had already completed the turn to move back to port. For a while, there was sheer confusion—one ship turned, another hesitated, and nearly all got out of position—but, after many signals, the battleships regained a semblance of order. The four big battleships now formed a new column, ahead and to starboard of the rest of the fleet.

At this crucial moment, with the Russian forces divided and confused, Togo's flagship, the *Mikasa*, appeared on the horizon, beneath a streaming cloud of black smoke, ten miles to the northeast. Rozhestvensky watched it through his binoculars for a time. He was deeply pleased; with the Russians' big battleships on the starboard flank, Togo could not have selected a bearing that would make him more vulnerable. Semenoff, standing beside the Admiral, was dubious. In the past, Togo had been known to divide his forces, and the Commander was afraid that part of the Japanese battle fleet might move in from the port side. "No, they are all there," Rozhestvensky replied cheerfully, and within a few minutes he was proved right; three other Japanese battleships and eight heavy cruisers loomed up behind the Mikasa. The fighting strength of the Japanese Navy was now committed to battle. The dread anticipation of the past seven months was at last over, and the decisive moment had arrived.

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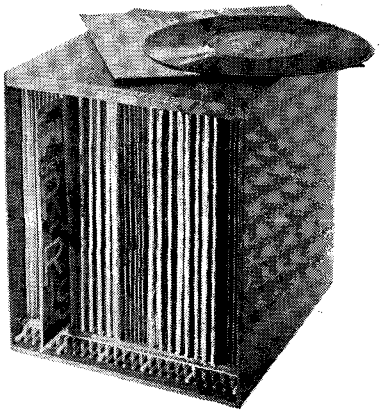

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ineptitude. Togo's ships were in a single battle line, and now, moving on a southwesterly course, they sped straight across the path of the Russian column. His plan was to have his ships, once on the enemy's port beam, make a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn that would bring them up parallel to and a little ahead of the Russians. While crossing the Russian line, the Japanese vessels would be out of range and in no danger, but while executing the turn they would be only about four miles from the Russians—decidedly within range. The risk was worth it, though. Rozhestvensky had been expecting an attack from starboard; Togo would attack him from port. As the Japanese started this maneuver, Rozhestvensky decided that he had better get his battleships back at the head of the column. He failed to specify the speed for any of the ships, however, and while the *Suvoroff* had no trouble taking the lead, the others had to squeeze themselves into their old positions as best they could, forcing the vessels behind to reduce speed, and even to stop engines. "One vessel had to turn to starboard and another to port," one officer said later of this moment. " 'Mob' is the only word to describe our formation at this time." Rozhestvensky, who was standing on the bridge with Clapier de Colongue and a few other officers, paid no attention to the pandemonium; instead, he watched Togo's beautifully executed movement in silent admiration and then made off, without a word, for the ladder leading down from the bridge to the conning tower. Clapier de Colongue, following on his heels, turned before disappearing and addressed the little knot of officers. "To your stations, gentlemen," he said.

IN contrast to the quarters of the Russian officers, which were splendidly decorated and furnished, those of the Japanese were austere. Admiral Togo's cabin had a roll-top desk under a porthole, a map rack to one side, a couple of tables, a sofa, and a pair of potted dwarf trees—a cedar and a fir. Two paintings hung on the walls; one, which Togo was especially proud of, was the work of his steward, showing the Japanese fleet bombarding Port Arthur, and the other depicted a Japanese squadron sailing through a typhoon. On one of the tables lay a Russian shell that had struck the *Mikasa*'s bridge in an earlier battle; if it had exploded, it would have blown Togo to pieces. This cabin had been Togo's living quarters for almost a year and a half, and here, on May 27th, at 5:15 A.M., with his battle fleet at

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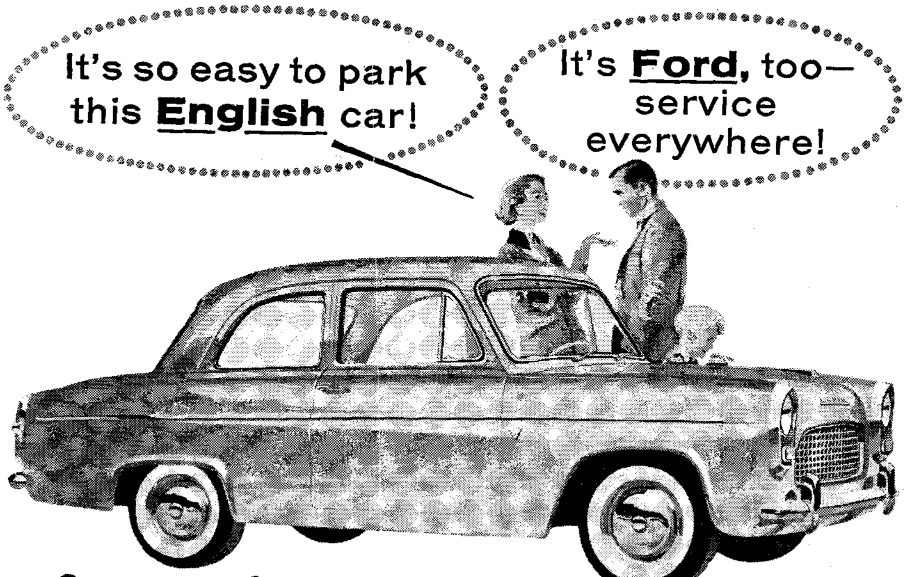
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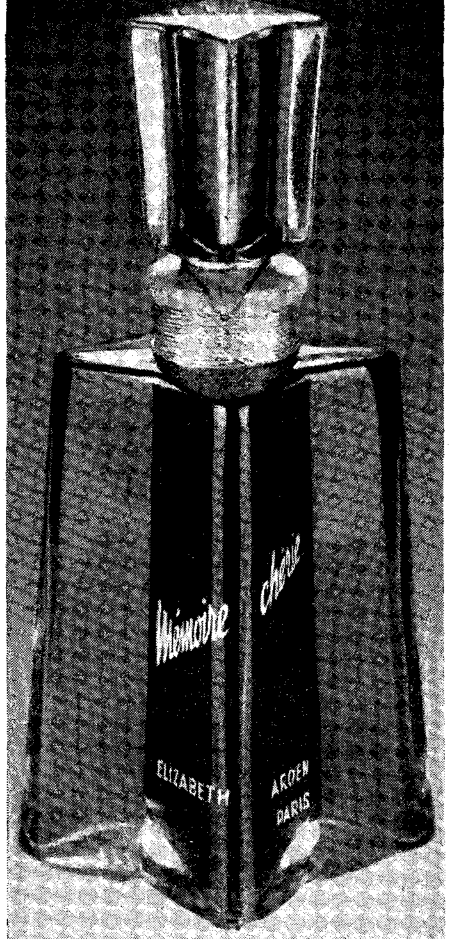

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anchor in Chinhae Bay, he had received a message that the Russian fleet had been sighted.

It is said that, as he read that message, Togo laughed for the first time since the war began. Months before, to simplify communications between his main fleet and his patrolling cruisers, he had divided the Sea of Japan and the Korea Strait into numbered squares, and now he announced, "The enemy is in Square 203." To him this was a good omen, for the Japanese had annihilated the Russian warships at Port Arthur with shellfire from a height called 203-Metre Hill. Togo had the news of the coincidence circulated throughout his fleet; the Japanese put great store in omens, and this one would undoubtedly fortify the crews. Then Togo sent a message to Tokyo: "Having received warning that the enemy fleet is in sight, we will go out to meet and defeat it. We have fine weather, although the sea is rough."

Square 203 was about a hundred miles southeast of Chinhae Bay. By seven o'clock, Togo had started out to meet the Russians, and all morning long he received reports from the cruisers. Every move that Rozhestvensky's fleet made was described in exact detail; no officer can ever have been better served by his Intelligence than Togo was that day. When the Japanese flagship at last sighted the enemy, just before half past one, Togo's staff tried to persuade him to move down from the bridge to the conning tower. He refused. He had fought all his actions from the bridge, exposed to every flying shell splinter; it was a good example to the men, and besides he could see better out in the open. "I am getting on for sixty," he told his staff officers, "and this old body of mine is no longer worth caring for. But you are all young men with the future before you, so take care of yourselves and continue living in order to serve your country." And on the bridge he remained during the whole battle.

In a chair on the quarterdeck of another Japanese battleship, the Asahi, sat another cool customer. This was Vice Admiral Sir William Pakenham, who had spent fourteen months with the Japanese fleet as an observer for the Royal Navy. In dispatches to London, Pakenham later described the battle from the moment when Togo dashed across the enemy's path. "It was possible to see down the length of the Russian lines," he wrote. ". . . the four biggest battleships looked enormous, dwarfing all others into insignificance." As the Mikasa started making the hundred-and-eighty-degree turn, Paken-

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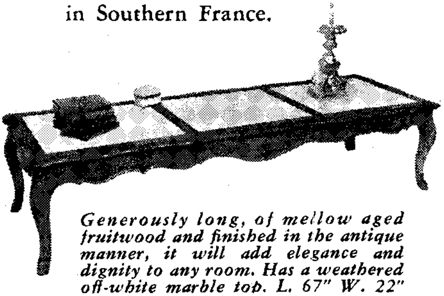

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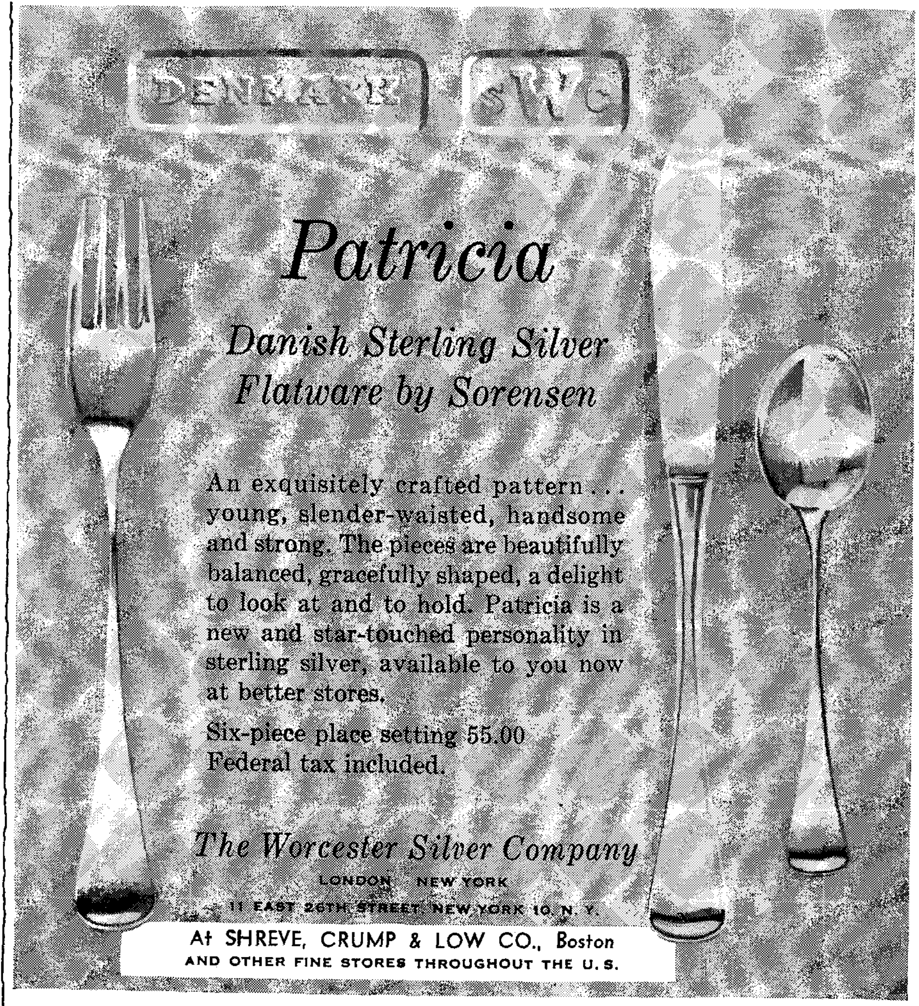
ham went on, some of Rozhestvensky's vessels opened fire. The Japanese had heard that Russian gunnery was wild, and the first salvos were not at all what they had expected; several six-inch shells landed on the Mikasa. By then, Togo was committed to the maneuver, and he must have felt some alarm. One after another, his ships would have to swing around, offering the Russian gunners a succession of sitting targets, all at the same range. "Part of the Russian fire followed the Mikasa," Pakenham wrote, "but the . . . remainder continued to be converged on the Japanese turning point, and it was interesting to watch each ship approach and run through this warm spot, a feat all were lucky enough to accomplish without receiving serious injury." Actually, the warm spot was not as warm as it would have been if the Russian ironclads had not been floundering around in an attempt to obey Rozhestvensky's last order; few of the battleships got their guns into action, and most of the fire came from Nebogatoff's vessels. Soon all the Japanese ships had made the turn, and at 1:55 P.M. the opposing fleets were proceeding northeast at nine knots, on almost parallel courses. "This," Pakenham reported, "was the scenic part of the battle. . . . Two long lines of ships attacking one another vigorously, formations as yet unbroken, damages still conjectural. The fate of the day seemed to hang on every shot."

THE conning tower of the Suvoroff was a circular fortress, seven feet high and ten feet in diameter, protected by an armor-plated roof and a ten-inch-thick steel wall with a number of narrow slits in it. This chamber functioned as the brain of the fleet; it contained all the controls—engine-room telegraph, wheel and compass, range finders, signalling apparatus, and the rest—needed to direct the fifty ships, and sixteen men were on duty in its cramped space. The normal way to enter it was through an aperture in the wall, protected by a thick steel shield, that gave on to a platform, with ladders leading to the bridge above and the deck below, but there was also an escape hatch—a dark, narrow steel cylinder, thirty feet long and lined with ladder rungs, leading down to another steel chamber, called the central post, which had a duplicate set of controls, to be used in extreme emergency.

It was through one of the slits in the conning tower that Rozhestvensky watched the last of the Japanese ships swing through its turn. For ten minutes after that, the Japanese fired only range-finding shots, and meanwhile the



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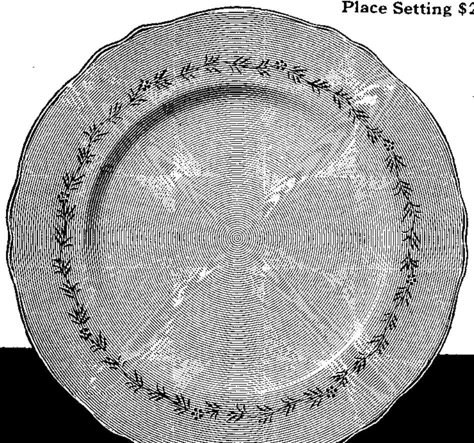

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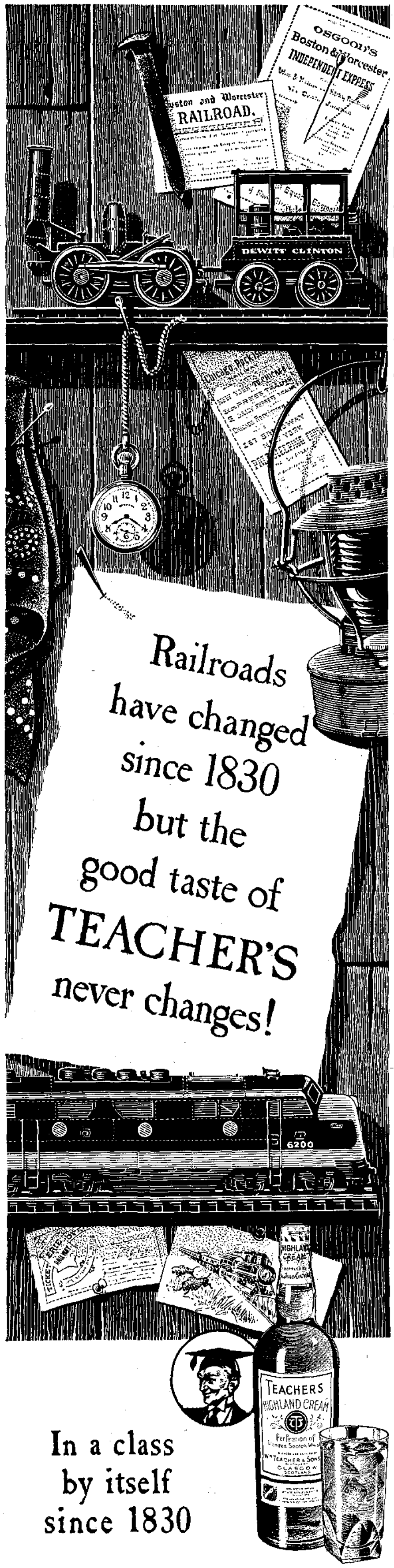
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Russian gunners scored a number of hits, at least a dozen of them on the Mikasa. A twelve-inch shell, striking her bridge ladder, scattered splinters all the way across the bridge, and one of these ripped into Togo's thigh as he was peering at the Russian column through his telescope. But the wound was slight, and he did not put the telescope down. Meanwhile, astern, Nebogatoff's division was giving an astoundingly good account of itself. For the moment, the Japanese heavy cruisers were well within range of the old, ramshackle vessels from the Baltic, and the Russian gun crews succeeded in damaging three of them.

But the character of the battle changed rapidly. Once the Japanese gunners had found the range, they fired at ever-increasing speed, and soon Togo's whole line was sparkling with the muzzle flashes of nearly five hundred guns, half of which appeared to be directing their fire at the Suvoroff and the rest at the Oslyabya. Togo was closing in on the head of the Russian line, and in the opinion of some naval strategists, if Rozhestvensky had given one more order early in the fight, his fleet might have come off better than it did. What he could have done was turn rapidly to port, slip up behind the Japanese column, and, at close range, pour a stream of fire into its vulnerable rear. Instead, he passively allowed Togo's ships, with their greater speed, to move ahead and push him farther and farther to starboard. Eventually, the Japanese executed the battle maneuver known as crossing the T; ship after ship again dashed across the path of the Russian fleet, this time well within range, and subjected the Russians to a withering broadside. By that time, though, the Suvoroff had been put out of action.

THE Suvoroff received its first hit at about two o'clock. A shell landed directly on a dressing station that had been rigged up between two gun turrets. A doctor who had been standing there was not touched—and neither was an icon of Christ, with candles burning in front of it—but all the medical orderlies were killed. The next shell struck the side of the ship, wrecking the officers' cabins. Some minutes later, a group of sailors were standing about staring helplessly at the flames, when an officer came up. "Wake up!" he shouted at them. "Why don't you turn the water on?" As the bombardment continued, the sailors on deck almost ceased to move; they were paralyzed by shock.

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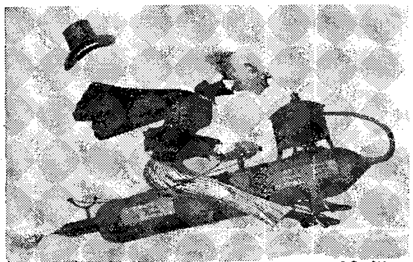

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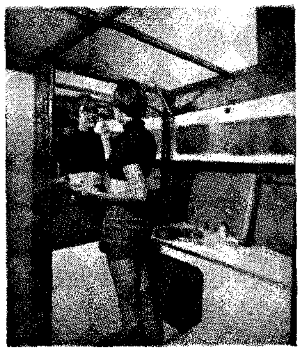

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direct hits, and though these failed to pierce its wall, steel splinters flew in through the slits and bounced off the walls again and again before they lost momentum. The helmsman fell at the wheel; the gunnery officer fell at the range finder; and both Rozhestvensky and Ignatzius were slightly wounded. At about two-twenty, Togo's ships began using armor-piercing shells, and the results were devastating. The mainmast was knocked overboard; one funnel lay sprawled across a bed of tortured ironwork, and the other was pockmarked and askew, flames licking at its base. At two-thirty, a hit in the stern jammed the Suvoroff's steering gear, and the ship swung hard to starboard, trailing a great cloud of smoke and sparks.

By that time, the ship's communication with the rest of the fleet had been entirely cut off, and, through the smoke, flames, and spouts of water, it was impossible to see anything from the conning tower. To find out what was happening, Captain Ignatzius struggled up to the bridge. He had lost his hat, and there was blood all over his head. For a moment, he stood dizzily in the open, clutching a handrail and swaying to and fro, and then he crashed headfirst to the deck below. Medical orderlies found him there and rolled him onto a stretcher. Before they could carry him away, he regained consciousness and tried to sit up. "It's nothing—only a trifle," he murmured, with an apologetic smile.

At three o'clock, Rozhestvensky decided to leave the conning tower. Eight of the men who had been working there were dead, and he himself had a dozen wounds—in his head, back, and legs. The air was thick with smoke, and flames were licking against the outer walls; it was time to look for a new control point. The platform outside was enveloped by fire, and Clapier de Colongue shouted, "We'll have to go down the hatch!" Dragging two dead bodies aside, the officers managed to lift the heavy metal cover, and, one by one, Rozhestvensky, Clapier de Colongue, Semenoff, von Kursel, and the other survivors struggled into the narrow, dark cylinder, coughing and choking, and felt their way down to the lower chamber. But this, too, proved to be a furnace, and with Clapier de Colongue in the lead, the men wandered about the ship, in search now of shelter rather than a control position. Wherever they went, there were fires and tangled wreckage, and eventually an explosion hurled them all to the deck. Everyone except Rozhestvensky,

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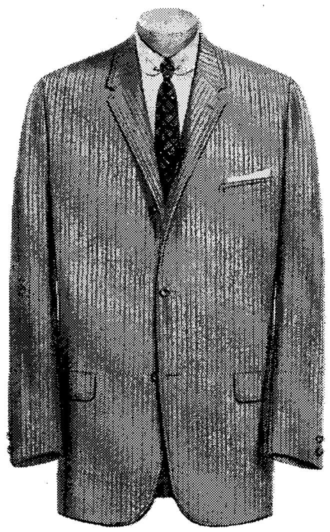

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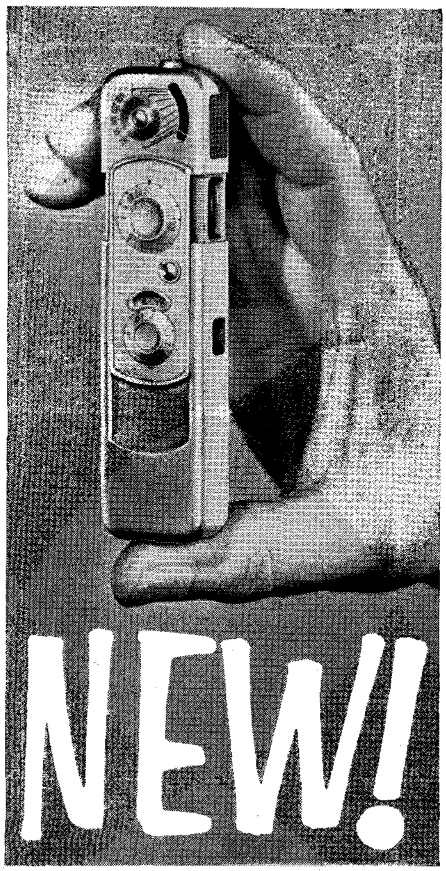

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who had been hit by still another splinter, managed to struggle to his feet. Semenoff and Clapier de Colongue gently raised the Admiral by his elbows, dragged him into a nearby gun turret, and lowered him onto the floor. The Admiral could not walk; the last splinter had severed a nerve in his left leg and paralyzed his foot. But it also appeared to have brought him out of his lethargy. Glaring furiously at the weary, blackened gunners in the turret, who had turned to stare at him, he said to Clapier de Colongue, "Why aren't these guns firing? Open fire immediately."

STRAGGLING far behind the battleships, Admiral Nebogatoff could hardly see the Suvoroff, but he had a good view of the Oslyabya, and at three-thirty he watched her go down. Not long before, Togo had crossed the T, looped sharply, and crossed it again, firing broadsides into the Czar's battleships. The Oslyabya had had her share. She had always appeared gawky in the water, and now, her decks ablaze and water pouring into her hull, she swung out of line, circling and heeling like a great maimed animal. For another ten minutes, she listed more and more steeply. Finally, her captain, clutching the rail outside the conning tower, called on his men to jump. "We're sinking!" he shouted. "Goodbye, shipmates." Then, after some of the sailors jumped, he called out, "Get farther away from the ship, the devil take you! If you don't, you'll go down in the suck." He was still there, a small, dirty, shouting figure, when the Oslyabya suddenly dipped at the bow and began to turn over. "The impression produced by the capsizing of a vessel of such a gigantic size was awful," a sailor on Nebogatoff's flagship said later. "We saw how the men thrown off the deck clutched and clung to the sides, or fell and crawled, or were crushed . . . or swept away." In those last minutes, a few brave men attempted to pry up the hatch covers over the engine room and stokehold, in which more than two hundred other men were imprisoned, but the angle of the deck and the damage from shellbursts made the job hopeless. At the last second, as the Oslyabya's stern rose high in the air, they jumped overboard. Admiral von Felkerzam knew nothing of the end of his ship; since the previous evening, his body had been lying in an oak coffin. He had died shortly before sundown, but nobody on board knew that, except the captain, the surgeon, and two orderlies, for when

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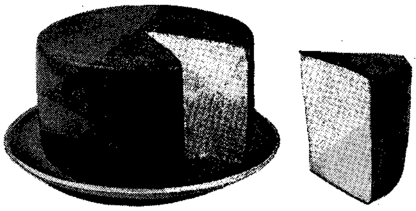

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Rozhestvensky received the news, he gave strict instructions that it be kept quiet, lest it have a depressing effect. Even Admiral Nebogatoff had not been informed, though von Felkerzam's death automatically made him second in command. In the circumstances, it did not matter much.

The Russian fleet, led by the Alexander III, went through a series of frantic maneuvers, now circling wildly, now steaming east, now heading north to Vladivostok, while Togo's vessels stalked it, moved parallel to it, or passed in front, inflicting enormous damage. The Suvoroff, on her own, drifted along—an unrecognizable burning hulk, receiving the spasmodic fire of friend and foe. For one short spell, she was left in peace, and her surviving sailors were seized with new determination. Under the urging of two officers, a Lieutenant Bogdanoff and the indestructible Midshipman von Kursel, they set to work putting out the fires on the main deck. What hoses could be found were patched with canvas and directed on the flames, and some of the men formed bucket brigades, shouting "Stick to it! We're beating it!" as the buckets were passed from hand to hand. These men were soon joined by Captain Ignatzius, who, having had his head dressed, had insisted on leaving the sick bay. As always, his enthusiasm was irrepressible. "Follow me, lads!" he called. "To the fire! We've only got to get it under." But he never reached the blaze; a shell struck some steelwork above his head, and when the smoke cleared, there was only a hole in the deck where he had been standing.

At four-fifteen, a pair of Japanese torpedo boats happened upon the flagship and closed confidently on her stern, only to be met with a rapid and accurate hail of 75-mm. shells from the only gun on the ship that was still working. They were forced to break off and seek help. Shortly afterward, Semenoff started for his cabin in search of cigarettes, and met von Kursel.

"Well, how are you passing the time?" von Kursel asked.

"Badly," Semenoff replied.

"They don't seem to be able to hit me," von Kursel said, "but I see you've been wounded. Where are you off to?" Upon being told, he led Semenoff in and out of heaps of piled wreckage and down twisted ladders until they reached the gaping hole in the ship's side where the officers' cabins had once been. Von Kursel hooted with laughter, and Semenoff stomped away in a huff.

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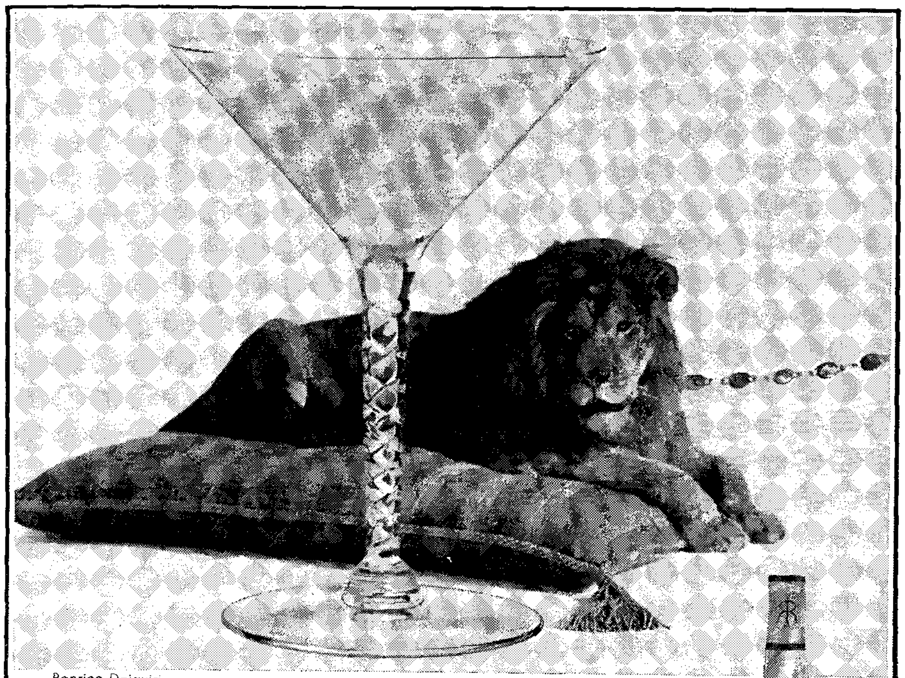

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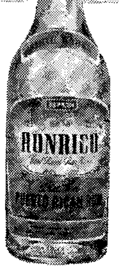

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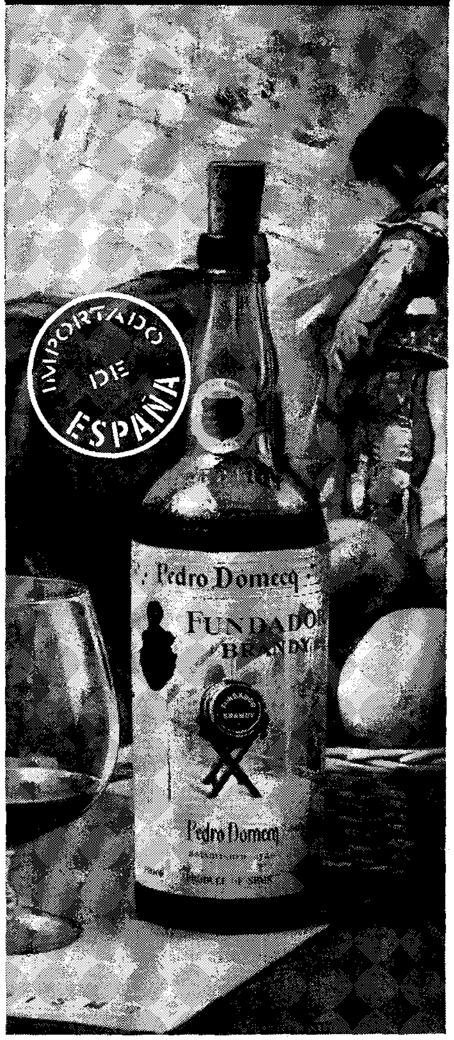

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the battered Russian fleet passed to port of the Suvoroff in a straggling, smoking line, as if to show the Admiral its battle wounds. Meanwhile, Togo, coming up and recognizing the flagship, ordered his guns trained on her. The Suvoroff went through the ordeal nobly. "Her condition seemed infinitely deplorable," Pakenham wrote. "Smoke curling round the stern was rolling horizontally away on the wind. If the absence of funnels contributed much to her air of distress, the now extensive conflagration raging amidships showed its reality. Less than half the ship can have been habitable; yet she fought on." Again and again Togo's shells struck home, and one explosion, Pakenham said, "was accompanied by a backrush of flame that must have been projected fifty feet from her side, and then through the enormous rent thus made could be seen the glow of the newly ignited interior." He went on, "It was thought that the end must have come at last; but though only the tip of the stern and the ragged end of a stunted mast protruded from the enveloping cloud, the Suvoroff still maintained the unequal contest." Finally, feeling that she had had enough, Togo made off after the rest of the fleet, but a few minutes later some destroyers, "indistinctly outlined in the misty air," as Pakenham put it, "and seeming to mingle with the waves that washed over them, made their stealthy way toward her." The privilege of giving the flagship her coup de grâce was eventually to fall to the destroyers and their torpedoes. But not yet. Almost instantly, the flagship's 75-mm. gun, manned by Midshipman von Kursel, opened up again, and the destroyers were scared away.

There had been some doubt among the Suvoroff's crew as to how well Clapier de Colongue would stand up to the rigors of battle. He was remote and cold, but he was known to be highly concerned about his own comfort, and it seemed possible that he might crumple at the first shot. Instead, he withstood the test calmly. After settling Rozhestvensky in the gun turret, he had darted about the ship organizing rescue, repair, and fire parties, obtaining reports on the state of the engines and steering gear, and generally trying to restore order. He was now in nominal command of the flagship, and when the Russian destroyer Buinyi came up, he ordered her to stand by and take off the Commander-in-Chief. It was a momentous decision; Rozhestvensky would, of course, be disgraced if he abandoned his ship, but Japanese cruisers were approaching, and Clapier de Colongue had made up

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his mind. Rozhestvensky was still in the gun turret, his back resting against a steel wall, his head, wrapped in a blood-stained towel, nodding on his chest. His uniform was torn and covered with soot, his beard half singed off, his injured leg bandaged with a table napkin. From time to time, he had raised his head and asked, in a low voice, how the battle was going. It had been difficult to tell, in the dim light, whether his eyes were open or closed. Now Clapier de Colongue came in through the twisted door of the turret and, crouching beside the Admiral, told him that he was being transferred to a destroyer.

Rozhestvensky shook his head slowly. "No," he said. "I don't want to go. No."

"Come on, sir," Clapier de Colongue begged. "We haven't much time. There are some cruisers coming up." Then he said to half a dozen men who were standing by, "Lift him gently. He's very bad."

Rozhestvensky groaned slightly as he was carried out on deck, but made no other protest. Up in the bow, a little group of curious sailors had gathered to see their Admiral off. "What are you staring at?" von Kursel shouted angrily. The Midshipman, who had been assigned the operation of transferring the Admiral, hastily constructed a rough raft on which to float Rozhestvensky across to the Buinyi, but soon saw that this would be too dangerous; the Buinyi would have to come alongside. Von Kursel ordered the men to hang mattresses, lengths of rope—anything—over the side to soften the impact of a collision. The whole operation had to be timed to the split second. The seas were running high, the side of the Suvoroff was a mass of jagged iron plates and smashed gun barrels, and shells from the Japanese cruisers were falling nearby. Somehow, the Buinyi pulled up and was made fast to the battleship; von Kursel ordered some men to climb over the side, hang on to what projections they could find, and flatten themselves against the ship's plates, to serve as a human chute down which Rozhestvensky could be rolled. Standing above them, legs wide apart, the Midshipman waited until the destroyer had begun to rise up toward the Suvoroff. "Not yet! Steady! Here she comes!" he shouted. "Now let him go!" The sailors who were carrying the Admiral did let him go, and his long, limp body half slid, half rolled down the human chute and into the arms of the Buinyi's sailors. A couple of hours before, the destroyer had picked up two hundred survivors from the Oslyabya,

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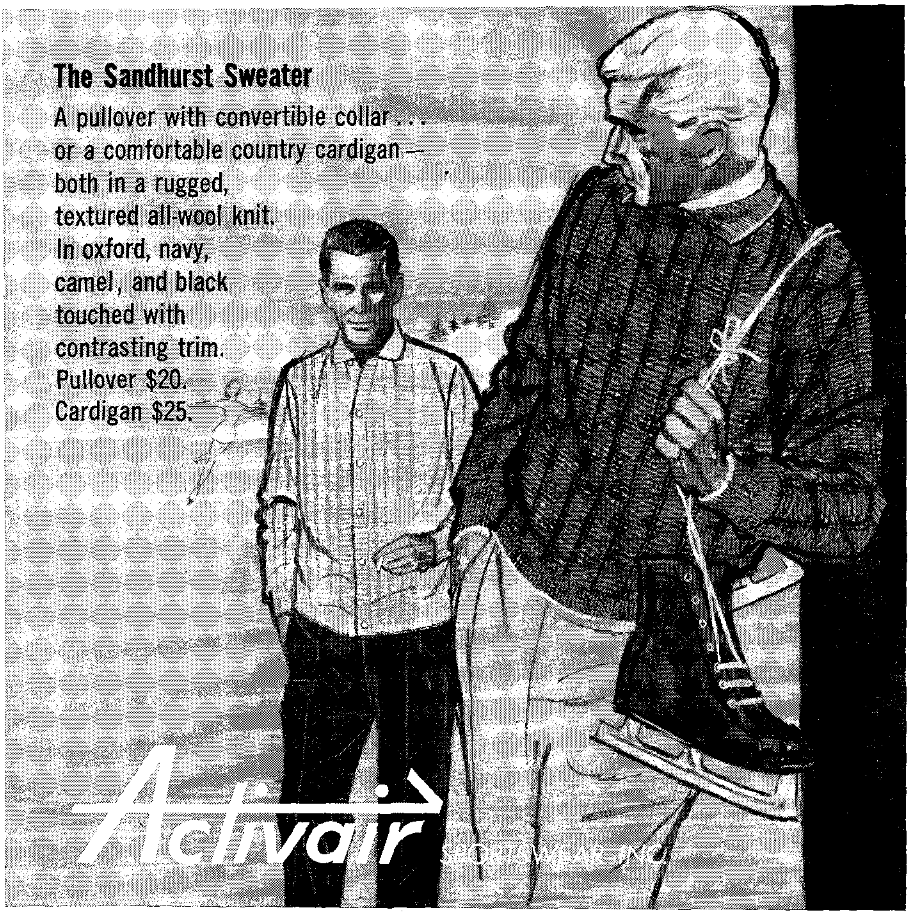
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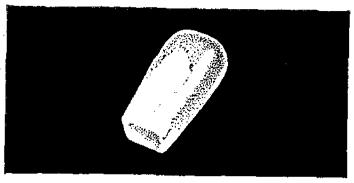

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and she was jammed. There was no question of her being able to take off the Suvoroff's crew, but Semenoff, Clapier de Colongue, and a dozen sailors did manage to leap aboard.

Von Kursel still stood on deck, holding a megaphone in one hand and waving his cap triumphantly with the other. "Aren't you coming with us?" Clapier de Colongue called up to him.

"No, sir!" he shouted back. "I shall stay by the ship."

So the Midshipman was left in command of the flagship, a hundred-odd bluejackets, and a single working gun. It was dusk, and the Japanese cruisers, now flanked by destroyers, were coming up fast. Von Kursel was last seen running toward the 75-mm. gun, with a pair of sailors at his heels, and some shots rang out before the flagship vanished into the smoke of battle and the thickening mist. At seven o'clock, four torpedoes hit the Suvoroff simultaneously, and she went down.

A few minutes before seven, the Alexander III had gone down, and a few minutes after seven the Borodino went down. Not long after sundown, Togo's main fleet moved off to the north, well away from the Russians, and his torpedo boats and destroyers swarmed into the battle zone—fifty-eight of them. All night long, they attacked what was left of Admiral Rozhestvensky's fleet.

EARLY in the engagement, Admiral Enkvist's nerves had given way. His fast light cruisers were at the rear of the column, supposedly looking after the supply ships, but when, at one point, the Japanese opened desultory long-range fire on their section of the line, the cruisers huddled together, surrounded by the very vessels they were supposed to be protecting. In fact, Enkvist's ships suffered more damage from one another than from enemy shells. The cruiser Ural rammed the stern of the cruiser Zhemchug, and the supply ship Anadyr rammed and sank the tugboat Rousse; if the enemy had simply left them alone, perhaps none would have been afloat the next morning. For the cruiser squadron, the end was to have no grandeur. To Enkvist, the mist was "a fog," and the opposing column "a weird confusion," and with the coming of darkness it seemed to him that every Japanese torpedo boat and destroyer was bent on the destruction of his ships. "Several times I attempted to break through the line of battleships and cruisers barring the way north," he later reported to the Admiralty, "but repeated attacks com-

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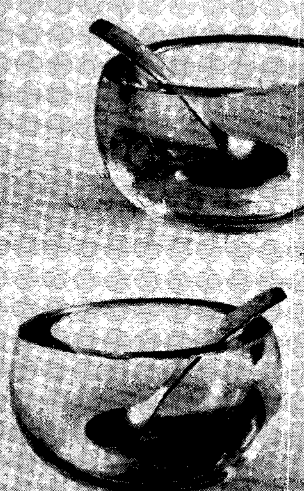

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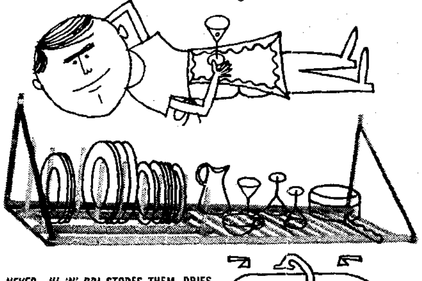

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pelled me to turn south, I decided therefore to make for Manila." Six days later, most of Enkvist's division slipped quietly into the Philippine port and into peaceful internment. Long before that, though, some of his vessels, their commanders disgusted by his timidity, had abandoned the division, and others had been abandoned by it, because of their slowness. Among the latter was the old Dmitri Donskoy, an armored cruiser that had bungled and blundered throughout the voyage. In her last hours, she covered herself with glory, beating off and damaging four Japanese light cruisers, sinking two torpedo boats and damaging a third, and finally, without an unwounded man aboard, dragging her shattered hull into an island cove, where she sank.

The morning of the twenty-eighth was cold and nasty. Scattered now to every corner of the battle area, the remnants of the Russian armada struggled northward through a gray, choppy sea. Several fast destroyers were far out in front, and at dawn the only even faintly cohesive force left to the Russians was a column led by Admiral Nebogatoff, which consisted of his flagship, the Czar Nicholas I; the Oryol, the one survivor among the proud new battleships; a single cruiser; and two of the coastal-defense ships. At 6 A.M., as this small fleet headed for Vladivostok, still three hundred miles away, Japanese ships appeared to port. A couple of hours later, others appeared to starboard, and by nine o'clock the Russians were surrounded by the whole Japanese fleet, showing practically no signs of battle damage and drawn up in impeccable formation for the final kill. From the bridge of the Czar Nicholas I, Nebogatoff surveyed the enemy and issued the call to battle stations, and the gunners gathered around their weapons. As the first Japanese shells began falling into the sea, Nebogatoff asked his gunnery officer, "What is the range?"

"Twelve thousand yards, sir."

There was not a Russian gun that could shoot that far. It was clear that the Japanese, with a long day ahead, could fire in complete safety. Nebogatoff ordered his top officers to meet him in the conning tower. To each of them, in turn, he put the question "What are we to do?" While they were answering, a twelve-inch shell exploded with tremendous force in the water amidships, another crashed on the afterdeck, and the old battleship shivered from stem to stern. Again the gunnery officer said that no Japanese vessel was within range of the Russian guns, and that none showed signs of closing

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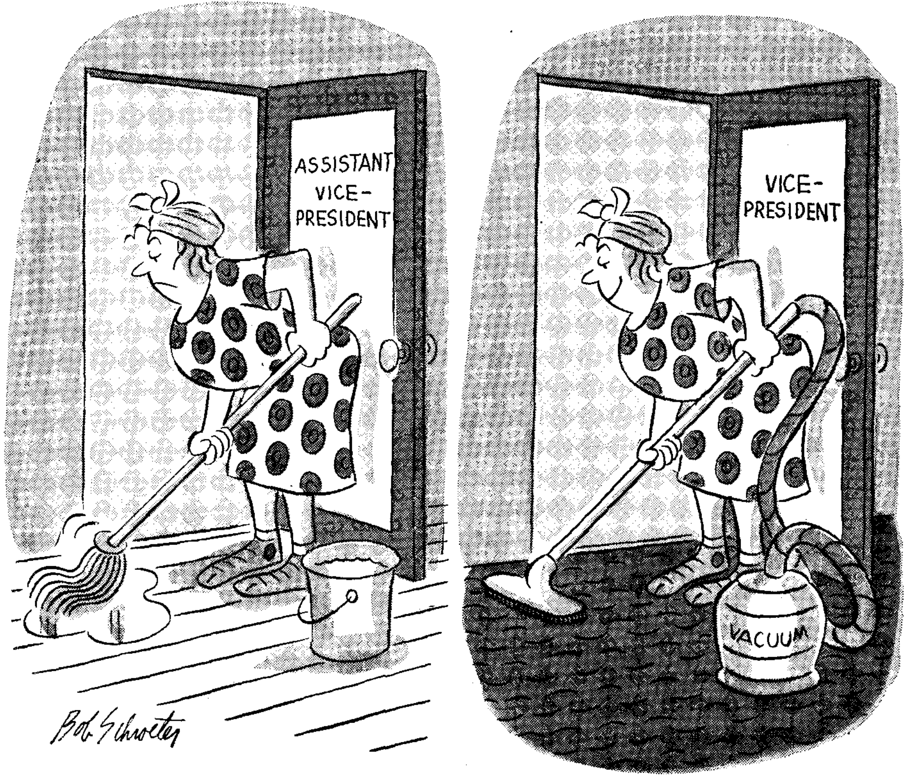

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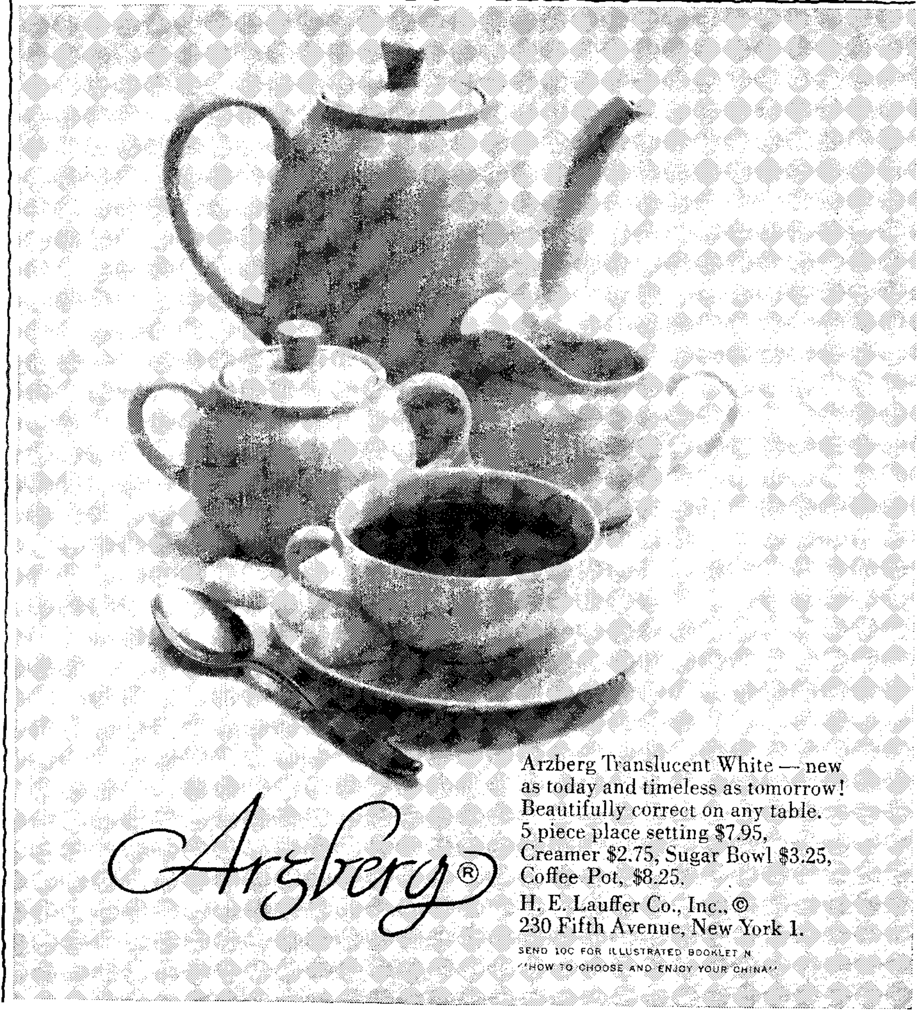
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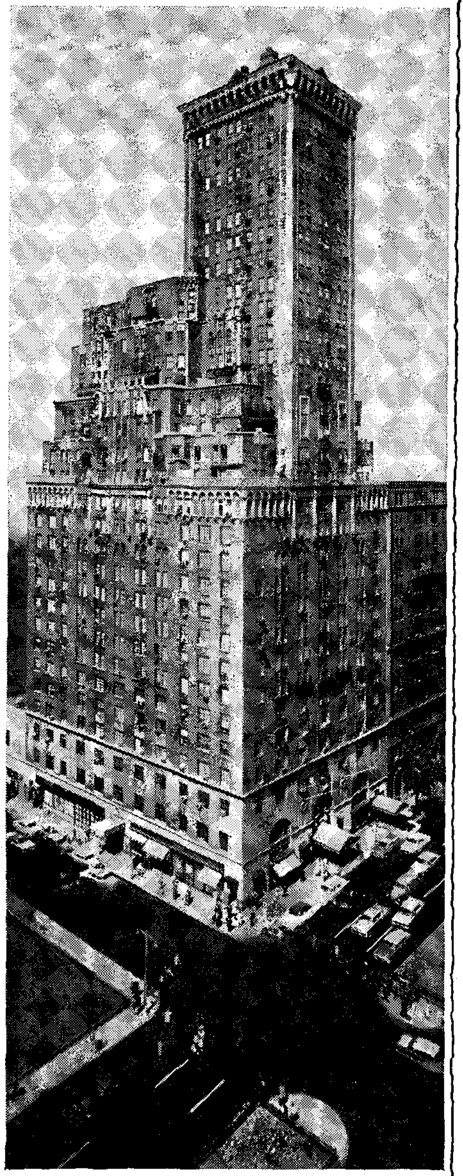

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in. The ship's captain was the last to offer an opinion. "Yesterday we did our duty, sir," he told Nebogatoff. "Today we are no longer in a condition to fight. There is nothing for it but to surrender." It was the first time the word had been spoken.

There was a moment's silence, and then Nebogatoff said, almost inaudibly, "Gentlemen, I propose to surrender, as the only means of saving our crews from destruction. Please give the order to run up the white flag."

There was no white flag aboard, and it took some time to rig up a tablecloth as a substitute. Even after this had been raised to the masthead, however, the Japanese gunners kept firing. The ship's company was ordered to assemble on deck, and Nebogatoff, now at the bridge rail, looked like a bent, bearded dwarf as he addressed his men. "Comrades," he said, "this is a sad day for Russia, for the Imperial Navy, and for all of us who have survived this terrible battle. I have decided to capitulate to the enemy, for otherwise we shall be annihilated to no purpose. I do this with a heavy heart but in the knowledge that no more human suffering can alter our fate or the fate of our fatherland. I am getting on in years, and my life is of trifling importance. Let the shame of this action rest on me alone. I am ready to undergo court-martial and to face the extreme penalty."

The Japanese had seen the white cloth, but they had taken it to be a ruse. They could not understand why the enemy ships, at least three of which appeared to be in fighting trim, should give up without firing a shot; for them the act of surrender did not exist. "It was utterly beyond our expectations," Togo wrote later. "We had opened fire with the strongest determination to destroy them at once. It was a strange occurrence, and we were astonished and somewhat disappointed." The Japanese closed in slowly and cautiously, still expecting a trap, but finally they became convinced that the surrender was genuine, and sent out boats to round up the prisoners. Nebogatoff was invited to come aboard the Mikasa, with his staff. He was received courteously and was permitted to keep his side arms.

ROZHESTVENSKY had spent a feverish night on the Buinyi, lying in a hammock slung in the commander's cabin. A surgeon had dressed his wounds and diagnosed his chief ailment—a fractured skull resulting in injury to the brain. "The slightest shock or jolt may prove fatal," the surgeon told the ship's officers. "The Admiral

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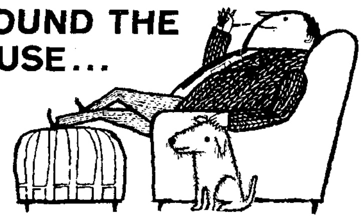

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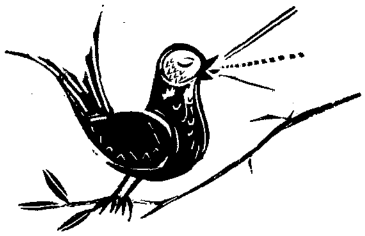

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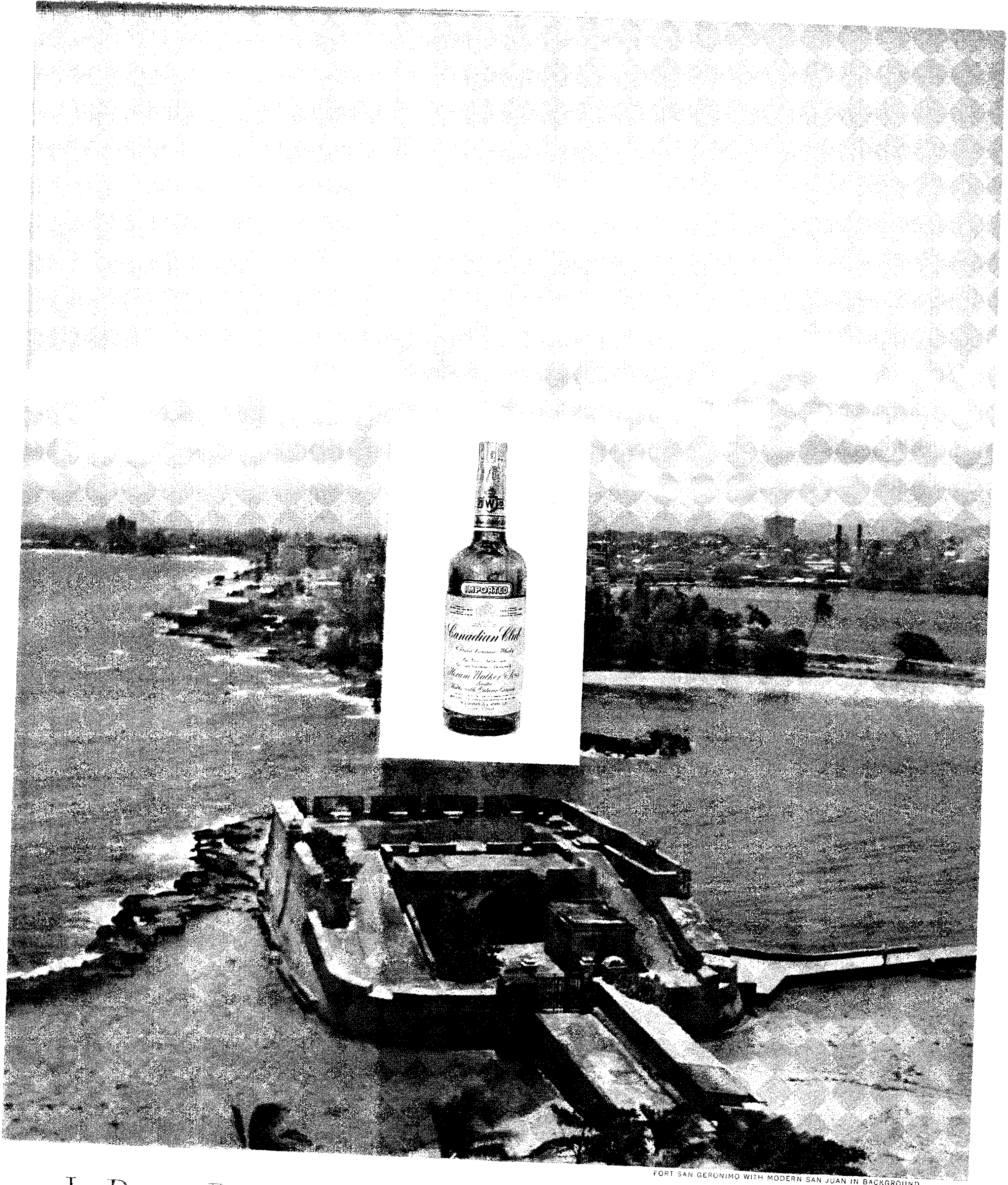
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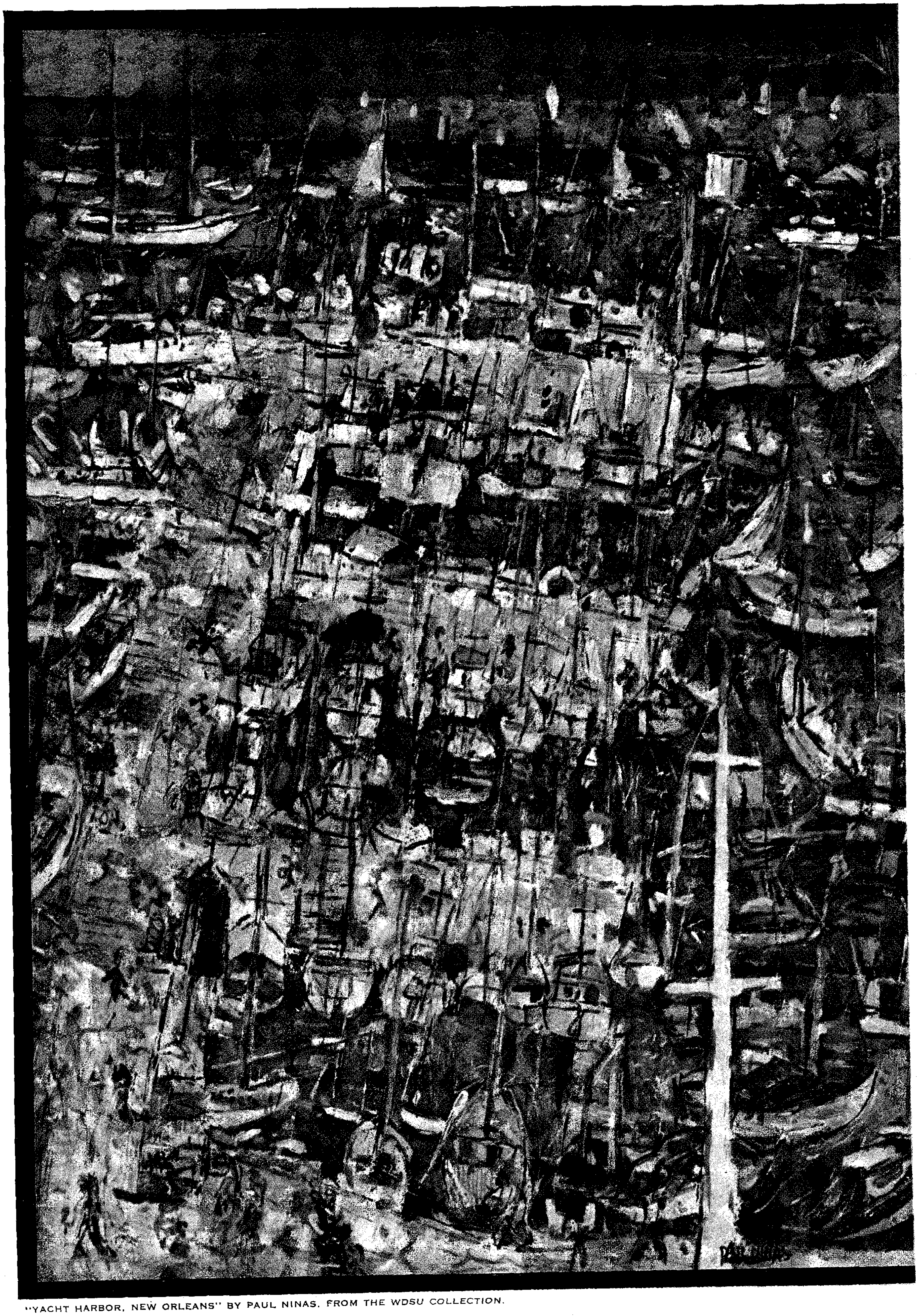

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must not be disturbed in any way." It was a difficult instruction to comply with aboard a jam-packed little cockleshell in the midst of a great naval battle. All night long, either Clapier de Colongue or Semenoff was at Rozhestvensky's side, giving him a sip of water from time to time and trying to make him more comfortable.

At one point, Semenoff asked him softly, "Are you strong enough to remain in command, sir?"

Rozhestvensky murmured, "No. Where am I? You can see . . . command . . . Nebogatoff." Then, in a clear voice: "Keep on for Vladivostok—course north twenty-three east."

Somehow, during the night, the Buinyi managed to proceed northward unmolested, but at dawn her engines began to falter and her fuel was running low. Then, by an extraordinary stroke of luck, she chanced on the Russian destroyers Groznyi and Bedovyi, steaming north at full speed. The captain went below to his cabin and, finding Rozhestvensky much improved in strength and spirits, asked him whether he wished his flag to be transferred to either of those ships. Rozhestvensky chose the Bedovyi, and was carried up to the main deck on a stretcher, lowered into a boat, and taken to her. On the Bedovyi's rolling deck, sitting upright on his stretcher, he surveyed the pathetic fragments of his armada. He could not know that to the southwest, just beyond the horizon, four of his ironclads were hauling down their colors without firing a shot and that some of his cruisers were fleeing to Manila; there was no doubt in his mind that these little vessels were all he had left.

"What are your orders, sir?" Clapier de Colongue asked, as he had done so many times.

In his old curt, sharp tone, Rozhestvensky instructed the detachment to proceed at the best economical cruising speed. "Course north twenty-three east—for Vladivostok," he said again. It was the Admiral's last command. Before he could be carried below, he fell into a coma.

THE battle was formally concluded that afternoon, with the surrender of the Russian Commander-in-Chief's current flagship—the Bedovyi. Its last moments were described in the combat report of the captain of her companion destroyer. "At a little after 3 P.M.," he wrote, "we saw two vessels coming from the Strait of Korea, which rapidly overtook us. On close view, the vessels were seen to be Japanese—one a two-funnelled destroyer, and the other

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a four-funnelled one. Approaching the Bedovyi, I asked, by semaphore, what we should do, and received for reply, 'How much speed can you make?' I answered, 'Twenty-two knots.' In reply to the order 'Go to Vladivostok,' I asked, 'Why not join the battle?' To that I received no reply, but, seeing that the Bedovyi did not increase speed, and not desiring to leave her by herself, I decreased speed, and kept near her until I saw her put up the white flag. Then I went full speed ahead."

The Bedovyi was as fast as the Groznyi, and if she had burned every inch of her wooden fittings, as the Groznyi did, she too could have outstripped her pursuers. It was Clapier de Colongue's devotion to Rozhestvensky that made him decide otherwise. The Admiral's honor had been destroyed, but his life was left, and this Clapier de Colongue was determined to preserve. The vibration of the destroyer steaming at full speed would be certain to kill him, if the enemy did not succeed in doing so, whereas if he fell into Japanese hands, skilled surgeons might still save him. Clapier de Colongue found it as difficult as Nebogatoff had to persuade the enemy that he was ready to give in. Although the white flag was flying, one of the Japanese destroyers, tearing through the water, opened fire on the Bedovyi. Only after her siren had been set to a high-pitched wail did the Japanese gunners cease fire. Then the Japanese destroyer sent a boat over, with bluejackets rowing and the destroyer's commander, a Lieutenant Ayiba, standing in the stern. As he leaped aboard the Russian vessel, he unsheathed his sword, and for a moment the crew feared the worst, but the Lieutenant was concerned only with the wireless aerial, which he severed with quick slashes. "Are you the captain?" he asked Clapier de Colongue, in English, and Clapier de Colongue answered, "I am now in command of the ship." Semenoff, who spoke Japanese, told the Lieutenant that among his prisoners was an admiral—the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian fleet. It was a moment before the Japanese officer could absorb this; his Oriental calm was shattered. "Where is your admiral?" he demanded eagerly.

"In the commander's cabin, aft," Semenoff replied. "But the surgeon says he must on no account be disturbed."

"I shall not disturb him, gentlemen," the Lieutenant said, "but I must have a look at him."

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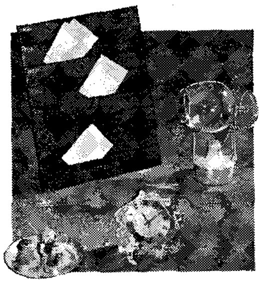

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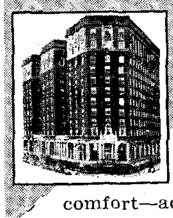

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The Lieutenant had his look, left a guard at the door, and returned to his own ship, taking Clapier de Colongue and the rest of the staff with him. The whole operation was carried out with speed, efficiency, and the utmost correctness.

On the morning of May 30th, the Bedovyi was towed into Sasebo, a port on the west coast of Japan. Nebogatoff's ships were already there, tied up beside the harbor wall, each with the Japanese flag flying at its masthead. But Rozhestvensky did not see them; he was still unconscious as he came to the end of the long and eventful voyage he had started out on the autumn before. "This difficult journey," he had called it then, exhorting his troops to loyalty and hard work, and it had been difficult beyond his worst imaginings.

For most of the first week of June, Rozhestvensky lay half conscious and in pain in a private ward of the naval hospital at Sasebo. As soon as he was off the danger list, surgeons operated on him, removing a sliver of bone from his brain, and a few days later it was clear that his sturdy constitution had won out. For a vanquished admiral who, in the eyes of the world, had fled his ship, he was treated with uncommon generosity. On June 8th, the Czar telegraphed his condolences: "It was God's will not to give you success, but the country is proud of your courage. I wish you a speedy recovery. May God console all of us." Then Admiral Togo called. He apologized for the somewhat Spartan conditions in the hospital, and, sitting at Rozhestvensky's bedside, attempted to comfort him. "There is no need for a warrior to associate an honorable defeat with shame," he said. "We fighting men suffer either way, win or lose. The only question is whether or not we have done our duty. During the battle, your men fought most gallantly, and I admire all of them, and you in particular. You performed your great task heroically until you were incapacitated. I pay you my highest respects."

Lying in bed, Rozhestvensky read newspaper accounts of the battle—the Battle of Tsushima, as it became known. Five thousand of his men had been killed, and all but three of his ships had been sunk, captured, or interned in neutral ports. The stories in the Russian papers held no comfort for Rozhestvensky. One, compiled from wildly inaccurate news-agency reports, castigated him mercilessly, accusing him of entering the arena prepared for de-

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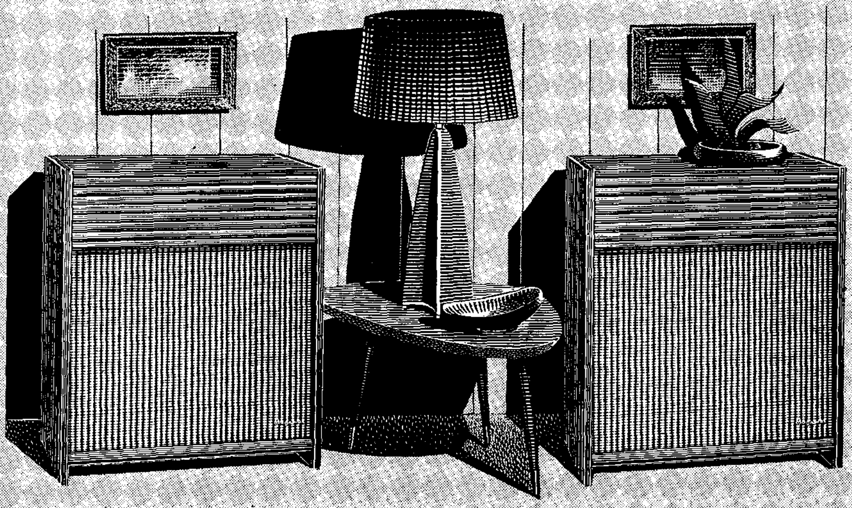

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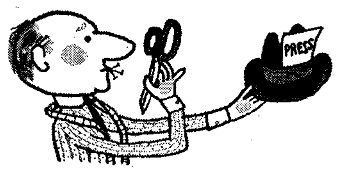

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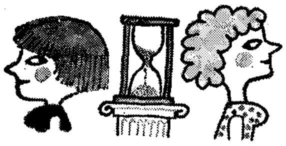
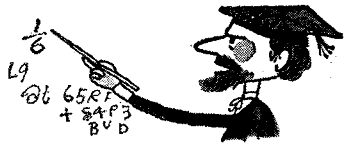
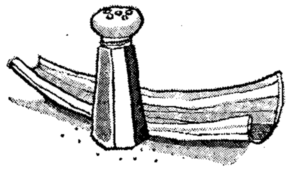


Quiz! Mary is 24 years old. She is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann? (Answer is 18, but don't ask why. We copied it from the girl at the next desk.)



Dash! Please remember a "dash" is not a drop or two. It is one-sixth (1/6) of a teaspoon. And a Manhattan—dry, sweet or what-have-you—isn't a Manhattan without a dash of Angostura Bitters!



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feat rather than victory, and of instilling a defeatist spirit in his commanders. Rozhestvensky refrained from replying to these attacks, and the tone of the statements he himself gave to newspaper correspondents was straightforward and factual. "During the first half hour, our men fought well," he told a French reporter. "In this half hour, the Japanese suffered all the injuries they received. Then, however, our men suddenly became demoralized by the terrifying effects of the Japanese fire, and all was over. . . . The greatest enemy of the battleships was the rain of fire caused by the incessant explosions of shells. Everything began to burn, and even in the conning tower I was literally enveloped in flames. In all parts of the ship, and especially in the turrets, the heat was stifling." There was no attempt at self-justification, and never, then or later, did he attempt to explain his curious irresoluteness on the day of battle.

On August 28th, Rozhestvensky was taken in a rickshaw to the Sasebo quayside, and there he embarked on a Japanese steamer bound for Kyoto. Two months later, along with a few hundred other released Russian prisoners of war, he was on his way to Vladivostok. "He looks vigorous," an observer reported, "though he has grown thin from hardships and worries. But the doctor says that is a trifle; his nerves are of iron, and because they will sustain him, he will outlive us all."

By then, with the encouragement of President Theodore Roosevelt, Japanese and Russian envoys had signed a peace treaty at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The victors imposed severe terms: Russia was compelled, among other things, to evacuate southern Manchuria and to surrender all economic and political rights in Korea to Japan. (Five years later, Japan openly annexed Korea.) On the home front, things were evolving even more disastrously for the Czar; the Revolution of 1905—the prelude to a greater revolution—was in full swing. During Rozhestvensky's voyage to Vladivostok, some of the released Russian prisoners aboard, seized by revolutionary fever, broke into his cabin and demanded vodka; one sailor cursed him as "the man who spilled our blood."

Vladivostok itself was in an uproar, and Rozhestvensky quickly left for St. Petersburg via the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Many of the towns along the route were paralyzed by strikes and other upheavals, and only at the little town of Tulun, in central Siberia, was he given any sort of reception. There,

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a crowd of soldiers and workmen gathered on the station platform, in the bitter cold of the Siberian autumn, to welcome him. Rozhestvensky, his head still bandaged, hobbled out from his compartment, supported by a stick. He was greeted by a thin cheer—the first he had received for months.

"Did Nebogatoff's division run out on the fight?" he was asked. "Was it treachery that defeated you?"

"No, there was no treachery," Rozhestvensky told them. "We just weren't strong enough—and God did not give us luck."

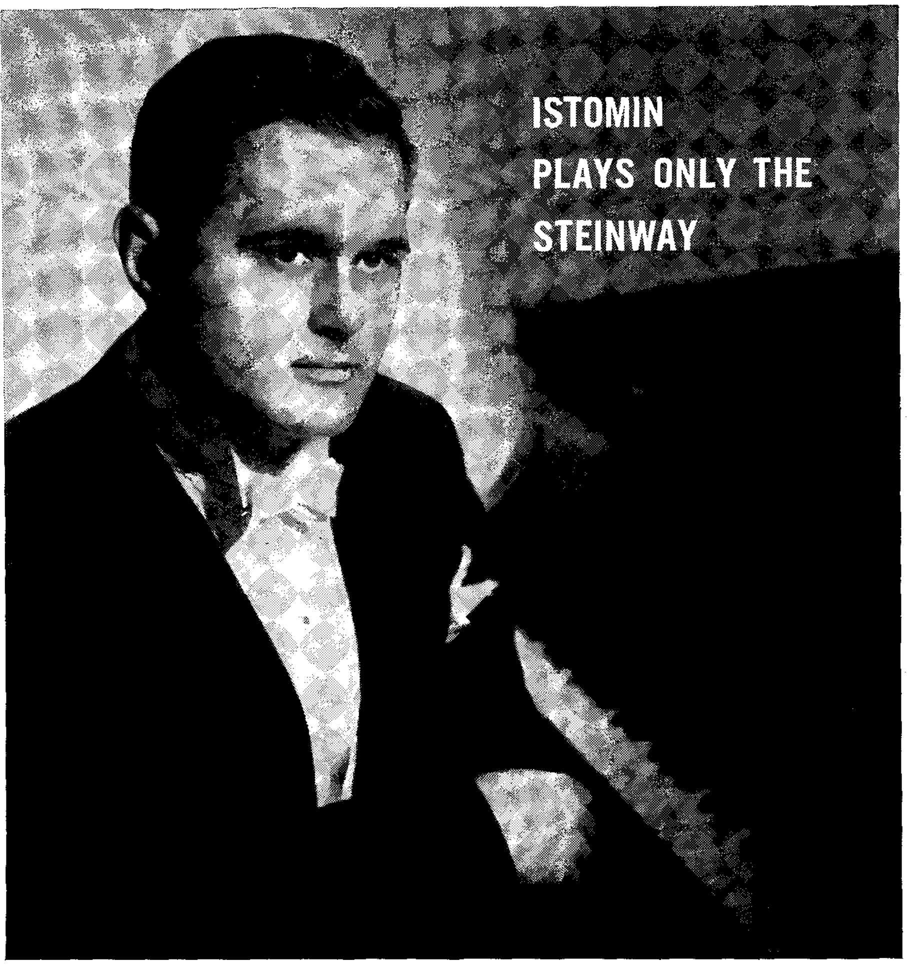
As the train drew out, the people waved and cheered again and shouted, "God grant you good health!"

IN St. Petersburg, a single call at the Admiralty was sufficient to make Rozhestvensky's position plain to him. The Admiralty had no intention of punishing him, both because of his rank and because he could, if he wished, expose the foolishness of its strategy; enough explosions were taking place in St. Petersburg without fireworks in the nation's top defense councils. So Rozhestvensky was quietly retired on a generous pension, and it was hoped that no more would be heard from him. Nebogatoff and Clapier de Colongue were to be the scapegoats and were to be tried by court-martial for surrendering unnecessarily. Rozhestvensky insisted on appearing at their trials, and he stood loyally by them, accepting full responsibility for everything that had occurred at Tsushima. "I was in full possession of my senses," he declared at Clapier de Colongue's trial. "The witnesses who have declared that I was delirious are mistaken." In spite of all his efforts, though, Nebogatoff and Clapier de Colongue were sentenced to be shot.

Rozhestvensky spent three years in retirement, recognized on only one occasion by the service to which he had devoted his life. On July 19, 1908, when he and his wife were staying at a hotel in Bad Nauheim, Germany, she received a telegram from the Admiralty giving details of requiem services to be held in his memory at St. Petersburg. Somehow a false report of his death had circulated through most of Europe. With relish, Rozhestvensky read the premature obituaries in the papers, and the flood of messages of commiseration that came to his wife. "I am still alive," he reassured callers. "You mustn't kill me off before my time." Six months later, on January 14, 1909, his time came.

—RICHARD HOUGH

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)



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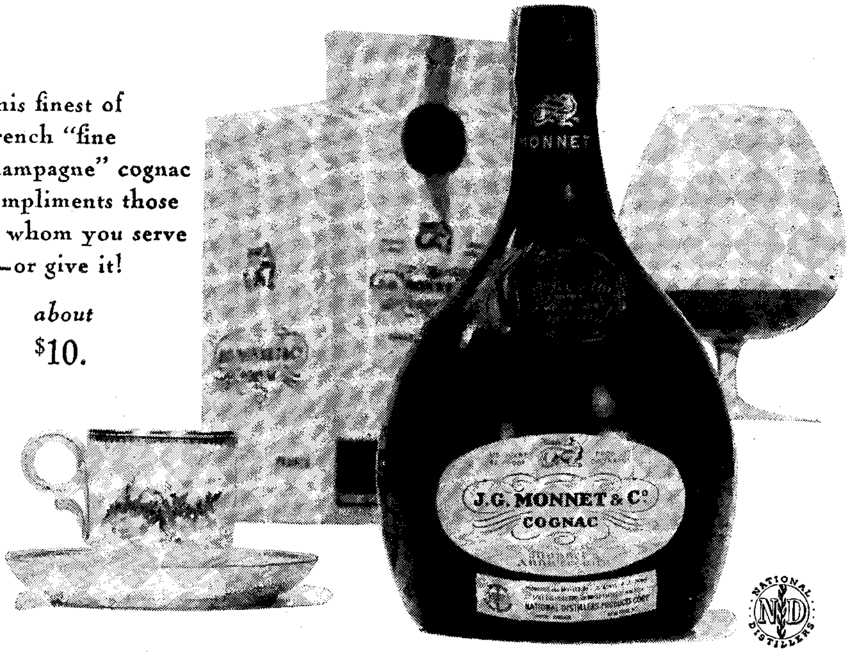

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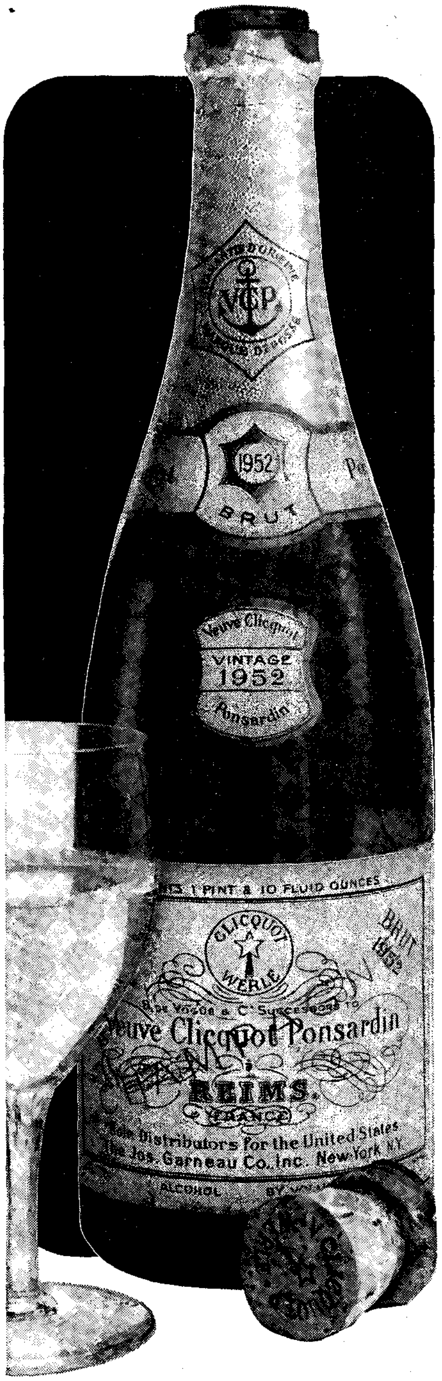

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THE ART GALLERIES

All-American

THE first major exhibition of the season at the Metropolitan Museum, a collection of some two hundred paintings, water colors, and other works called "Fourteen American Masters: Paintings from Colonial Times to Today," is, in appearance, a rather haphazard undertaking. It has its good points, but these are almost lost in a kind of thrown-together feeling, and the general effect is a little disappointing. The pieces are drawn almost without exception from the Museum itself, and this may offer one explanation for the outcome, for until recently the Museum's interest in American art has been notoriously slight and its holdings scanty; it may be that in the long run the greatest value of the show will be an awakening of the Museum to some of its shortcomings in this department.

At any rate—and to get the worst of things over and done with—the selection is, to say the least, capricious. In this respect, the earliest section, of what might be called the "Old Master period" of our painting—carried, a bit glancingly, by John Singleton Copley, Gilbert Stuart, Eastman Johnson, and George Inness—is by far the best. Even so, I couldn't help wondering why Johnson was chosen, instead of any one of such figures of the period as Thomas Cole, Caleb Bingham, and Albert Bierstadt, and as one goes on from there through the later men the inclusions, and the omissions, become even more surprising.

Perhaps the most remarkable omission is Winslow Homer, who certainly deserves a ranking well up among our fourteen greatest. Ryder was also discarded, as were Luks, Henri, and Bellows. The Hudson River school, with such men as Durand, Kensett, and Cropsey to be accounted for, is scamped, too (some of the artists I've mentioned are represented by single paintings, set off in a separate gallery as a sort of appendix to the main show, but that doesn't place them among the Museum's august fourteen; it actually accentuates the fact that they didn't make the grade), while the field of mid-nineteenth-century genre painting, the one in which some of our most original

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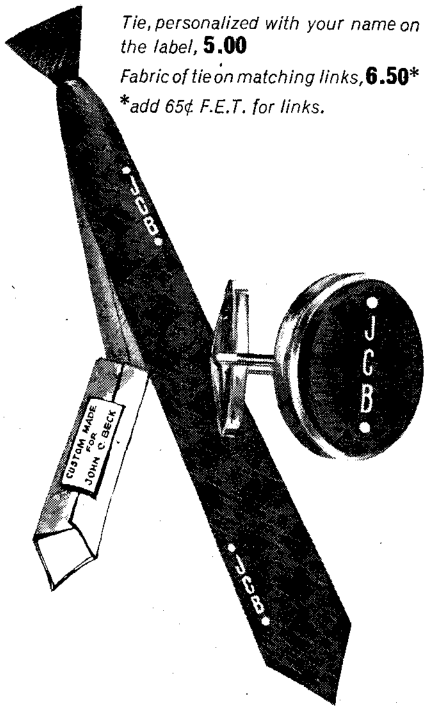

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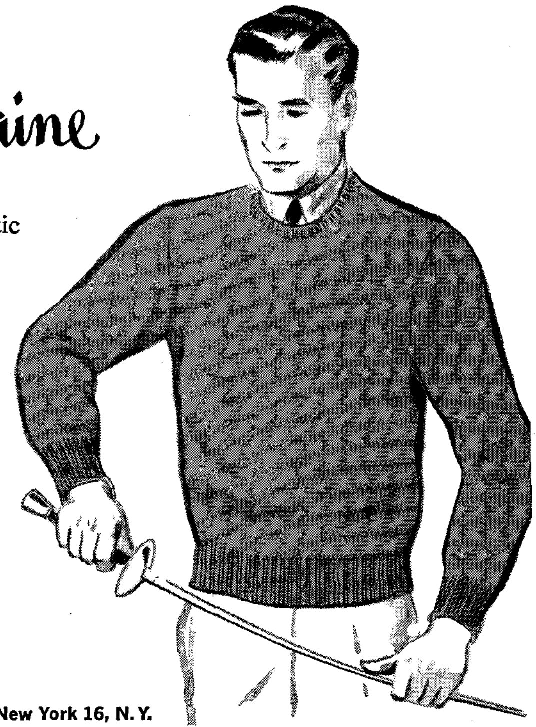
work was perhaps done, is overlooked entirely.

Another flaw is that though most of the fourteen are represented by a sizable number of pieces (the average is about ten, but Sargent has twenty-three, including water colors, and Whistler all of thirty-six), no apparent attempt has been made to select them so as to indicate the artists' development through their careers, and while this might have been difficult to do with the earlier painters, it does give an oddly disjointed effect to the collection, making each man appear, so to speak, full-blown, and unconnected with the trends and influences of his period.

But I've gone on long enough about the exhibition's shortcomings. The fact still is that it's a considerable undertaking; the very size and scope give it a certain importance, and if one takes it as a museum within a museum (which by virtue of its organization it actually is), it is well worth visiting. The John Singleton Copley room is one of the most charming. Copley's ability to mix an almost Dutch fidelity to strict delineation with a peculiarly warm personal approach to his subjects is well displayed, most notably in the sly-eyed, round-faced "Daniel Crommelin Verplanck," shown with his pet squirrel, the almost Halsian "Mrs. Sylvanus Bourne," and the touchingly youthful "Midshipman Augustus Brine," posed effectively against the dark loom of a ship.

The Inness group is handsome, too, and so is the Eakins—the former with, among others, the dark, haunting "Evening at Medfield, Massachusetts" and the lovely, golden "Delaware Valley," the latter with the gaunt portrait of his wife called "Lady with a Setter Dog," "The Thinker," and the famous "Max Schmitt in a Single Scull." As one nears the present, the selection becomes even more arbitrary—but we won't go into that further. Let's just say that the Marin and O'Keeffe groups, which more or less end the show chronologically, are outstanding, the O'Keeffe being rich in such of her desert paintings as the "Ranchos Church" and "Cow's Skull: Red, White and Blue," and the Marin with "Off Cape Split, Maine" and "Boats and Sea, Deer Isle, Maine," to hint at his long line of seascapes, and, in another genre, "Saint Paul's, Manhattan." I was interested to note, too, throughout the show, the trend of influences on our art—the English schools at first, from Copley on through Sargent, then a gradual shifting and broadening to include traces of such varied ones as the Japanese (in Mary Cassatt

Alan Paine



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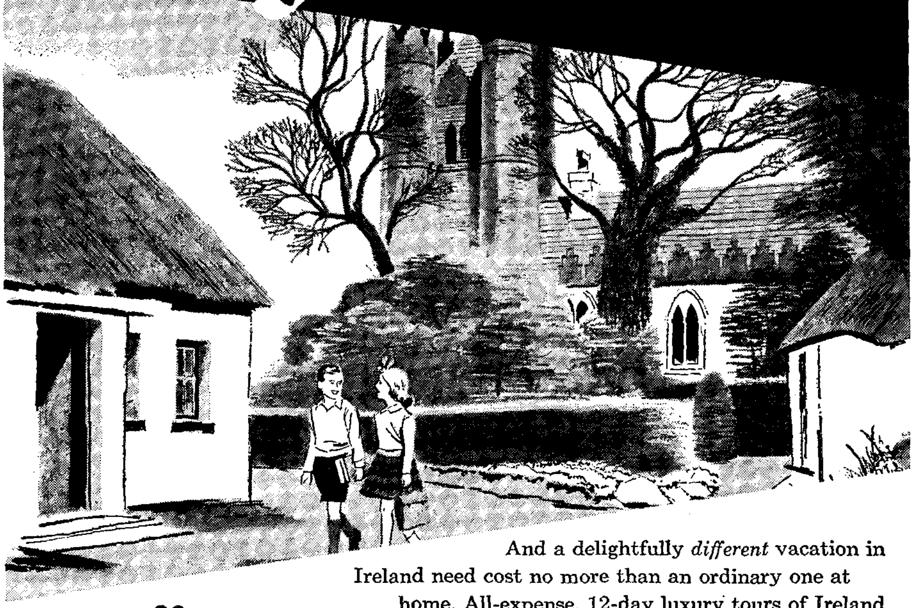

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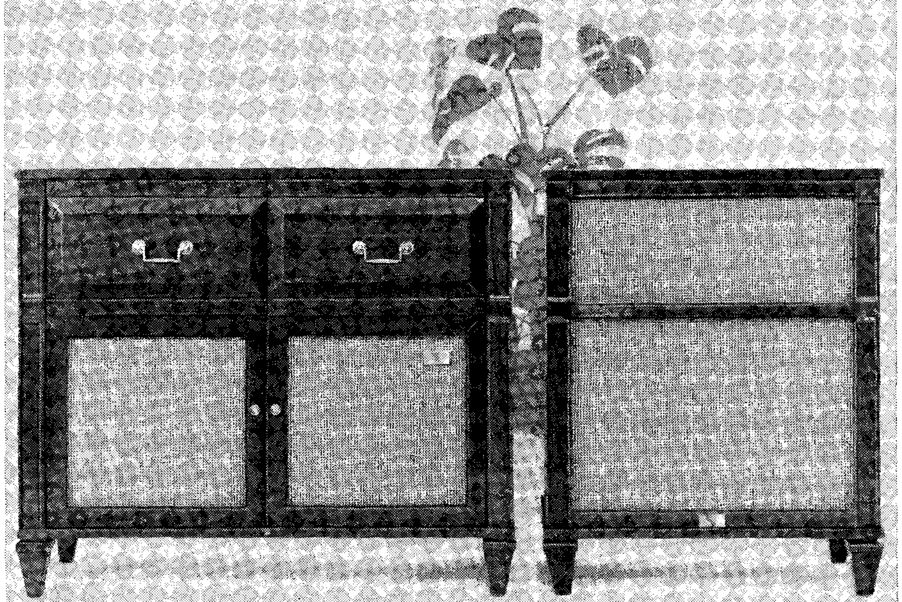

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and Whistler) and (in Eakins) the Munich realists, and ending with the French. Here again is something the show might profitably have emphasized, and didn't.

AT the Nordness Gallery is a memorial exhibition of paintings by O. Louis Guglielmi that is remarkable for the way it manages, in a small space (no more than twenty-three pieces), to trace his development through most of his career, and the fact that it makes no effort to disguise the influences he underwent as his art progressed adds to its interest. Guglielmi was fifty when he died, two years ago, and he had achieved a considerable reputation. Yet in a sense he was still trying to find himself artistically. Primarily an interpreter of the city scene, he was a man of deep social and moral conscience, and in his efforts to reconcile his objective outlook with his inner emotional and philosophic feeling he experimented more widely than most with the techniques and mannerisms around him. Thus, in "Funeral at Woodford," dated 1933, one finds him practicing a dry sort of simplified naturalistic style that is reminiscent of Grant Wood. That, though, was apparently too matter-of-fact for him, and "The Persistent Sea," of only two years later (*with the sea,* in a sense, *penetrating the* very walls of the beachside cottage), is both stronger and richer for the poetic feeling it reveals. That, essentially, was an essay into Surrealism, and from then on there was always to be a sense of the dreamlike in his paintings—overlaid, however, with adventures into abstract simplifications that bring to mind suggestions of such disparate influences as Lurçat, Stuart Davis, and even some of the Italian Futurists. The result is a restless quality, as of a man searching endlessly for a mode or technique that would convey his ideas completely and compactly. But one senses as well a basic integrity and sincerity of intention that give the work unity; Guglielmi knew *what* he wanted to say, even if he didn't always quite know how he wanted to say it. In "Figures in Flight," "From Manhattan," and the very late "Blue Spire"—to mention a few in which the *what* and the *how* coincide—his expression was vivid and forceful indeed. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

7:30-8 (4)—Please note Dragnet's new time, which makes it perfect for the kiddies.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Noted.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

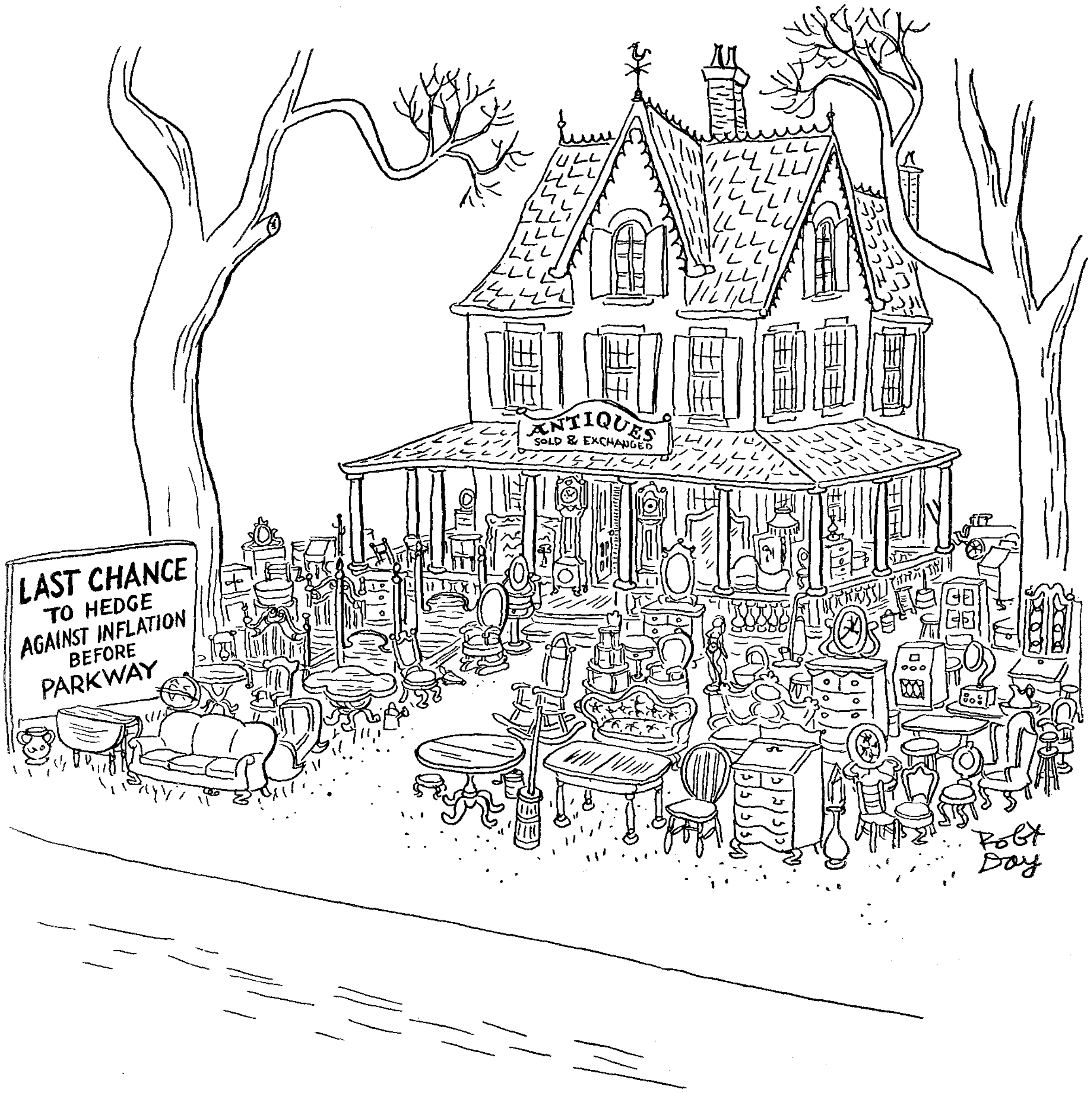
ABOUT THE HOUSE

SINCE so many questions of aesthetics are being settled for us every day with glib finality, I have taken a sort of perverse pleasure in observing that there has not yet been offered (or, certainly, accepted) any over-all solution to the vexing problem of how to frame abstract paintings. However, I must admit that Mr. Henry Heydenryk, of the House of Heydenryk, 141 West 54th Street, has gone pretty far in that direction, having at least approached the matter with an intelligent grasp of its difficulties, and, to get right down to it, having recently brought out a group of interesting and handsome frames designed expressly for latter-day works of art.

The simple strip frame, with or without a linen mat, has for a long time been the galleries' rather clinically severe answer to the question, and a few museums (notably the Guggenheim) maintain that the wall itself—clean and uncluttered—is the most satisfactory frame of all for non-objective paintings. Mr. Heydenryk, while conceding the economic necessity for the strip frame (or no frame) in such institutions, and acknowledging that this austere presentation may even be satisfactory in a public place, contends that it doesn't at all follow that the same sort of framing is the right thing for the home, where contemporary decoration has taken on a new richness, in sharp contrast to the almost Oriental bareness so stylish for modern interiors a few years back. It is Mr. Heydenryk's position that abstract paintings urgently need some kind of bridge between their own unconventional surfaces and the often exuberant furnishings they are supposed to fit in with.

For the designs of his frames, Mr. H. has drawn on primitive sources of the kind that have frequently inspired modern artists—a bit of sixteenth-century Benin carving, an antique tapa cloth from New Guinea, the curly beard of an ancient Buddha, a piece of sculptured panelling from the Congo. The frames are all of old worm-eaten chestnut intricately hand-carved in a continuous pattern that reproduces, after a fashion, something of the non-centered quality of the pictures they are to surround. Between the painting and the frame proper, a sharply modern inner molding, also carved of wood, and covered with gold or silver leaf, somehow helps not only to set off the picture but to effect the necessary bridge. As you probably know, the Heydenryk gallery has on hand a representative collection of non-objective canvases, and the staff is happy to drape the new frames around them for your consideration before you go to the trouble of bringing in your own work of art for an *essayage*. But perhaps, before even such tentative negotiations are entered into, I had better mention that prices of the frames I speak of run from $300 to $400.

NO doubt I should feel some embarrassment at having allowed black prejudice (it crops up in these reports, I fear, all too frequently) to put me off the decorative fixture known as a room divider, which, after a fairly promising start about fifteen years ago, has lately been debased into more or less trivial reproductions of the panels used in Japanese houses, yet has enjoyed an increasing vogue in high-toned interiors. Some conservative householders (including me) have been inclined to think twice before taking these things to their heart, not only because of the division of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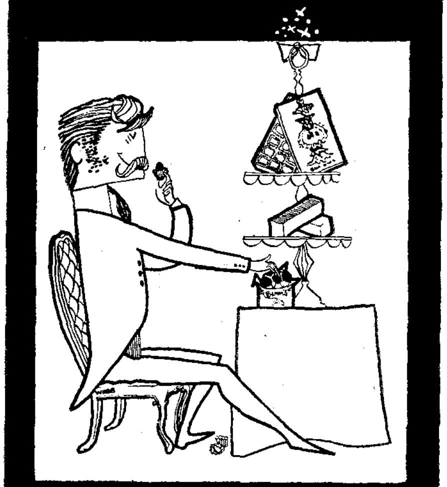

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a room seems a less pressing problem than its expansion but partly because of a patronizing suspicion that the prodigious split-level acceptance the panels have enjoyed all the way from Westchester to California justifies some restraint. Recently, however, the implacable room-dividing function of this object has been cheerfully lost sight of in the hands of a group of imaginative designers, who have gone to less obvious sources for their inspiration and have put the panels to a variety of unexpected and quite successful uses. The Japanese panels are still with us, but they are made of more substantial woods and in more beguiling patterns than before, and there are also reproductions of antique screens from India and Morocco, as well as some airily modern carved screens from the Philippines, to give the whole concept of interior panels a new and happier start in life.

It would be hard to find a more interesting or more distinctive collection of these screens, or panels, or whatever you want to call them, than the one in the showrooms of Luten-Clarey-Stern, 50 East 64th Street. The prize of the group is an antique cedar screen, taken from a Moroccan palace, whose incredibly intricate carvings are a marvel of cabinetwork. Although this is a very ancient piece, it would enhance a strictly modern room delightfully, perhaps used as a door leading to a garden or a penthouse terrace, or set up, to produce an illusion of perspective, between a foyer and a drawing room. This treasure consists of two forty-eight-by-fifty-four-inch panels, and together they cost $1,200, through decorators. Hand-carved reproductions, which the firm undertakes to make with scrupulous accuracy, are $25 a square foot. From India, there are one-foot squares of teak, exquisitely carved in designs that are light and graceful, though the wood itself is as heavy as lead. These are $20 apiece and can be made into sliding doors for closets or ordinary room doors, or used simply as wall decorations. In addition, there are a number of less magnificent—and, by the same token, less costly—screens and panels from Japan and from Hong Kong (if all the Chinese merchandise coming out of Hong Kong is actually being made there, as importers assure us, with a straight face, that it is, the island must surely be the busiest place on earth), among them some engaging panels that are merely small cross-sections of bamboo set in a birch frame, at $7 a square foot (these are to order), and various nicely unassuming arrangements of rattan made

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up into two- or three-section screens, at $24 per section, each being two feet by seven. Elderly customers may sniff at the revival, enthusiastically sponsored by the L.C.S. firm, of the old bead curtain, for while its modern apotheosis is very likely an improvement on the portière of the past, it still remains very much a bead curtain. The Sixty-fourth Street version is made of slender two-inch lengths of brown-stained bamboo separated by half-inch wooden balls. The curtains measure three by seven feet, and cost $24 each.

PROVIDED that you aren't already bored to death by this exhaustive research into the current Oriental-screen situation, you might like to look in at an unpretentious little shop called Asian Arts, which has recently set up in business at 223 East 58th Street for the importation of authentic Japanese screens. They are carved of blond hinoki wood (a Japanese variety of cypress) or red cedar, and are shown in fifteen or so attractive designs. Some are reproductions of old panels, and others are strikingly contemporary in feeling; they are all the same size—sixty-eight inches high and thirty-four wide—but range in price from $55 to $145.

MURALS, INC., 16 East 53rd Street, has come up with some boldly modern screens, by Erwin Hauer, a young Austrian sculptor, that are startlingly different from anything that has been seen around here before. To be precise, they are potential screens, since what you will find in the showroom is simply a collection of handsomely molded cast-stone building units, which can be arranged in intricately convoluted patterns that not only are beautiful in themselves but create spectacular effects when sunlight or lamplight is filtered through their openwork. In inspecting these units—they come in three sizes, each of a different design—you will have to rely on your own imagination to discover their almost infinite possibilities, since Murals, Inc., has done little or nothing to put the new medium's best foot forward. Or maybe it's a subtle compliment to the intelligence of customers, grown more and more dependent on the beguiling art of the window dresser, that the firm should have left these interesting forms in their unpromising cement color (they are supposed to be painted after installation) and should have made no suggestions as to their use. I think, though, that the perceptive householder will have little diffi-

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culty in dreaming up things to do with the sculptures, which, while they have no place in *gemütlich* family sitting rooms, would lend themselves to various fascinating treatments in a big modern room. The smallest unit measures seven inches by five and a half by two and a half, and costs $12 a square foot (the footage being figured out after the over-all design has been settled on). The two others are squares—an eight-inch square six and three-quarters inches thick, and an eleven-and-three-quarter-inch square ten inches thick—and these, too, are sold by the square foot, at $15 and $10, respectively. Through decorators.

While you're on the premises of Murals, Inc.—which, by the way, has a good selection of scenic wallpapers in addition to the sculptured building units—you'd do well to tarry awhile in the firm's new architectural department, where endless examples of modern ornamentation for both outside and inside walls have been assembled. It looks, I am afraid, as if we were headed straight for bright-colored exterior adornment of our public buildings, and you can get an excellent preview of the new trend at Murals, Inc., where, among other exhibits, there is a many-hued ceramic piece, by Gio Ponti, that is being considered as a wall decoration for the new Time-Life Building. Much less flamboyant, but remarkably good-looking, is the shop's collection of Marbela Venezia, which consists of bits of lovely Italian marble artificially smoothed and shaped into small balls and then pressed into terrazzo tiles with the artistry that only Italian craftsmen bring to this kind of work. The tiles range in size from five inches by ten to sixteen inches square, and can be put to all sorts of uses—as hall flooring, on a hearth, or on a penthouse balustrade. The price is from $3.50 to $5 a square foot.

As original as anything that Time-Life has dreamed up for its outside walls (and a lot more livable) are some hand-painted wallpapers to be seen at Karl Mann Associates, 16 East 55th Street. They are of Japanese rice paper, and the patterns are entrancing—some resembling sunbursts (these are tie-dyed), some suggesting flowers with very blurred outlines, and one that seems to be, of all things, a fanciful arrangement of lemon slices. Charmingly unconventional as these forms are, it's the colors the artist has used that really bowl you over—blues the like of which you've never seen, clear lemony yel-

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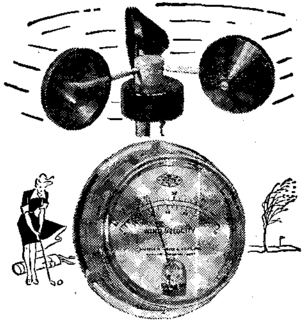

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lows, poisonous greens, and vivid purplish pinks, all as beautiful as they are strong. These magical combinations of color and design are certainly not to be slapped on like ordinary wallpaper (there's not much chance of that anyway, since the sheets, eighteen inches by twenty-five, cost $3 each), but for exactly the right restricted space (in an alcove, say), and used with as much reserve as can be brought to such a lively medium, the papers should be a delight. I regret to say that they are available only through decorators.

EVERY one of the varied enterprises of John Scott, that infallibly practical upholsterer, cabinetmaker, and fabric merchant at 1113 Madison Avenue (83rd), makes sense, and his latest service will, I think, be hailed as an especial blessing by ladies who are pressed for time, or whose feet hurt. By arrangement with some of the leading furniture manufacturers of the country, the firm is prepared to show its customers fourteen large volumes of photographs of first-rate furniture, all of which can be ordered through Scott. The operation works like this: If you are looking for, say, a sofa, you leaf through the volume on sofas, couches, and chaise longues, make your selection (or perhaps a couple of tentative selections), and are sent, with credentials that eliminate any entangling alliance with a decorator, to the showrooms where the pieces you favor are displayed. If you buy one of them, you are later billed for it by Scott, at something less than the catalogue price, and the whole transaction has been effected with a minimum of effort. If customers of long and faithful standing did not bear witness to the complete responsibility of the Scott firm, it would all sound too good to be true. —S. H.

•

The opening of the play has been delayed until next Tuesday to permit director Jay Kleindorf to reblock some of the chorus members to fit the oblong shape of the Swan Room's stage area.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

They say the pain is almost unbearable.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Tribune*]

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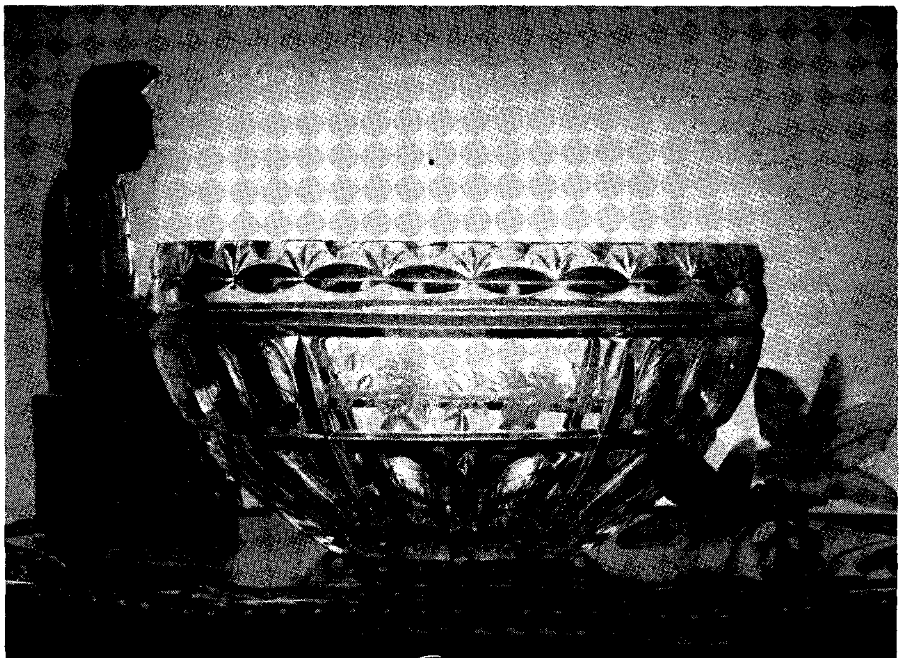

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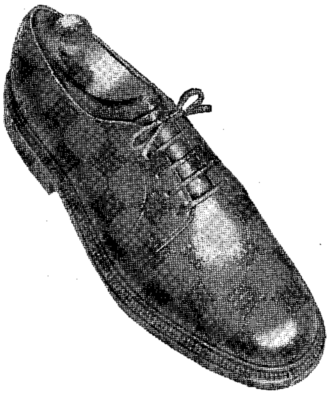

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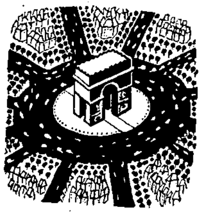

FOR any connoisseurs of curious brief periods of French history, this present one should indeed be memorable—an important, fascinating hiatus to be living through, to watch and listen to, in which the larger, shaping events are only now beginning to show and be heard from. Since the referendum, the French public, usually volatile during exceptional political scenes, has seemed to be struck almost dumb by a mixture of relief, shock, and hope. The main definite new fact is that the Fifth Republic now legally exists, without a cheer's having hailed its birth, since it was merely born twice on paper, in two different editions. The first birth was on Sunday a week ago, when General de Gaulle's constitution was published, for anyone to buy, in the state's inexpensive brochure of records, *Le Journal Officiel*, its appearance there having the automatic effect of making it the supreme law of the land. On Monday afternoon, it had its more elegant second birth in the Empire dining room of the Ministry of Justice, in the Place Vendôme. There, as tradition demands, the seal of state and the legalizing Ministerial signatures—though Premier de Gaulle himself was too busy to come and sign at that moment—were affixed to the single, historical, de-luxe copy of his constitution, to be saved for posterity in a glass case along with the dozen or more French constitutions created since 1791. This special copy, bound in gold-embossed scarlet leather, was splendidly printed by the *Journal Officiel* printers in Jaugeon type on vellum. Neither on the red cover nor in the text does this newest constitution indicate that it is for a Fifth Republic. However, the succinct few words spoken after the signing by the Minister of Justice dated it tragically and accurately. He said that the constitution's aim was "to create a great communal association, above races and religions . . . in a century . . . of violence and acute racial struggle"—an unmistakable reference to today's Arab Moslem and French white-Catholic Algerian war. He narrowed down his time sense even more when he spoke, as though in warning, about the glass box full of opposed French constitutions: "The ordeals and quarrels of France lie

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written there. We must admire the permanence of the nation despite its lacerations. We must admire the permanence of the state despite the unparalleled shocks to its power. But let us make clear that nobody should, as a continuing practice, stake all on a miracle, because one has always to pay high for a miracle, and it is possible that one day a miracle could fail to happen."

De Gaulle is now the fully functioning miracle in France, and it is merely the defunct and reviled Fourth Republic that is paying history's high price for him. Veiled by his own legends but unobscured by any power politics of Parliament (closed until January), he temporarily holds all the viable power in his own hands, free of the melees of deputies still back in their constituencies but busy preparing themselves for recrudescence in November's reduced elections—all of which makes this probably the last time to see fairly clearly what kind of wonder-working qualities he has brought to France's shabby political scene. According to many Parisians, what he has really brought is the result of his long life—his repeated tragic experiences, as a high patriot, with French history, when he seemed to be the only one who knew which way French history was going and could not stop it. To this past is added the psychology he has drawn from his classic military education. In his final chance now to fix up modern France for survival—or so he must hope—his precise contributions to his government from this double past have been his elderly sense of dynamic realism, his impatient haste to get important things started before it was too late, and his infallible instinct for strategy. Notably in Algerian affairs, he has realistically been pushing France, in his constant loud-voiced speeches, toward humane reforms and generosities, which he thinks can alone accomplish her reconstruction and salvation in North Africa. But the problem of ending the Algerian war, which has bled France's finances white, he has treated only strategically—that is, with his typical complete silence, no one having maneuvered a single word out of him, in public, on that subject. For his strategy in important affairs is to ignore what is not ripe enough to talk about. The rebel National Liberation Front's sudden recent creation in Cairo of an Algerian government-in-exile, which seemed to some thoughtful French a possible body to negotiate a possible peace with, was scorned by most of the French, who declared that General de Gaulle could not with dignity deal with a head of a rebel

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government-in-exile. What he will say to this last weekend's humbled but tremendously important offer from M. Ferhat Abbas, the leader of the Algerian government-in-exile, he is still being strategically silent about. But Parisians are discussing Ferhat Abbas' proposal with relief and hopefulness, and some journalistic circles seem optimistic. It is the rebels' first offer to negotiate a cease-fire without demanding, as a precondition of negotiation, recognition of their people's independence, for which, to date, they have been fighting three years and fifty weeks—a *cessez-le-feu*, Ferhat Abbas said, "to bring to an end the indescribable sufferings that this war has already caused." The N.L.F. rebels consist of—at the outside—perhaps a hundred thousand Algerian fighting men, whom the French Army's four hundred thousand soldiers have not been able to defeat. If the Algerian war ceases, it will be one more bitter end to a little war fought in minor history.

ALGERIAN affairs being once again more important in France than French affairs, the other major strategic silence de Gaulle has been maintaining is on the word "*intégration*," which he has refused to pronounce in his speeches here in metropolitan France as well as in Algeria, where it was considered an insulting omission. Its particular meaning, especially important to them down there, is that sandy North African Algeria is actually a geographical extension and physical part of France. *L'intégration*, the main idea that the Algerian rebels have been fighting, is, of course, the conviction of Algeria's million French *colons*, who believe in white-man supremacy, and it is also the key dogma of the Algiers colonels' junta. Their chief, General Raoul Salan, recently avowed that General de Gaulle had said to him, "Algeria is and will always remain French soil." General Salan further observed, in order to make clear his belief in the complete geographical naturalness of integration, "The Mediterranean traverses France the way the Seine traverses Paris." One of the Paris papers immediately published a wonderful cartoon map of Paris, showing it traversed by the Mediterranean instead of the Seine, with the Place Pigalle located in the north of France, the Opéra in France's middle, the Place de la Concorde down in North Africa, the Gare de Lyon somewhere east of Suez, and Montparnasse deep in Africa's jungles.

The truly great Algerian news, though, is the brief letter that de Gaulle

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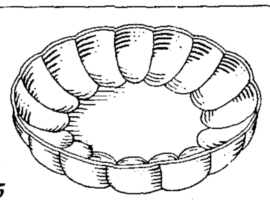

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has sent to General Salan, containing sharp instructions concerning the honesty and the lack of favoritism that he desires the French military to show in handling the November Algerian elections, together with an enclosure on the same subject for the French Army junta down there, which was really an order for them to get out of political power—and quick. "I enjoin upon them to retire without delay," he wrote in his next-to-last blunt paragraph.

Ever since May 13th, when the junta took power, liberal Gaullists here and all over France have been waiting for their General to speak up, to dissociate himself from what seemed neo-Fascist French military men, who, by shouting his name, brought him to power. They have been waiting for him to prove he was not the Algiers colonels' property as a dictator—or, indeed, a dictator at all—and, by denying the colonels their intimacy with him and by throwing them from power, to raise himself aloft alone, the elderly liberal leader in an old general's uniform. In his new instructions to Algiers, he put them in their place—beyond the pale. Tuesday morning, when these sensational communications were read on the breakfast radio news program and appeared on the front pages of the daily papers, lots of French began telephoning each other about "*ces bonnes nouvelles*." Many French who had voted for him but were against him in fear of his becoming their autocrat seemed almost glad to be proved wrong. Among liberals and pro-Gaullists, the General's liberation of himself—doubtless finally made possible on the strength of his showing in the referendum—has aroused admiration and the first complete satisfaction as to his republicanism since his equivocal entry into power. It was as if he had won a victory, which seems to be the case and no doubt took time to fight for. In his brief but astonishing personal letter to General Salan, he wrote that the government felt that the best interests of Algeria required the November Algerian elections for Parliament to take place "in conditions of liberty and absolute sincerity," and added, "Candidates representing all the political tendencies [meaning the rebel N.L.F. candidates, as well as any others] should be allowed to solicit the votes of the electorate competitively and on an equal footing. You will, in consequence, conform to the directions here enclosed. *Croyez, mon cher général, à mes sentiments cordiaux*, Charles de Gaulle"—a very cool ending.

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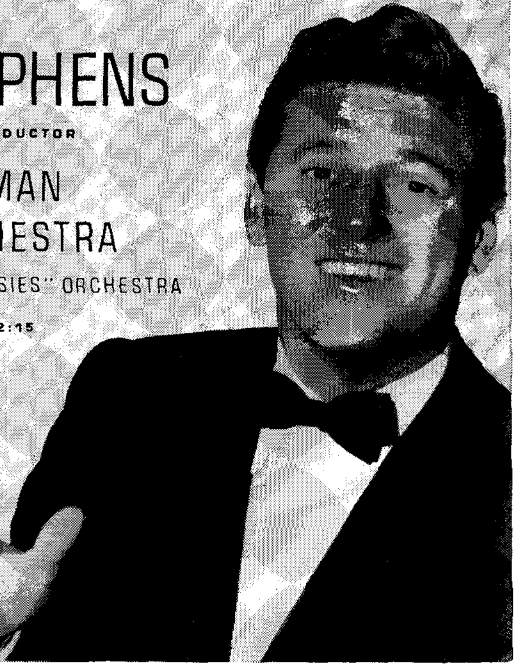

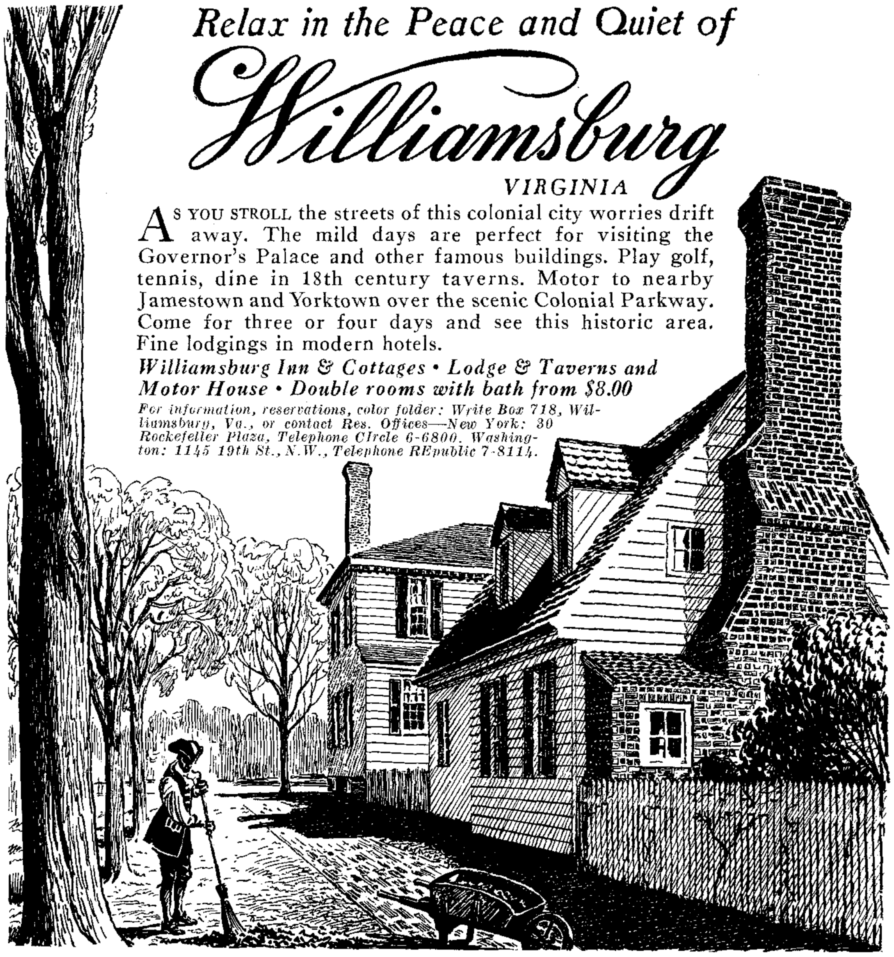

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Army leaders, he gave an unexpected directive on the freedom of the press. He said that the Army could not authorize arbitrary seizure of local or French newspapers (the latest Algiers seizure having been an issue last week of *Le Monde*, which discussed Ferhat Abbas' peace overture); he insisted that candidates of all opinions be left in peace to campaign for them (unlike the Algerian referendum, when the Army permitted nobody to campaign against the constitution); and he said, "I attach an extreme importance to the elections' presenting a real competition. The goal to be reached consists in having an Algerian political élite freely come to the fore"—to become the forty-five-odd deputies in the Paris Parliament. Then came the retribution for the Algiers French military men in the peremptory order to put an end to their powerful regime: "Furthermore, the moment has come when members of the Army must cease taking part in any organization of a political character, whatever the reasons that may have furnished exceptional motives for joining. . . . Nothing from now on can justify their belonging to such organizations. A report shall be made to me on the measures taken to execute these instructions."

In the referendum, de Gaulle won the most smashing victory over the Communist Party ever registered and admitted by the Party since it became the biggest voting bloc in France. The Central Committee has finally published in *L'Humanité* a remarkably frank analysis of why the Communists lost a million and a half of their voters ("and we did not even feel it coming"), who were supposed to vote no against the General but voted yes instead. "One voter out of five did not listen to us," the report said bravely. "This is the first time since the Liberation that such a phenomenon has occurred." Among the reasons listed was "the real desire of the French people for a change," which is putting it mildly. Another was the Algerian terrorist activities in France. Here the Communists, who are enthusiastically pro-N.L.F., merely quoted tactfully from the Czech weekly *Tvorba*, which had openly said, "Not only did French public opinion condemn these terrorist acts but reactionary propaganda took advantage of them to establish a psychosis of fear"—propitious to the referendum majority. Still another reason that the French Party cited as perhaps influential was, after all, "the vestiges of anti-Communism after the events in Hungary." Then came what sounded like an almost confessional ex-

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planation: "To millions of French, humiliated in their pride by the servility of previous governments, de Gaulle seemed the guarantee of national grandeur and independence . . . the negotiator who would make peace. There reigned great illusions about de Gaulle in our working class." It appears that a million and a half of them had faith in him.

SEEN historically, de Gaulle now seems to constitute the sole dynasty of modern France; for the third time, he has succeeded himself, after a due interval, as the country's leader. He has the ability to be automatically reborn to power through France's dire needs or tragedies—as in last May, as in August of 1944, as in June of 1940. Over the dozen years since early 1946, when he angrily walked out of his last leadership, he has gradually turned into the portrait of an entirely different man. The rural seasons at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises have added weight that minimizes his impressive height; an operation on his studious eyes has cost them their former haughty glance; in the hollow toning down of his voice, it no longer leaps sometimes to falsetto, like a trumpet played out of tune, as it used to do. With his waxen features and lengthy nose, his face is treated by French caricaturists to look like a melted candle. But when he speaks, that candle still burns fiercely. In this, his third functioning as France's savior, he seems to the public to have taken over France's identity—he at the age of sixty-seven, and she, owing to her recent batterings, nothing like as young as she appeared after the Liberation. In his speeches during these past months, he has perhaps more often than usual referred to himself in the third person, as if absent-mindedly throwing aside the disguise of being anything except the voice of France herself. The purity of his patriotism, this mystic feeling of his that France is his mission, was what the eighty per cent of the people voted yes for, not being sure of much else at the moment. His exalted, romantic passion for France, which he used to treat almost like his private concern—fervently defended, like any man's personal passions, against all intruders or sharers—he now presents differently. It is something that he actually seems to share with, not just define to, the French people today. An austere, superior rationalist and eccentric, descended from long generations of privileged, educated minds, he never used to be at ease with gregarious democracy or with the idea of sharing his ele-

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vated sentiments with forty million other citizens. A reasonable misanthrope, he did not love people by the million. Now, in this peculiar hiatus that separates the two republics, it is the millions who have really helped him save his *belle France* and start her on her way again. After his lonely, thoughtful years at Colombey, humanity appears to have become his broadened concern. In his recent speech in Constantine, which the French feel marked the new de Gaulle as humanitarian and statesman, he offered a magnanimous five-year plan for Algeria's uneducated, impoverished citizens—provided, of course, *that the French can afford* to pay for it. Above all, where he was once obsessed by the idea of reëstablishing the glory of France, he is now merely aiming at its unity.

In this last fortnight, he has gone a long way toward achieving it. He has set up a true voting democracy for Algerians, for the first time in the two races' common experience. By his now famous brief communications to General Salan and his military, he has overthrown the Army's power politics in Algiers and the supporting *colons*' white-supremacy ideal, which together in May sacrificed the Fourth Republic, rather than face the long-due Algerian peace negotiations that de Gaulle is now free to consider. By this republicanism, he has restored Paris as the political capital of France, has freed himself from strategic ambiguities, has thus aroused a unifying approbation from the major political parties and the men who were still waiting to see and believe, and has himself suddenly become the greatly popular leader of France. In the first two weeks of his Fifth Republic, General de Gaulle has taken his biggest active place to date in the procession of history.

—GENÊT

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Grant paused, and smiled.

"Well," he said, "I never know what's going to come out of my mouth until I say it."—*Interview with Cary Grant in the New Haven Register.*

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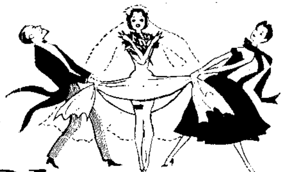

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THE RACE TRACK

Not to the Swift

I SUPPOSE some sort of moral could be drawn from the fortieth running of the Jockey Club Gold Cup, which took place at Belmont last Saturday and was won by Inside Tract. The most obvious would be that the race is not always to the swift—especially if it's at two miles. Still, it was interesting to see Clem jump off in front at a lively clip, with Warhead forcing the pace and the two of them gaily striding along far ahead of the five others. Then, on the last turn, Clem began to weaken, and Dotted Line moved up so threateningly that it looked as if she might be the first of her sex to carry off this special prize, but Inside Tract, with McCreary in the saddle, swept past everything in the stretch, and won by four lengths. Dotted Line was second, Civet third, and Warhead fourth. Clem was last, beaten by nearly forty lengths. To be sure, he was eased up in the stretch, but let's make no bones about it—he's not a distance runner. As you may remember, he tired after going a mile and a quarter in the Manhattan Handicap. No doubt Shoemaker, who rode him in the Gold Cup, had orders to go right to the front, but I can't imagine what possessed him to set such a fast pace. Of course, it is difficult for a jockey to judge how fast he's going when he's in front, because there are no horses around him to serve as a gauge. The other jockeys seemed in a hurry, too. (Valenzuela might have won with Dotted Line if he'd waited a bit before making his challenge.) The only rider who took his time was Two-Mile McCreary, as my favorite announcer over Station WBNX calls him. Speaking of time, the first mile was run in 1:37⅘, and the next almost eight seconds slower. Inside Tract's form wasn't much (he'd won just once this season), but he brought off a neat job, earning $52,417 for his owners, Raymond De Brino and Joseph Martino, who are Hudson Valley fruit farmers. He's the only horse in their stable.

The other items at Belmont last week can be dealt with briefly. Tick Tock won the Vosburgh Handicap, Endine was at her best in taking the Ladies Handicap, and Idun was out of

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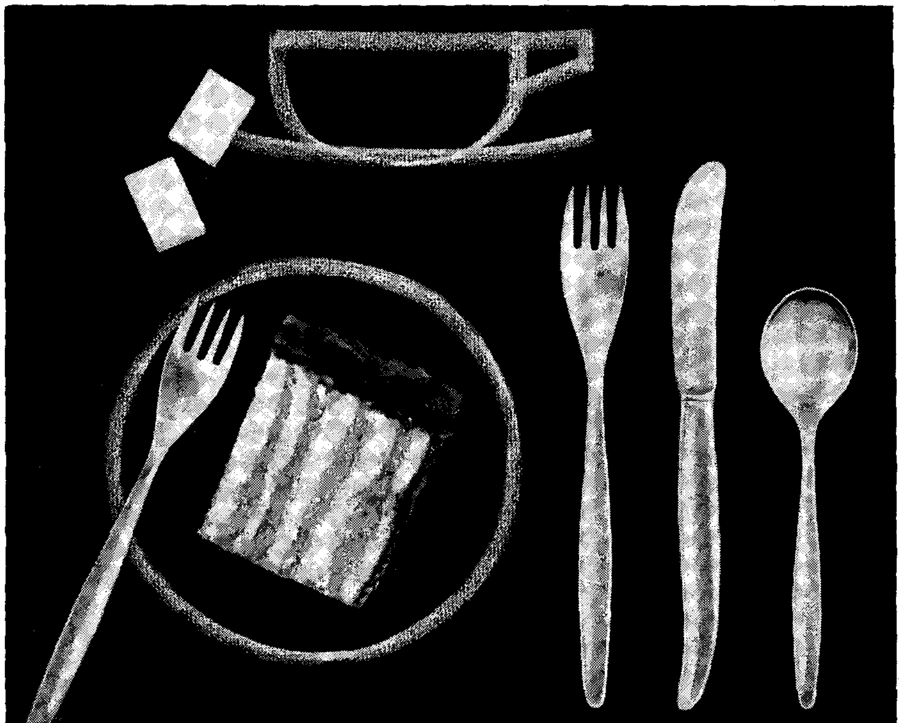
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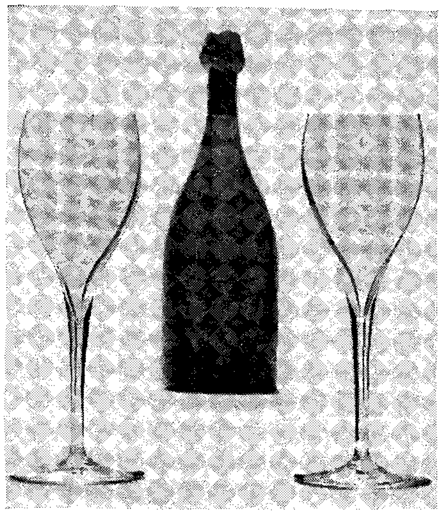

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the money again, finishing fourth in it. Oh, yes—and I had a look at Bald Eagle, the American colt who for a while last spring was the favorite for the English Derby. There is a distinct touch of class about this fellow, and he is an easy galloper, but he doesn't strike me as a future Gallant Man or Round Table. By the way, Gallant Man is in training again.

WHEN I wrote in such glowing terms about Khalita recently, I was overoptimistic. Although she was the quickest away of the dozen two-year-old fillies who ran for the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park last Saturday, the best she could do was finish fourth to Quill, Resaca, and Ruwenzori. Arcaro, who rode her, said, "She stopped, that's all." As for Quill, she was in the thick of things until she streaked through an opening near the rail on the turn for home. The rest was a breeze. It was her sixth victory in eight starts (long-shot players will remember that she paid a $118.40 mutuel at Jamaica in July), and it was easily her most valuable, her share of the purse being $81,576. That puts her at the top of the list of two-year-old fillies.

NOTHING has happened in the past week to change my opinion that First Landing is the colt most likely to win the Garden State Stakes this weekend. My roving observer reports that although he was as good as left at the post in his last windup gallop at the Jersey track on Saturday, he wore down Crafty Skipper, who had been more on his toes, and won going away. Tomy Lee has also been training well, and I'm told that the leg ailment that made him run out in the Champagne Stakes doesn't bother him any more. He'll be a hard horse to beat, but I fancy First Landing will beat him.

FIRST LANDING is the best two-year-old in my book, but the handsomest, whom I saw the other morning at Belmont, is Getaway, an Irish colt recently imported by Ray Bell. A dark bay as big as a three-year-old, he has great quality—quite as much, though he's a different type, as Windy City, who was brought over by Bell a few years ago. What's more, he has the grand hind leg of a galloper, as they say at the Curragh. Incidentally, he ran so brilliantly in Ireland early last summer that he may be the high weight in England's next Free Handicap. He's on his way to Santa Anita.

—AUDAX MINOR

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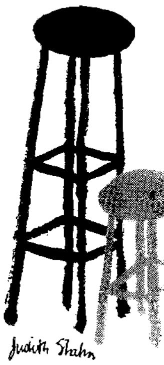
AN EVENING WITH THE HORSE

"AS I see it, political satire on the stage reaches its peak under government censorship," an old friend of mine told me over dinner at his home, in Warsaw, one evening last spring. "Or at least it does in Poland." My first reaction was to suspect that after more than thirty years of writing political satires for the Polish stage, and acting in them, too, my friend was beginning to crack under the strain of trying to please his public at the risk of tangling with the Communist bureaucracy. He apparently guessed what I was thinking, for he went on quickly, "Yes, I know. Some of my colleagues don't agree with me, either. But look at it this way. Under censorship, the whole point of your show is to outwit the censors. And that means drawing on reserves of resourcefulness and ingenuity that you don't realize you possess when the theatre enjoys complete freedom, as it did for a while here after our showdown with Russia in October, 1956. When anything and everything goes, poking fun becomes too easy, and a satirist is inclined to rest on his oars. But as matters stand today we've all got to work hard for a living, because once again we're carrying on a running battle of wits with the censors. Sitting out there in specially reserved seats and watching for any deviation from the officially approved script, or for any unexpected audience reaction that might tip them off to a subversive nuance they had overlooked, the censors represent a subservient bureaucracy and ruthless police power, both of which the spectators sitting all around them despise. So the battle takes place in full view of the spectators, and they get a thrill out of feeling that they're on your side, rooting for you against the authorities. I believe that much of the success of Poland's satirical shows is based on this feeling of a secret bond between the audience and the people responsible for the performance."



In speaking of the success of Poland's satirical shows, my friend, as a native of the country, was taking for granted what strikes an outsider as a staggering paradox. For in Poland, of all places—a nation that has been trampled on, torn apart, and mercilessly occupied by Germany and Russia, alternately, over hundreds of years—political satire has not only survived but flourished to a degree equalled in few, if any, other parts of the world. The big names in this branch of show business in Poland are as well known to the people at large as the names of Hollywood stars are to the people of the United States. Yet big names are not the whole story. Some of the best shows are staged by amateur groups, which must number in the thousands and are furiously active all over the country—in factories, village community centers, business offices, and universities, among other places. Warsaw architects have their own satirical-show organization, and so do the city's engineers; these troupes, like those of most amateurs, present their offerings on tiny stages in coffeehouses, in cellar night clubs, and even in the living rooms of private homes. How the censors keep track of such performances is a question that my friend didn't attempt to answer, and I imagine the chances are that they don't, although the producer is supposed to give the censors a preview before any sort of show is opened to the public.

Satire has long been a favorite form of entertainment among the Poles. Their passion for jokes about today's varied and complex political mechanisms really got its start about fifty years ago, with the opening of Warsaw's first night clubs—frank imitations, for the most part, of Parisian *cabarets des chansonniers*, where satirists have been lampooning this and that with skits and songs ever since the French Revolution. There was one fairly important difference, though; while France was a relatively untroubled nation in the first years of this century, Poland was split up among Hohenzollern Germany, Hapsburg Austria, and Czarist Russia—quite an assortment of targets for the entertainers in the new night spots to snipe at. With the setting up of the independent Polish Republic after the First World War, the nation's satirists swung their weapons around and trained their sights on domestic muddles. For the next twenty years, they had an easy time of it—too easy, my Warsaw friend would probably say—since there was no censorship of the theatre and the imperfections of the new government were many and obvious.

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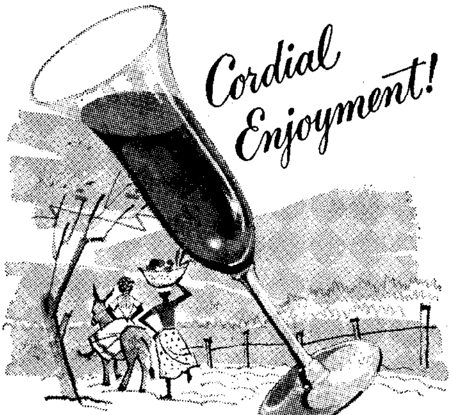
ond World War, when most people in the same position would gladly have dispensed with such a dangerous luxury, that Polish satirists and a handful of their more devoted followers laid the groundwork for the tradition they are carrying on today. Doggedly determined not to let this particular type of entertainment die out, they gathered secretly and gave shows whose humor, bitter and penetrating, was directed at the Germans and Russians, who had overrun their country and who judged whatever performances they got wind of by standards that had nothing to do with dramatic artistry. Right in the heart of Warsaw, while the German occupation forces were running the city as a concentration camp, Poles put on satiric shows in makeshift cabarets hidden away in the cellars of bombed-out buildings; none of those present had any illusions about what would happen to them if the Gestapo were to find them there. The satirists persevered, too, through the five years of Stalinist terror that began in 1948, when the Communists took over Poland completely. These undaunted wits managed to think up a good many lines, at once harsh and amusing, that were repeated all over the country and that, Poles being the kind of people they are, had quite a tonic effect. After the death of Stalin, as Russian policy in regard to the satellite countries began to waver a little, the shows in Poland grew more and more daring. Then, in October of 1956, Wladyslaw Gomulka became, in effect, the nation's No. 1 man and bade Moscow keep its distance. At last, the satiric theatres, freed of all restrictions, were able to produce shows full of uninhibited political thrusts. But only for a short time; early in 1957, Gomulka's so-called Ministry of Culture and Art, with a bow to the Kremlin, began to crack down, and the present system of censorship was imposed—a nagging, disheartening censorship, increasingly difficult to get along with, but so far not the kind under which a quip too sharply barbed may mean the firing squad.

OVER coffee that evening, my friend urged me to accompany him a few nights later to a performance of one of Warsaw's better satirical shows, which, he said, regularly reflected the prevailing mood of the Polish people. Unfortunately, I had made plans to leave Warsaw the following day, but I resolved that on my next visit to the city I would call him up and see if he would be kind enough to renew his invitation. That next visit took place a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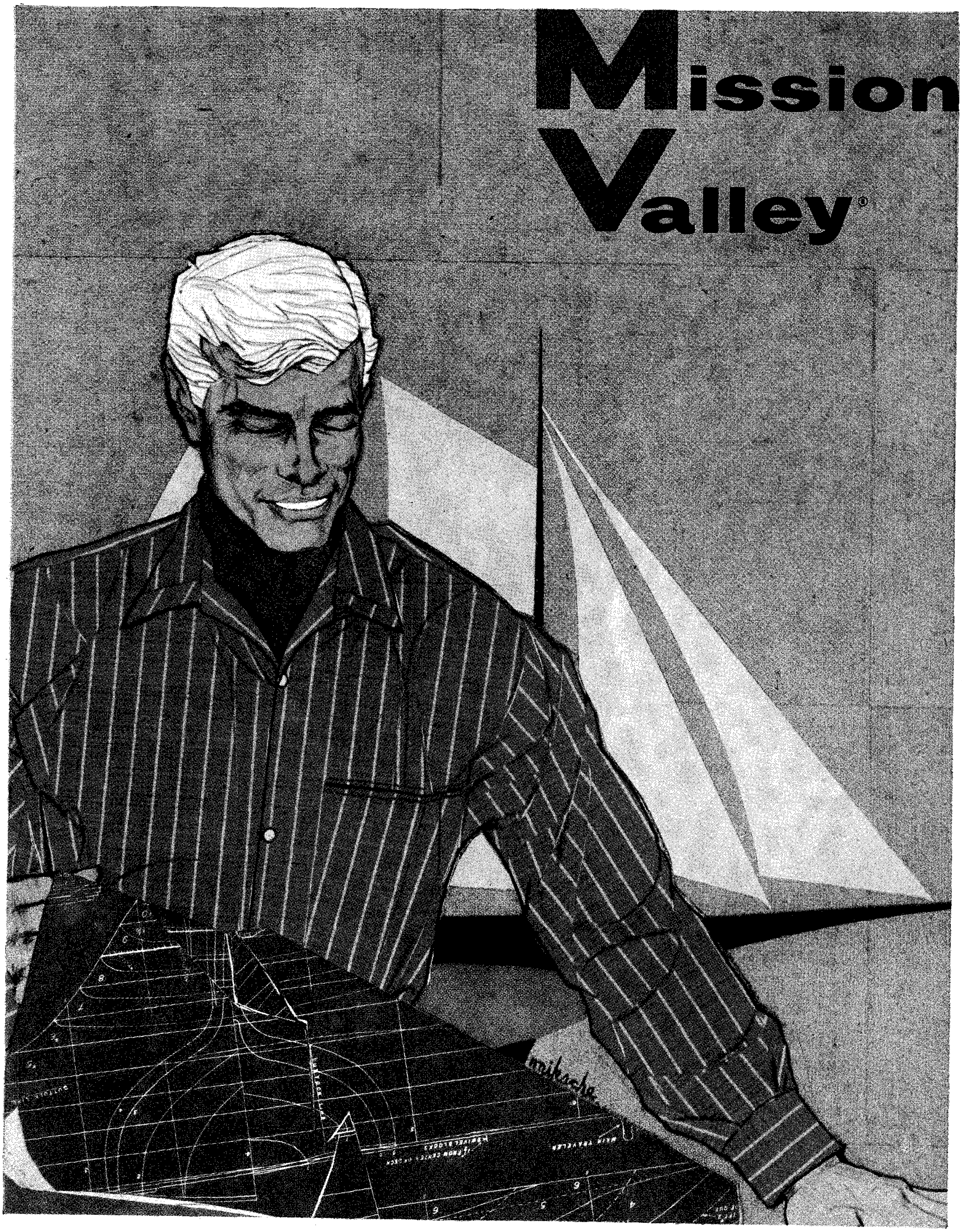

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few weeks ago, and in the course of it, as things turned out, I attended not one but two satirical shows, and, inadvertently, a university students' dance as well.

The dance came first. The afternoon I arrived in Warsaw, I learned that my friend was out of town for a few days, so I decided to spend the evening taking in one of the amateur shows that, I had been told, were being put on three nights a week by the students of the Warsaw Polytechnic at a place called the Stodola, or Barn. I was assured by someone behind the desk in my hotel that this was one of those nights, so after an early dinner I made my way to the Barn, a long, low wooden structure lying behind the Gargantuan thirty-four-story Palace of Culture, which towers over the center of Warsaw, and which, as a gift to Poland from the Soviet Union, is itself an object of constant derision by the local satirists. The Barn, originally a mess hall for the workers who, from 1952 to 1955, toiled to build the Palace, now serves the Polytechnic as a recreation center, and the students have turned it into a combined theatre and dance hall.

It developed that, my informant at the hotel notwithstanding, the Barn was being used in the latter capacity that evening. As I approached, I could hear the strains of an energetic jazz band, and when I reached the door, I found it locked. I knocked, and it was opened by a boy in a sweatshirt, who told me that admission to the dance was restricted to students and their guests. It occurred to me that a certain Polish novelist and jazz fancier—in view of some of the political opinions he expressed, and the increasing vigilance of the Ministry of Culture and Art, I'll call him Tommy—to whom my satirist friend had introduced me last spring, might well have turned up to listen to the band, and when I mentioned his name, the boy smiled, nodded, and invited me inside.

Tommy was seated alone at a small table near the orchestra, at the far end of a big room with heavy crossbeams overhead and a high gable rising above them. He asked me to join him, and as I sat down, he told me that the place had been bare and empty when the students took possession of it, and that they'd fixed it up, as I could see. Looking about me, I noticed that the fixing up had included hanging colorful abstractions on the walls, installing lights and colored reflectors, building a stage, and furnishing the place with chairs and tables, which were now

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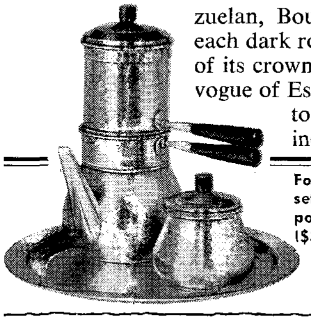

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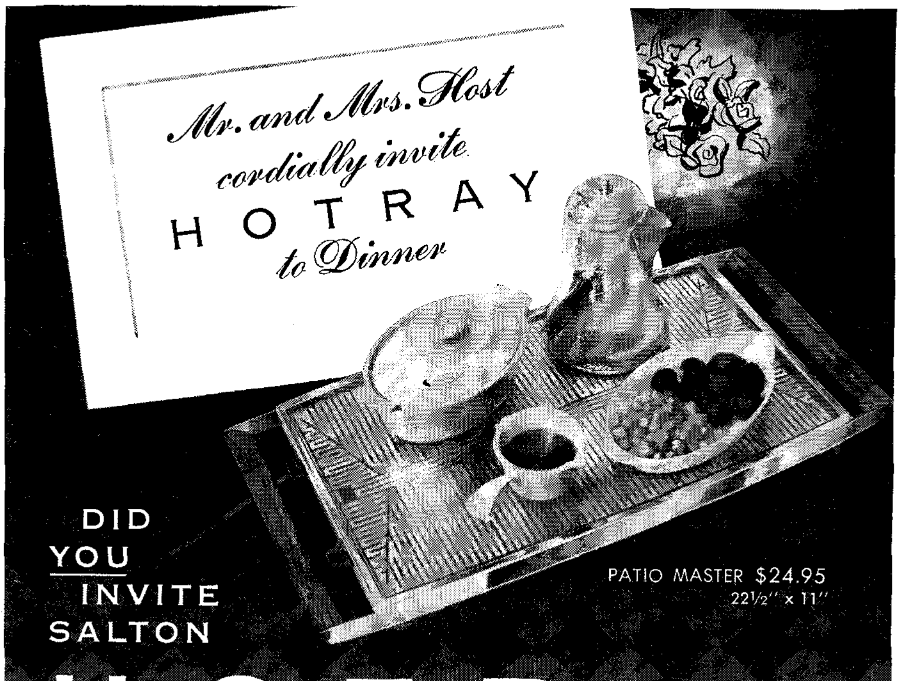

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ranged along the sides of the room. In the center of the floor, at that moment, about two hundred young couples were rewarding themselves for their efforts by jitterbugging to the music of a four-piece orchestra on the stage—soprano sax, bull fiddle, piano, and drums. The pianist was a tousle-headed fellow whose hair hung almost to the keyboard as he played, and the drummer and bull fiddler were rumpled avant-garde types, but the saxophone player was something else again—a short, cheerful, self-possessed man of around thirty, who was wearing a dark-gray business suit and who looked about as carried away by the music as a saxophone player in Guy Lombardo's band. After listening a while, I concluded that he was by far the best musician of the four, and Tommy told me that despite his refusal to go in for the antic conventions of his craft, he was a great favorite among Polish jazz lovers. "His name is Jerzy Matuszkiewicz, and he is undoubtedly one of the finest soprano saxes in all Europe," my companion went on, speaking with the calm confidence of an authority. "He finished up at Polytechnic three years ago and is now a lighting supervisor in the Polish film industry, but he still plays a lot of dates here. Jerzy can do anything—cool jazz, bebop, classical stuff. Tonight, of course, you'll hear him playing mostly swing, because it's best for dancing."

Swing certainly seemed best for the kind of dancing that was going on in the Barn. Near us, a tall, blond would-be James Dean was writhing through a series of contortions with a wooden-faced, rubber-jointed girl of the Audrey Hepburn variety, and in a narrow space between two tables a young man who hoped he looked like Elvis Presley was quaking in the clutches of a Brigitte Bardot stand-in. Some of the boys had crew cuts and were wearing socks of outrageous colors and designs, while others combined Existentialist beards with blue jeans.

"Look at them!" Tommy said, with deep satisfaction. "The flower of our Polish youth after ten years of Leninist-Marxist indoctrination! Two years ago, when the big switch came, they forgot overnight everything they'd learned in their political courses. They discarded the whole business like yesterday's newspaper—proof, if any were needed, of the bankruptcy of the whole Communist educational program. What did it accomplish with these youngsters? Absolutely nothing. Actually, you could feel something in the air for quite a while before the October explosion. I

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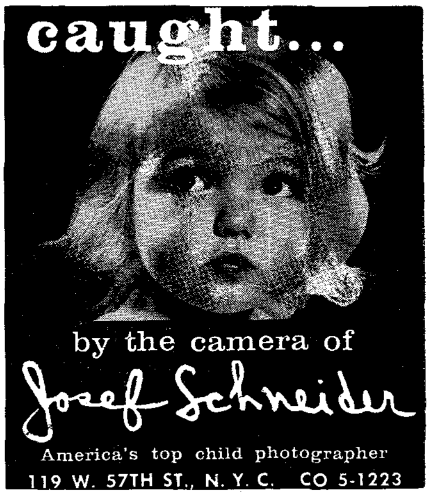

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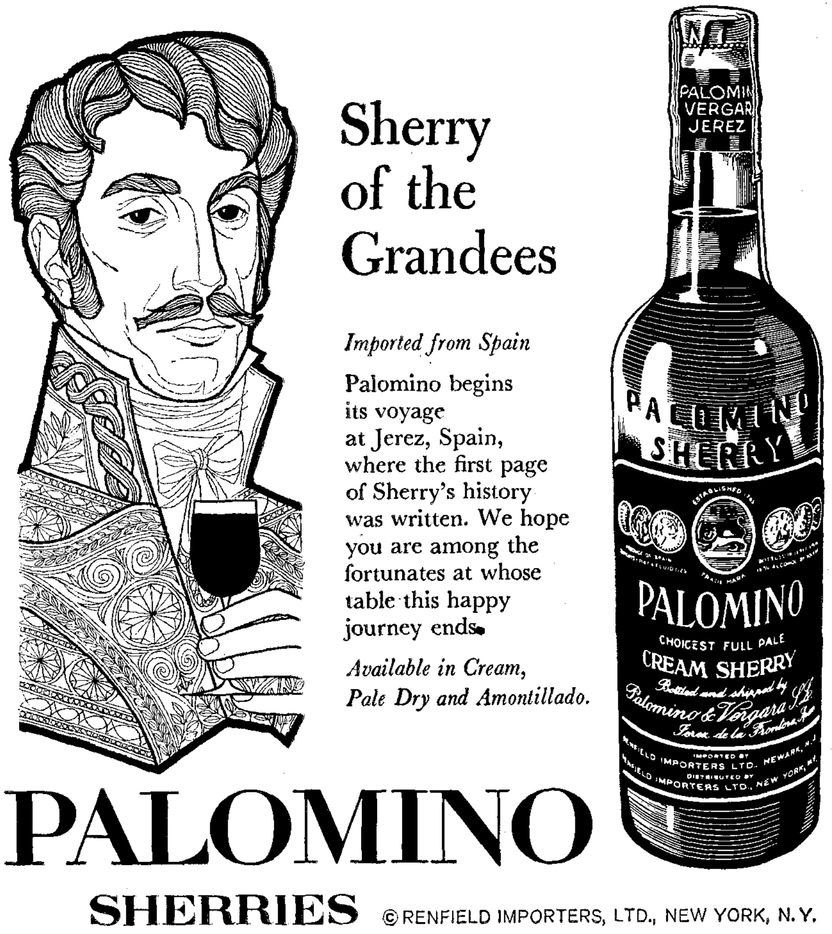
SUN YAH

noticed it first in the summer of 1955, when the Communists held their annual International Youth Festival here in Warsaw. That was a mistake, and the organizers realized it—too late. You should have seen our Polish boys and girls walking around with young people from the free Western countries; our young people learned a lot while it lasted, and they've been in a sort of ferment ever since. Not long after the festival, they began staging jam sessions in the ruins of bombed-out houses—real jazz in the catacombs. In all the Eastern countries, jazz has been the first symptom of youth's rebellion against the monotony and dreariness and regimentation of Communism. Nowadays, though, jazz here in Poland is no longer a symptom but an end in itself. To a great many of our young people, jazz is as much a religion as Catholicism is to their elders. The Russians are well aware of this, and their papers solemnly denounce our jazz, but they haven't been able to stop it. Our own government can't stop it, either—no one can. Our magazine *Jazz* has a circulation of over ten thousand, and Americans have told me that more jazz is available on the radio here than in the United States. Many of these kids refuse to go to bed at night until they've listened to the Voice of America's jazz program, 'Music U.S.A.,' which reaches Poland every evening by way of Tangier. Some of our boys take the programs down on tape and play them again and again."

An intermission was announced, and the dancers went back to their tables, where they sat quietly sipping soft drinks. (No alcohol is sold in the Barn.) Jerzy Matuszkiewicz joined us, looking around the room in a satisfied, paternal manner before he sat down. "I try to keep things from getting out of hand," he told me after Tommy had introduced us. "You ought to come to one of our all-night sessions, when we really roll up our sleeves—just a bunch of musicians playing for ourselves. Jan Wróblewski shows up at some of them—one of our best tenor saxes. He was invited to the Newport Jazz Festival this summer, and he played there in an international band. He did very well. Of course, jazz is a universal language. It's like the Maffia—once you're in, you have friends everywhere. If Camus or Sartre should arrive in Warsaw tonight, you can bet they'd find their way here within an hour."

When the intermission was over, Matuszkiewicz returned to the stage, and, for a change of pace, the band played a restrained version of "I Can't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Give You Anything but Love." I recalled playing that number, in much the same way, exactly thirty years before, as a member of the Blackbirds orchestra, at the Moulin Rouge, in Paris. It made me feel very old. I said as much to Tommy, and he shook his head. "It's not the song," he said. "Anyone over twenty-three feels old in the same room with these kids. They have no use for us older people. More than that, they're against us. Well, I don't blame them. We've let them down too often."

On the stage, Matuszkiewicz and his colleagues switched back to swing, and on the dance floor pandemonium resumed.

BEFORE leaving the Barn that night, I learned that a satirical show would definitely be presented there the following evening. My friend still had not returned the next afternoon, so, as dusk fell, I paid another visit to the Barn, arriving at seven o'clock—half an hour before the performance was supposed to begin. The door was open this time, so I went in, and immediately I was all but engulfed by a throng of agitated young men and women, dashing this way and that. They were the members of the cast, I was told by a youth standing on the sidelines and dispassionately watching the uproar, and they were upset because a truck bringing the rest of the cast and all their costumes from Gliwice, in southwestern Poland, where the troupe had appeared the night before, had broken down en route. It had been repaired now, and the latest report was that it had reached the suburbs of Warsaw, but nobody knew for sure.

Glancing into an office off the entrance hall, I saw half a dozen students sitting on the floor listening to a sports program on the radio, and I went in and joined them. Once inside, I discovered that they were not the only people in the room. Behind a scratched and battered desk sat a flat-chested girl with a chalk-white face, who was stamping the tickets for that evening's performance, and seated on the desk itself was a thin youth, who was counting the previous night's proceeds with the help of an abacus; I asked him what the troupe did with its earnings, and he replied curtly that they were turned over to Polytechnic's student fund. Another young man, wearing blue jeans and a black turtleneck sweater, was squatting on the floor talking into a telephone. Just as I was about to leave in search of a more congenial environment, the chap with the telephone completed his call, got to his

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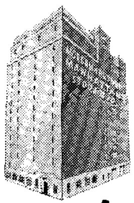

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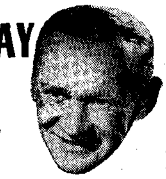

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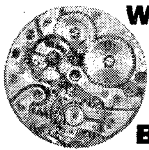

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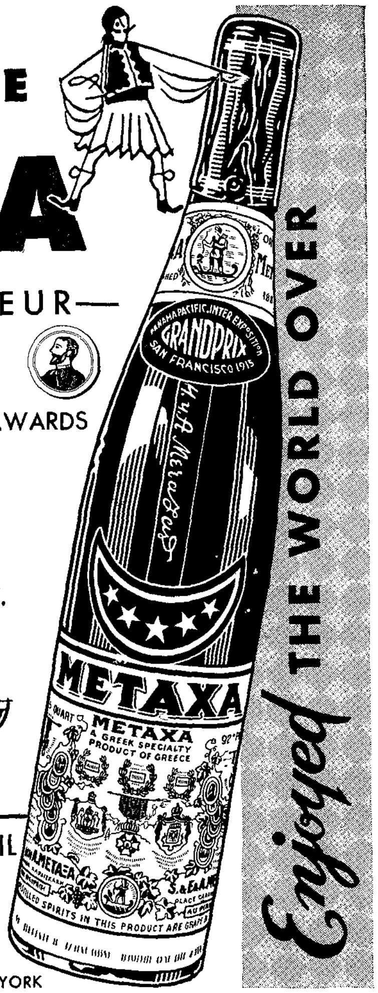
feet, and greeted me cordially. After I had explained my interest in the show, he told me that he was one of the authors. He had learned English during the course of a five-year stay in India, where his father had been stationed as a representative of the Polish government, and he insisted on talking in English now, perhaps because he wanted to impress the others. "The authors of our shows remain anonymous, and so do the performers," he told me. "We function as a group—as a sort of collective, really, but we don't like to use that word." He laughed, and went on, "Anyone who gets what sounds like a good idea is encouraged to work it out as a sketch or a song and submit it to the group. If it still looks promising on paper, the group may recommend minor changes or sweeping revisions. In any case, when the author has done the best he can with it, we vote on whether to accept it. Timeliness is probably the most important consideration in selecting our material. Last year, for instance, there were too many people who wanted to buy things and not enough things for them to buy, so one of our sketches showed the government getting rid of excess customers by shooting them down in the stores. Well, that obviously wouldn't go now, when the stores have plenty of merchandise and not enough customers. We don't lampoon the system itself, you understand—we're not against a *healthy* Socialist system—but we do make fun of its unhealthy excesses and abuses. When we get a show into presentable shape, we invite the censors in and start bargaining. They're bound to take something good out, and we can only hope they'll leave something good in." He laughed again; clearly, he wasn't worried about the censors. He was perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three, and had never encountered censorship in its uglier guises.

The confusion in the hallway had now overflowed into the office. The phone kept ringing as scouts called in to report on the progress of the truck through the suburbs. The sports fans on the floor had shown themselves to be music lovers, too, by tuning in, full blast, on a jazz program. A student dashed in with the news that, to judge by the line at the box office, more tickets would be needed, and the chalk-faced girl accelerated her stamping. A Sophia Loren siren appeared in the doorway singing "When I Was a Little Girl." The jazz fans on the floor told her to beat it, and she shrugged and wandered away.

Most of the young people around the Barn looked far from prosperous,



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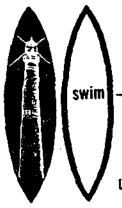

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and I asked the author in the turtleneck sweater what the students did about money. He said that a few had scholarships to pay for food and lodging (tuition is free to all), but most of them didn't, and were obliged to make do with the two or three hundred zlotys a month that their families managed to send them. (A hundred zlotys is about four dollars.) They didn't really think much about money, though, since everybody was in pretty much the same boat. The time to worry about money came later, he said, when you wanted to get married and have children on a salary of a thousand zlotys a month. That, he thought, was about all that most of them could look forward to—a wife and children, and a job that paid enough to support them. And—well, maybe after a long while a motorcycle, or even a small car. I was on the point of remarking that Warsaw's Beat Generation had an unexpectedly bourgeois outlook when the young political satirist turned away, hauled the chalk-faced girl out of her chair, and executed a bit of jitterbug with her in the tiny space behind the desk.

The truck arrived two or three minutes before the scheduled curtain time, and there was a frenzied scramble for costumes. I tried to extricate myself in order to go to the box office and buy a ticket, but as I started out of the room, the informative young man in the sweater thrust his partner back into her chair and insisted on escorting me to a front-row seat in the auditorium—the dance hall of the evening before. Most of the other seats—about a hundred wooden camp chairs ranged in rows—were already occupied, but two just to the right of mine were empty. "They're for the censors," said my guide. "Maybe nobody will show up, but we've got to keep places vacant, just in case." I asked who the censors were, and he replied, "There are so many of them around these days that we can't identify them all. But I'd say they're mostly bureaucrats—anti-intellectuals. And then there are a few old ladies who look like retired schoolteachers." Dismissing the subject with a condescending smile, he sauntered away.

Down in front of the stage, two musicians—a pianist and a double-bass player—struck up a brief overture. The house was darkened, and a moment later footlights illuminated the stage, revealing a score of young men and women in exaggeratedly spruce yachting costumes. They sang a wistful number about sailing off into the inviting

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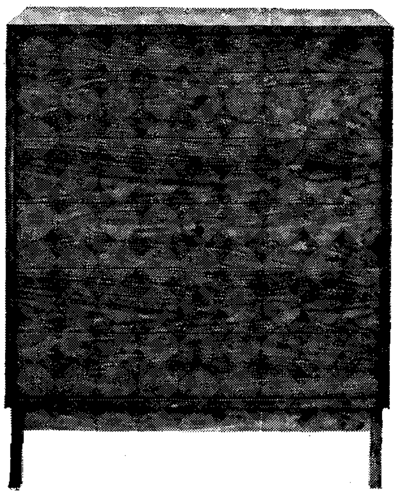

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blue seas of nirvana. It was an engaging conceit, but, like much of what followed, it was full of intramural allusions to life at Polytechnic, meaningless to an outsider, that made the better part of the show a semi-private joke. To judge by the reaction of the largely student audience, however, it was a joke that was brilliantly carried off.

Not all the numbers were incomprehensible, of course. Even I, a foreigner, could readily appreciate a Saganesque dance symbolizing unrequited love—or maybe unfulfilled desire—by the Sophia Loren girl, who, having hauled a slinky scarlet costume out of the truck, performed expertly on a rope stretched across the stage and, at the end, used it to strangle herself. Then, there was an amusing skit called "Dlugi Bill" ("Big Bill"), a parody of an American Western; the villain got the girl, and the hero got a bullet in his belly. Other sketches made fun of the Polish radio for being long on political talk and short on entertainment; of kleptomania in high circles; and of silly crusades—for singing birds and virtue, against barking dogs and sin, and so on—of the sort that can be lightly dismissed in Western countries but that in the East are constantly being launched by the satellite governments (probably in an effort to divert attention from more serious issues) and therefore command earnest and widespread support. Another number was a variation on the old gag about a political orator who puts his stage audience to sleep (this convulsed the actual audience), and a wry sketch about the difficulty of carrying on a love affair in overcrowded Warsaw, where the most cherished dream of many families is to find a single room they can live in by themselves. This one got a big boost when a sailor in the audience turned to the girl beside him and said, very audibly, "See? We're not the only ones."

After the show, as the audience began filing out, the turtleneck fellow reappeared and asked how I'd liked it. I told him that I'd enjoyed much of it immensely, and added that the two chairs on my right had remained unoccupied throughout the performance. Had the censors, perhaps, arrived late and been content to sit in the rear of the auditorium?

"Could be," the young man replied airily. "More likely, though, they never showed up at all." He shrugged. "I didn't bother to notice," he said.

THE next day, my friend got back to town and called me at my hotel. After telling him of my adventures over

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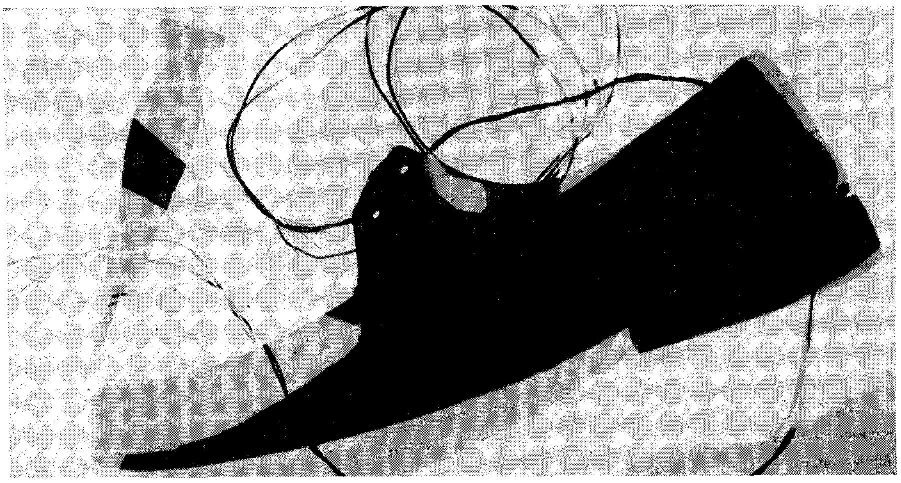

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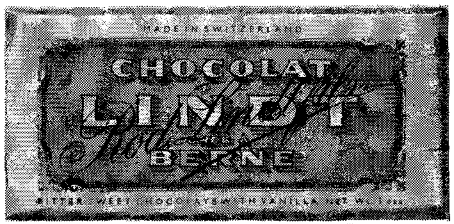

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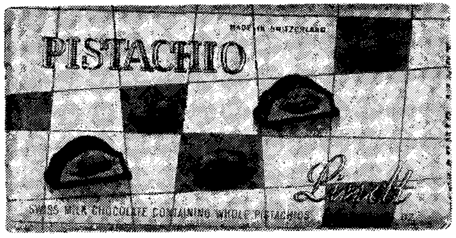

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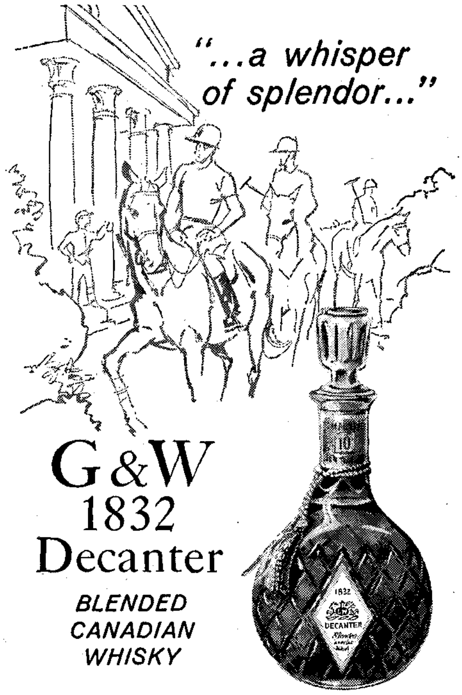

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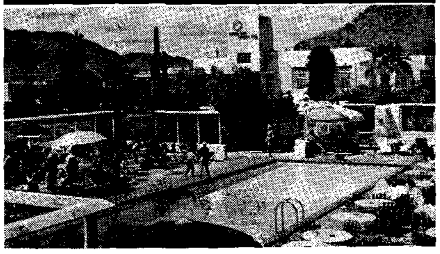

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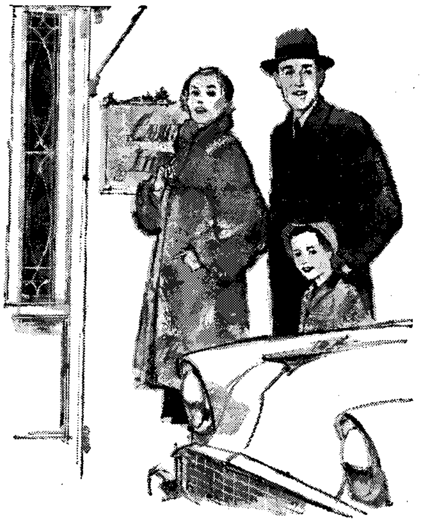
the past two days, I asked if his offer to take me to a first-rate professional show still held good. He replied that it certainly did, and we arranged to attend a Sunday-matinée performance. On Sunday afternoon, he came to fetch me in his Warsawa—an automobile about the size of a Volkswagen, which is manufactured in Poland under Russian license—and as we set out, he told me that we were going to see the current production of the Koń, or Horse, a theatrical group that had the national reputation of presenting the best professional shows of their kind in all Warsaw—partly as a result of its heavy reliance on pantomime, which enabled it to make points that any censor would cut out of a script. The Koń, he said, employs experienced performers, many of them well known for their acting in other types of stage presentations, as well as on the screen. The shows are written either by full-time satirists, who are respected members of the nation's literary set, or by established dramatists who do not limit themselves to satire, or even by highly regarded poets, like Antoni Slonimski. In contrast to the work of amateur groups, which—as I could testify after watching the Polytechnic students grind their various axes—tends to appeal mainly to audiences that share the groups' particular interests, the professional shows speak for everybody and attract large and varied audiences—audiences that are perhaps comparable to those who patronize "art" movie houses in the United States. This makes such shows more dangerous in the eyes of the government and, accordingly, subject to stricter censorship.

My friend went on to say that the satirical shows—both professional and amateur—constitute a special art form, quite distinct from that of the political skits that are frequently to be seen in vaudeville houses. Nor are they anything like the so-called satirical revues that are staged in some of the city's big theatres, all of them subsidized by the Ministry of Culture and Art, possibly in the hope that the pap served up in these productions will be sufficient to sustain the satire-greedy Poles. As a matter of fact, though, practically everything connected with the stage in Poland is subsidized to a certain extent, since the theatres are all controlled by the state, and permission to use them—for purposes satirical or otherwise—can be obtained only through the Ministry of Culture and Art.

"To get by under political censorship, a satirist must have an instinctive feeling for just how far he can go," my



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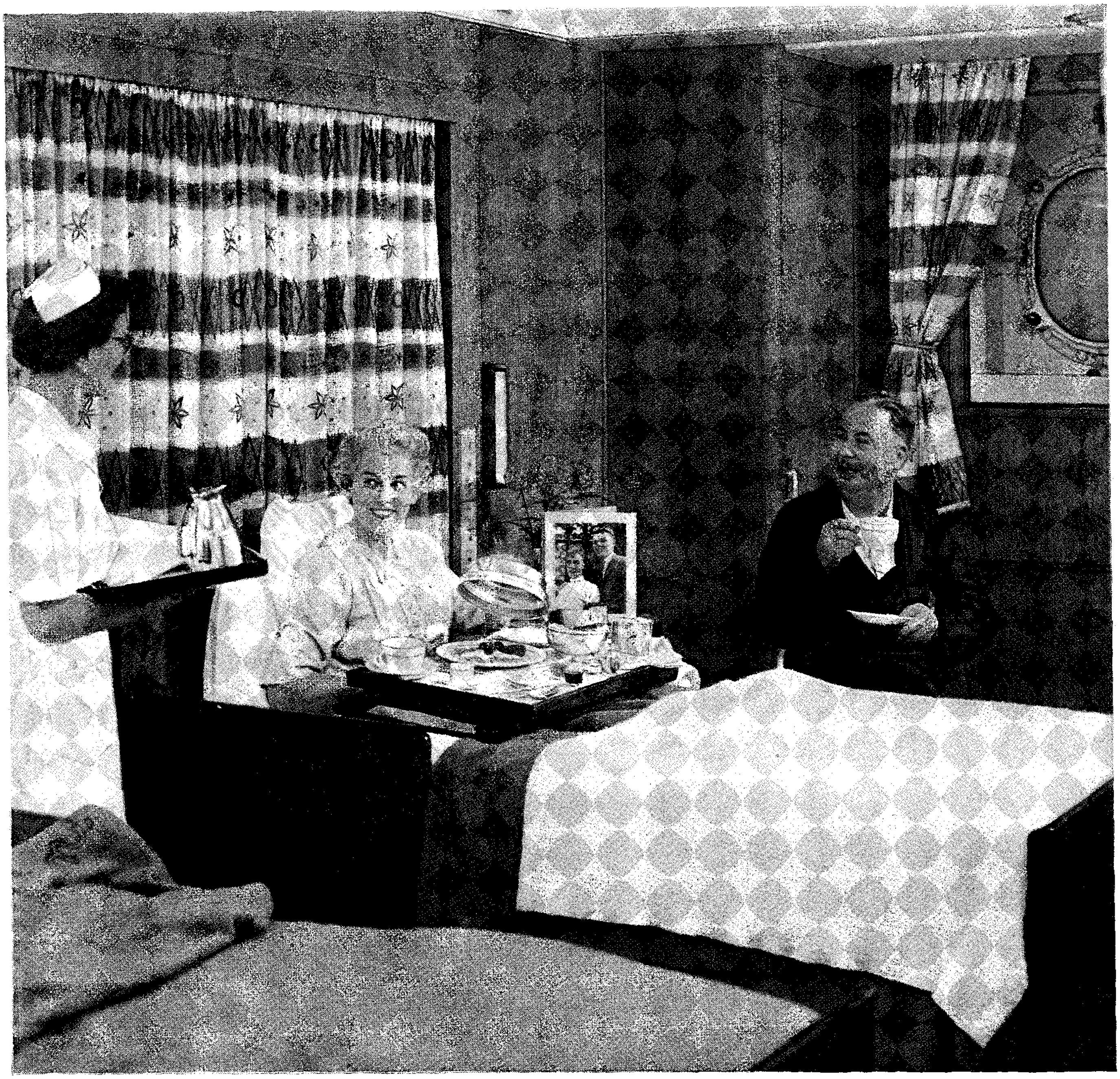

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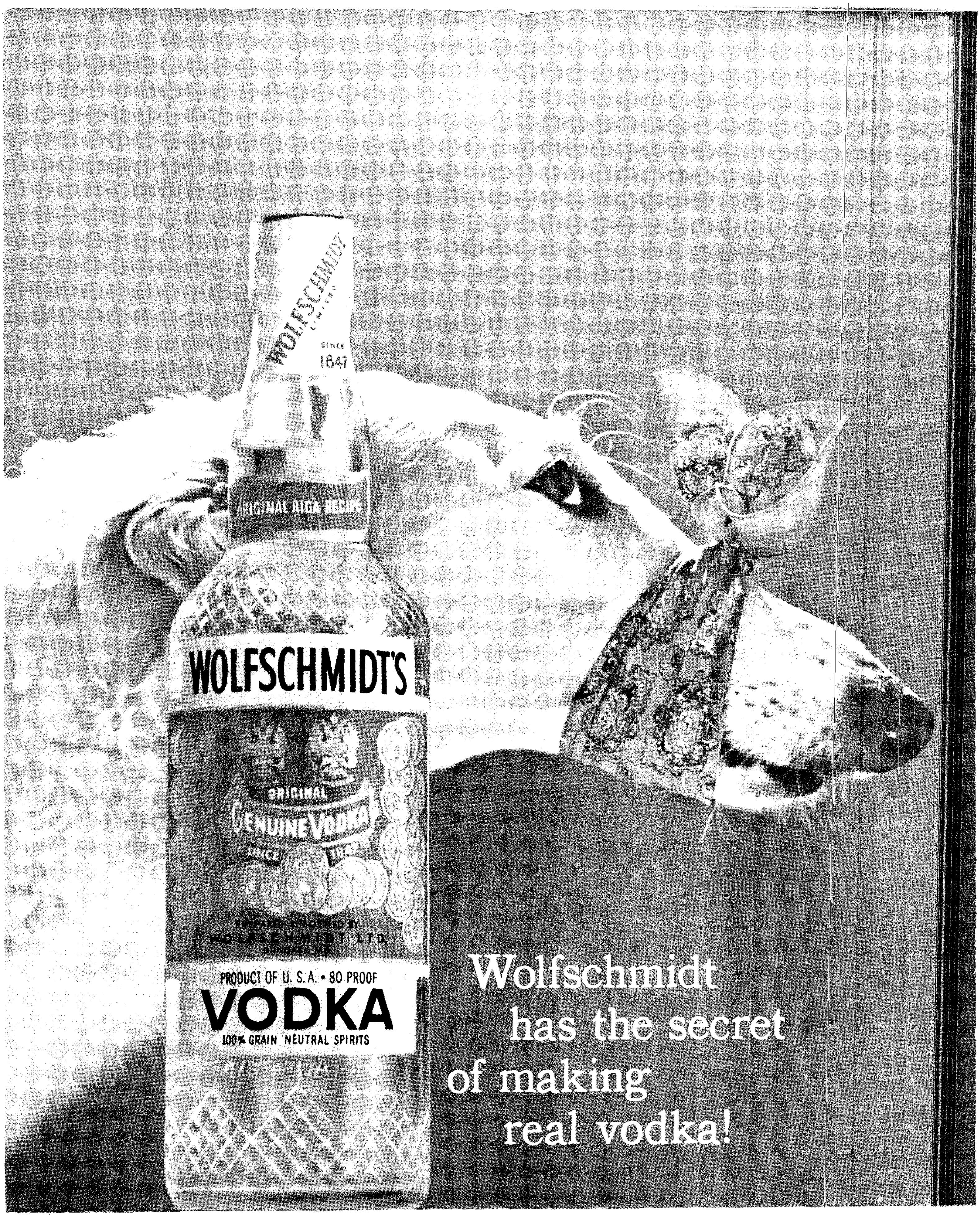

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iend said. "If he doesn't go far
ough, he's got a flop on his hands,
d if he goes too far, he's almost sure
have no show at all. He could even
ind up in prison, I suppose, but that
n't likely. Things still aren't as bad
ere as they are in Russia. Did you
ear about that clown in a Russian cir-
s who, as part of his act, offered the
dience a prize of twenty years hard
bor in Siberia for the best political
ory that could not be told?" I shook
y head. "Well," my friend said, "a
w weeks ago the Russian government
varded *him* the prize."

We stopped for a traffic light, and my
iend stared around him at the Sun-
y-afternoon crowds strolling cheer-
lly along against a background of gray
ins or new buildings under construc-
on. "I hope that clown has a durable
nse of humor," he said sombrely as
e started forward again. "Otherwise,
the end of twenty years that joke the
nsors played on him may wear a bit
in. But there you have it—a man
ever knows. I used to get away with
ips about Stalin by substituting 'the
cture' or 'the plaster bust' for his name.
nce every government office was deco-
ted with pictures and busts of him, the
nsors couldn't have helped knowing
hat I meant, yet for some reason they
dn't interfere. And back in 1954, at a
me when the Soviet secret police were
ting especially nasty, I used the same
rt of device to ridicule that holy of
lies—Soviet Marshal Konstantin Ro-
ssovsky, who was our Defense Minis-
r and the most despised Pole in Poland.
simply changed his name to Murat,
e man Napoleon appointed as his pro-
nsul to rule over nations dominated
France. The audience caught on
ght away. Whether or not the censors
d, I don't know, but they let it ride.
st recently, on the other hand, one
our shows tried to open with a scene
which a man was sitting on the floor
oking up at the sky and at intervals
wly turning his head from left to
ght—obviously watching the recur-
nt passing of a sputnik. After a while,
took a moldy piece of black bread
t of his pocket and, still following the
ogress of the sputnik, began chewing
it. That's all there was to it, but it
as too much for the censors. The
ene had to come out. And back in
55 I got in trouble with them be-
use of a scene in which I told of hav-
g dreamed the night before that I
as lying on a beach in Florida drinking
ange juice and Coca-Cola with Mari-
n Monroe. The tag line was 'Isn't
at wonderful? A year ago, I couldn't

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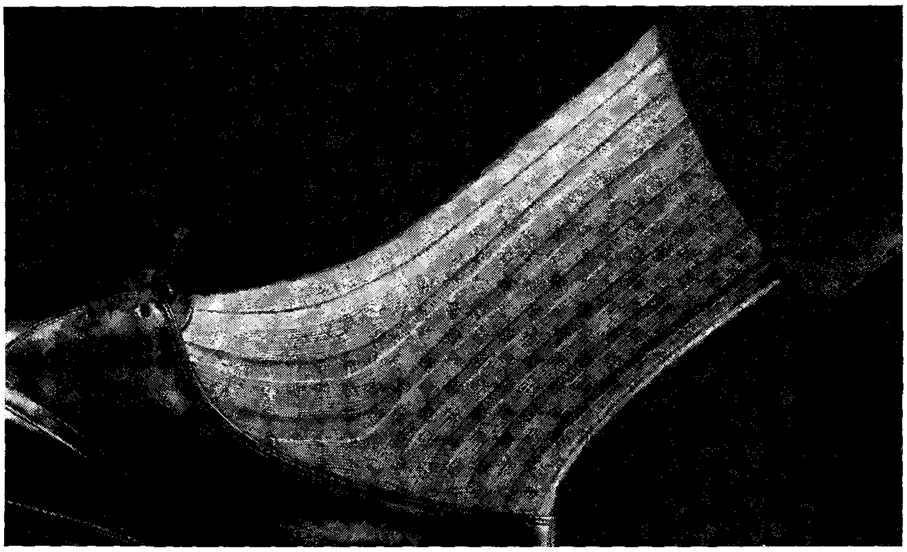

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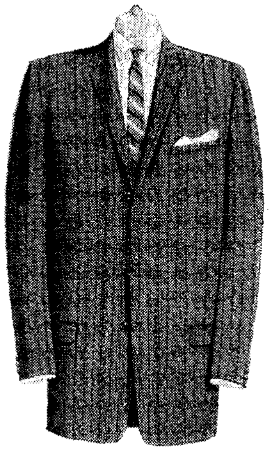

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have *afforded* such a dream.' Even though this implied that things were at least getting better, the censors turned thumbs down on it. That's the way it goes. You never can tell how they're going to react."

WHATEVER the government may think of the Koń, it is permitted to operate in the Palace of Culture itself—in a red-and-ivory *bonbonnière* of a theatre on the second floor, with thick rugs, about six hundred comfortable seats, and a pleasantly intimate atmosphere, which struck me as being singularly at odds with the generally ornate architectural style of the vast structure. When my friend and I arrived, nearly all the seats were occupied, by a mixed group consisting of what I took to be students, members of the working class, bourgeois families, and a few intellectuals.

Soon the lights dimmed, and out of the darkness came the sound of a horse-laugh—the Koń's trademark. As the curtains parted on an empty stage with a black backdrop, a girl at the extreme right of the auditorium played a brief selection on an upright piano. Then a master of ceremonies, wearing gray trousers and a white shirt, advanced to the center of the stage and greeted everybody—members of the government, members of the Party, police, censors, Comrades. He hoped everybody would have a good time, and as he said this, he looked fixedly at the spot where, according to my friend, the censors usually sat. This got a big laugh.

By no means all the implied criticism in the show that followed was of a political nature. The five authors of the production, who in this instance served as the entire cast, too, also poked fun at a number of traits, some admirable and others not, that Poles usually concede to be characteristic of them as a people—courage, pomposity, physical violence, emotional tenderness, gallantry, corruption, bravado, drunkenness, and a tendency to romanticism. Since humor in the theatre, and particularly the humor of pantomime, rarely stands up well on paper, I won't try to describe the performance beyond summarizing a few of the skits, simply as an indication of what Poland's irrepressible professional satirists are thinking about these days—or, at least, what they can admit in public that they are thinking about.

In the first sketch, a thief stole a bag of gold coins, buried it, and was tracked down by a policeman, who then succumbed to temptation and made off

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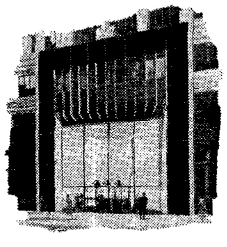

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with the loot himself. The audience thought this quite funny, and a fat man sitting next to me laughed so hard that the whole row of seats shook violently. In another number, the master of ceremonies, after pointing out that the contemporary Polish theatre manages to get along with almost no scenery, costumes, or lighting effects, proposed going one step further and dispensing with actors, too; surely, he said, this audience was capable of imagining a whole show. He thereupon retired to the wings, and for two or three minutes we sat facing a dark and empty stage. When he reappeared, he asked the audience what it thought of this ultramodern production, and was answered by a restless murmuring; the fat man shook his head and mumbled disgustedly.

Then there was a scene in which four Polish soldiers, standing at attention, burst into a sturdy rendition of a song extolling the glory of dying for one's country—a theme that has long been popular in Poland. From offstage came a shouted order, one of the soldiers executed a right face and marched into the wings, and an instant later there was the sound of a shot. The three remaining soldiers looked startled but resolutely went on with the song. At another shouted order, a second soldier departed, another shot was heard, and again the song continued. And so it went with the third soldier, and then with the fourth. After the final shot rang out, most of the audience applauded enthusiastically, but the fat man merely muttered an angry curse. "He's not cursing the show," my friend whispered. "He's cursing himself and all the other Poles who live by such a stupid code."

Memories of the Stalin era were revived in a skit in which a Pole got away with playing "C'est Si Bon"—banned in Poland at the time because of its cynical lyrics—on a harmonica in the presence of some Soviet police by serving up the tune in "Volga Boatman" style and accompanying it with a lively Cossack dance. Next, the five pantomimists appeared driving an imaginary automobile along an imaginary but all too realistically bumpy Polish road. The driver stopped suddenly to avoid running over a hen, whereupon a tire blew out and the car sagged to the right. While the driver was trying to remove the flat, a tire on the other side blew out and the car sagged to the left. Then the engine died, and no amount of vicious kicking by the passengers could bring it back to life; instead, the other two tires went flat, and the car settled into a slough of

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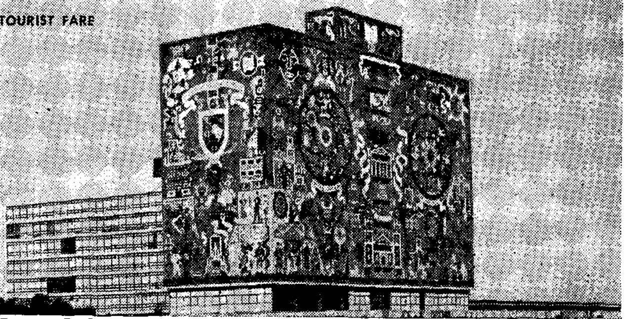

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mud. (*By now, only the most doltish* members of the audience could have failed to identify the car as the Polish state, stranded on a bumpy road to nowhere in particular.) An argument broke out among the motorists, and soon deteriorated into a free-for-all—a commentary on the age-old Polish custom of settling differences of opinion by physical combat. Passengers and car seats alike hurtled through the air before the antagonists, undergoing a sudden change of heart, tearfully embraced one another and wandered off. Nothing had changed; the car was still stuck in the mud, and everybody had been beaten up and was happy in a sad sort of way.

A bit that I liked particularly was a takeoff on a Communist May Day parade, in which the five actors, by remarkable agility backstage, represented all the standard participants—the musicians, the flag-bearers, the fat and bemedalled Soviet general, the smartly marching soldiers, the pompous Party orators, the Party workers, the political hangers-on, and then the crowd, with a bunch of kids straggling along behind. Presently, the parade began to fall apart. One marcher became exhausted and was on the point of collapse, but he staggered on when threatened by a Party gunman. A man and his wife were arrested for engaging in a loud argument when they should have been listening to a patriotic speech. The town drunk got drunker and drunker as the parade continued—the only person to enjoy it, because he had no idea what it was all about. A Party orator suffered a cramp in his jaw and could talk nothing but gibberish. The parade ended in hopeless confusion as the town drunk, now the only marcher, lurched across the stage, waving one of his shoes like a flag.

The Kon show closed on a note of poignant resignation, expressed in a simple number in which the five actors, wearing pajamas and each carrying a lighted candle, appeared on the darkened stage and sang a melancholy song whose key line was "It's nice to go to sleep, for you can dream while you're asleep."

The audience was still cheering the performance when my friend led me backstage and introduced me to the master of ceremonies, who looked tired and drawn. The company was taking the show on the road the next day, he said, and it was always tough in the provinces, where the audiences were not as perceptive as those in Warsaw and the local censors were inclined to be

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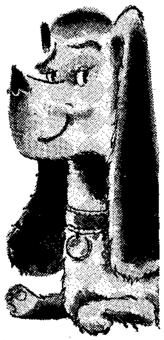

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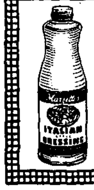

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more meddlesome. "So much depends on the audience in putting these shows across," he said. "It's really part of the cast. We consider ourselves lucky if three-quarters of the customers understand what we're driving at. Fortunately, when they do understand, they laugh. Poles are always ready to laugh at themselves. I'm afraid today's performance wasn't as good as some we've given; we've played this show eighty times, and that's a long run for satire. During its first few weeks, some people got to laughing so hard that they had to leave, and a few times we were obliged to stop the show until things quieted down. Party officials and members of the government have come to see it. I don't know what they really thought of it, but they certainly laughed a lot. One of our scenes, by the way, hasn't clicked with any audience, and I guess it never will. That's the scene about the Polish theatre of the future—a theatre without actors. Some people don't get it, and the ones who do get it don't seem to like it. But we can't do anything to improve it, because we aren't allowed to improvise. That's one of our biggest headaches; once a show has been approved by the censors, nothing in it can be changed."

I remarked that, under such conditions, even the most amiable theatre people must come to loathe the censors. The master of ceremonies shook his head. "On the whole, they're a pretty fair-minded lot," he said. "After all, they have their orders, and those orders are simply a reflection of the political climate in Poland today. Everybody knows that the honeymoon of October, 1956, is over and things are getting tougher again. We'll just have to be more careful now. Smarter, too."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

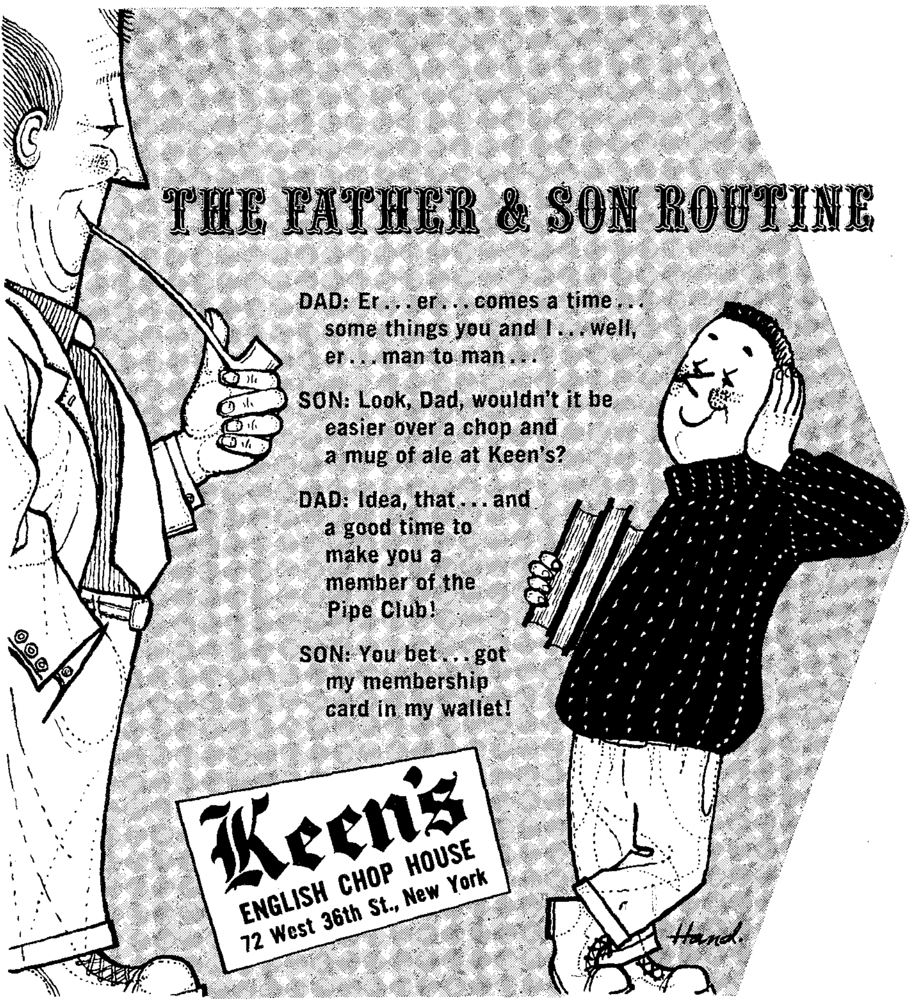
Dr. Krasner is director of the psychotherapy program at the neuropsychiatric clinic of the Englewood Hospital. He said that the group treatment enabled older persons to shed earlier emotional problems and continue their lives on an active basis. Senate symptoms, he reported, are often reversible.—*The Times.*

And there's always the Presidential veto.

•

Mrs. John O. Dieterle of Fox Point, Milwaukee, has given the College a residence near Hebron in Washington County, New York. The house and grounds are near the New Hampshire state line. —*Beloit College Alumni Bulletin.*

That's this damned geophysical year.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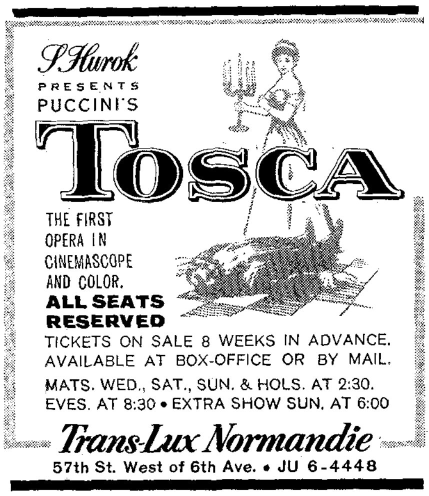
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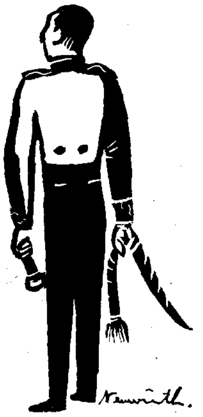

HAVING recently thrown a shoe in "The Barbarian and the Geisha," an attempt to get some dramatic mileage out of the adventures of the first United States consul in Japan, John Huston has made a quick recovery with another alien-clime affair, called "The Roots of Heaven." This time, Mr. Huston is loose on the Dark Continent, as he was when he did the highly satisfactory "The African Queen," and he seems quite happy on the old stamping grounds. It's just possible that he dawdles a bit in telling his tale, and toward the end he tries to hot up his picture with some most unlikely twists of plot, but much of the time he steers his story very skillfully, providing not only a good many incisive scenes but also some vivid views of the steamy landscape against which his actors disport themselves most capably.

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck and based on a novel by Romain Gary, who collaborated with Patrick Leigh-Fermor on the screenplay, "The Roots of Heaven" has to do with a dedicated Englishman (Trevor Howard) who, while spending some time in a Nazi prison camp, and for reasons that are difficult to follow, has become obsessed with the idea of protecting elephants from slaughter at the hands of ivory hunters. Moving on to French Equatorial Africa after the war, he begins his campaign in a fairly orderly fashion by getting up petitions to the effect that the elephant is too noble to be sacrificed to human rapacity. After a while, however, he decides that direct action is necessary, and presently he has formed a band of most oddly assorted characters to help him in his work, among them a well-constructed young lady (Juliette Greco) who has had a hard time in Berlin during the war; a drunken British soldier (Errol Flynn) who has disgraced himself with his regiment by showing the white feather; a Danish naturalist (Frederick Ledebur); a baron (Olivier Hussenot) who is expert in fourteen languages but refuses to speak any of them, because he doesn't like the

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way men in general are conducting themselves; and an American photographer (Eddie Albert) who eventually gets as crazy about elephants as Mr. Howard. Also in evidence is Orson Welles, who portrays an American television broadcaster inflated to the bursting point with his own importance. With a clutch of people like this on hand, Mr. Huston manages to work up humor as well as melodrama, but I'm afraid that when he tries to juggle the characters around as symbols of the human condition, which apparently was Mr. Gary's original intention, they don't seem to have all the significance that he would like them to have. But despite this occasionally bombastic approach, the picture has enough solid material to make it entertaining for half its length or more.

IN "The Seventh Seal," a Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman, we have an imaginative and mystical account of the way things were in fourteenth-century Sweden when the country was gripped by the plague. Tackling a large theme with confidence, Mr. Bergman introduces us to a knight lately arrived home from the Crusades, his squire, and Death. Death has in mind taking the life of the knight, but agrees to a deal by which he will engage the knight in a chess game, thus giving the errant one some time to do a little good on earth. While the game goes on, we meet people who are horrified at the thought of doom and people who are facing their fate with equanimity. And standing out in the crowd are a family of strolling players; a priest who has become a thief; a blacksmith and his overly complaisant wife; and a young witch about to be led to the stake. As you might expect, Death triumphs over the knight, but not until the knight has done his bit of good. While Mr. Bergman may be a trifle obscure at times, he has made a picture that has remarkable graphic style, and a lot more intellectual content than most. His players—Max von Sydow, as the knight; Gunnar Bjornstrand, as the squire; Bengt Ekerot, as Death; Nils Poppe and Bibi Andersson, as the wandering actors; and Maud Hansson, as the witch—are all effective. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, who created the role at La Scala, sings Thomas A. Becket in Pizzetti-Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," making American bow Wednesday at Carnegie Hall.—*The Post.*

Studied under A. Cappella, probably.

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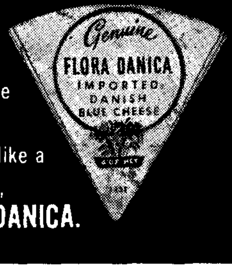

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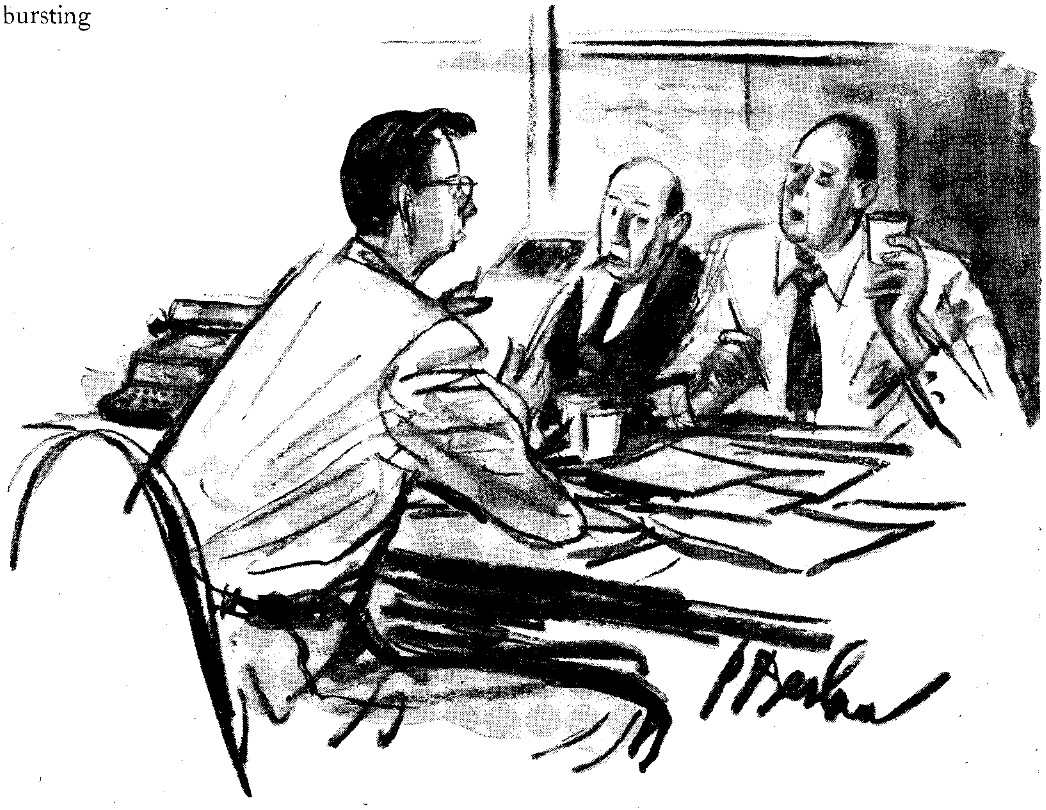
IT is a very fragile partition that divides the charming rogue of fiction from the lout. For it is not the solid stuff of morality that stands between them but the delicate tissue of style. Morally, the rogue and the lout are more or less congruent. Each is selfish and unscrupulous, and each can, on occasion, be downright brutal. But in the lout these qualities are merely offensive, whereas in the rogue they can be oddly attractive—provided the author has taken care to bring about in us the willing suspension of respectability. The rogue will amuse us, while indecorously amusing himself, only as long as his antics are enlivened by the sort of audacious wit and zest that commend themselves to the secret anarch each of us hugs to his bosom. If the rogue should prove deficient in these qualities, even for a moment, our respectability will assert itself once more, and we shall murmur against him, "Well! and I suppose you think you're better than anybody else," or equivalent expressions of private and public morality. The rogue who wishes to be spared our just rebukes must carefully abstain from bursting through the thin partition that separates him from loutishness.

With these considerations in mind, let us take up "The Ginger Man" (McDowell, Obolensky), by J. P. Donleavy, and observe that, depending on the chapter one is reading, its hero may be observed cavorting on either side of the crucial barrier. Sebastian Dangerfield is his name, and he is a young American, enrolled in law at Trinity College in Dublin. Dangerfield is married to an English girl whom he detests and by whom he has had a child. Returning from a visit to her parents, this young lady finds the house a shambles and Dangerfield sleeping off a binge on the kitchen table, having drunkenly taken an axe to his mattress.

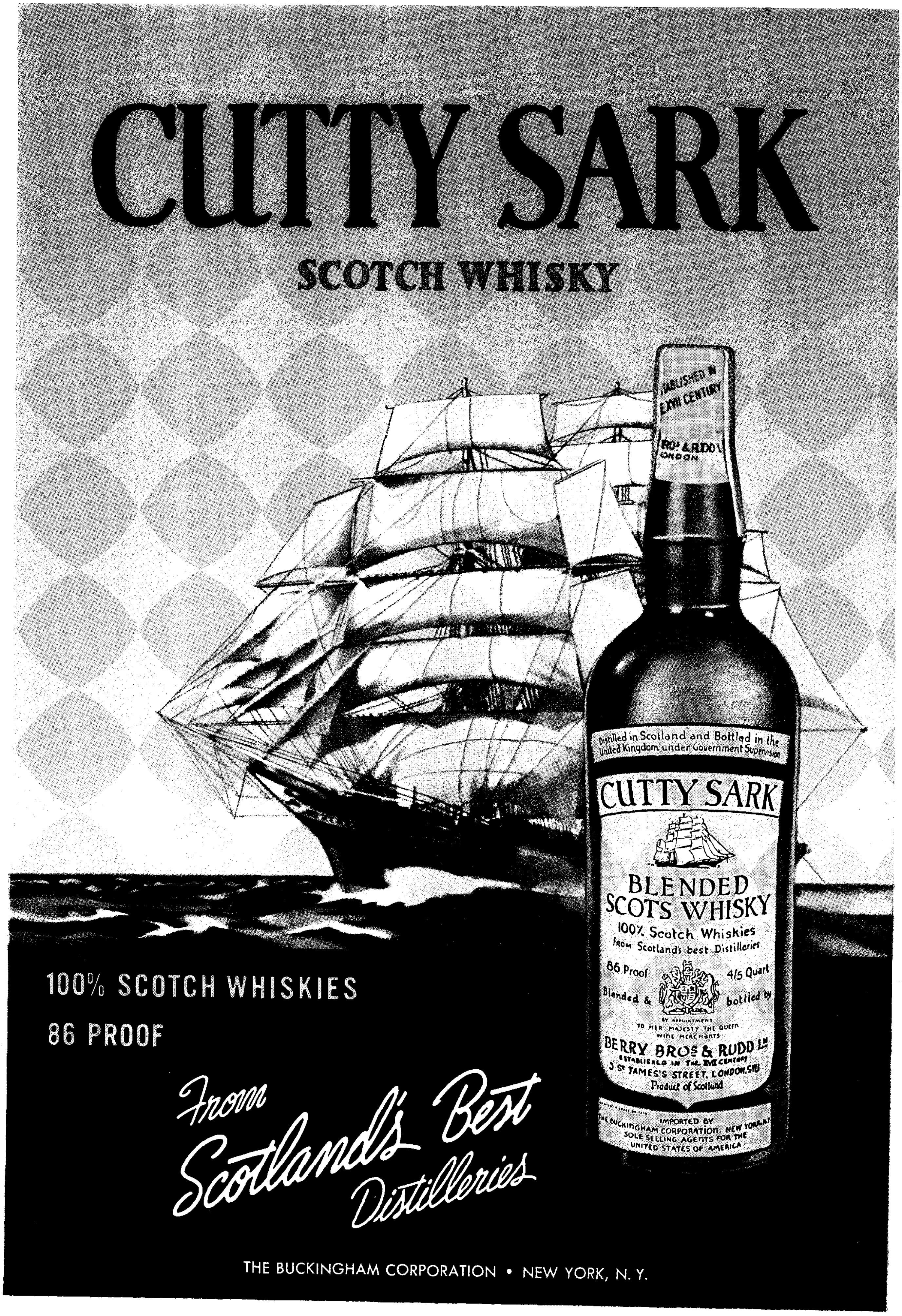
> "I don't intend to go on living like this, do you hear me? Your brazen lies, one after the other and I was trying to get father to do something for us and I come back to this."
>
> "Your father. Your father is a sack of excrement, genteel excrement, as tight as they come. What was he doing, playing battleship in the tub?"
>
> Marion lunged, her slap landing against his jaw. The child began to scream in the nursery. Sebastian up off the table. He drove his fist into Marion's face. She fell backward against the cupboard. Dishes crashing to the floor. In tattered underwear he stood at the nursery door. He kicked his foot through and tore off the lock to open it. Took the child's pillow from under its head and pressed it hard on the screaming mouth.
>
> "I'll kill it, God damn it, I'll kill it, if it doesn't shut up."

Here, here, let's pick on somebody our own size. Scenes like this can only provoke the reader to virulent respectability. Admittedly a rogue may beat his wife, but his act should not be described in such terms as "He drove his fist into Marion's face." The rogue's hand may be heavy, but his touch must always be light. Perhaps a rogue might even try to suffocate a bothersome child, but not, surely, in such an ugly extremity of rage. These are the passions of a lout. And Dangerfield, in the early chapters of "The Ginger Man," does seem hopelessly loutish. He is not zestful, only violent; not crafty, only underhanded; not audacious, only indecent; and his wit, as the passage just cited may illustrate, is oafish. He is a lump. By the time his abused wife deserts him, the reader may be strongly tempted to follow her example.

But if the reader will pursue the novel further, he will observe a remarkable change, amounting almost to reformation, in its hero. The signs are faint at first, a brief flash of comedy in an effort to elude a creditor, a glimmering of wit in an act of bawdiness. But slowly, despite many backslidings into loutishness, Dangerfield struggles toward the rogue's true path. His circumstances, meanwhile, grow steadily more desperate. Not only has he lost all hope of a degree from Trinity but his money and his credit are exhausted. He has pawned everything he owns and a good many things he doesn't own. He is alone in the world, save for two gullible young ladies whom he has seduced and on whose meagre wages he bravely attempts to keep up appearances. He is pursued by creditors with such tenacity that he is obliged to flee to England. At this point, his redemption from oafish-



"It's out of character. Lassie wouldn't bark right there. I think she'd be more apt to raise her head suspiciously and sort of whimper."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ness is three-quarters complete, for his character has improved as his circumstances have worsened. Here we see him on the day of his departure:

> Sebastian got a shopping bag from the garage. He moved around the kitchen filling it. Delft. Tell Mr. Gleason this cutlery is heirloomic. And a tea pot and one mixing bowl. Bag breaking down the sides. Greed befouling me. Ought to tell meself the story about the men in the boat in the West who filled it with loot till they all sank. Miserable micks.
>
> In the bathroom. He wrapped Miss Frost's soap in the oily sort of paper the Americans are great for. Can't beat us when it comes to wrapping something up. Tie this with a nice ribbon. Hanging here are Miss Frost's nylons. Dear me, I am somewhat of a thief. Poor Lilly, but do realize it's the awful plight made me take them. . . .
>
> Sebastian back into the morning room. Through the letters. One from the landladies.
>
> Dear Mr. Dangerfield,
>
> We hope everything is satisfactory, however, we would like to remind you that you are considerably in arrears—.
>
> Fix that with a little note.
>
> My dear Misses Burton,
>
> It has become incumbent upon me to make an extended business trip to Tangiers. I have taken every precaution in closing the house, having had a man from Cavandish's to polish and cover all furniture except the hall stand, and a man from a reputable ironmonger's to check the locks on doors and windows.
>
> I know that you must feel a little anxious about the garden and I am sure you will be glad to know I have gotten in touch with the Department of Agriculture to take samples of the soil so that I may have it properly prepared for a spring sowing. As soon as I have their report in my hands I shall have steps taken to have the garden brought up to standard.
>
> I realize you must feel a certain disquiet concerning the rent now outstanding, however, upon my immediate return from Morocco I shall send a draft to you through my bank and bring the rent up to date.
>
> The weather of late has been rather unfortunate but perhaps it will make the spring an even greater pleasure. Both Mrs. Dangerfield, who is presently holidaying in Scotland, and I extend our very best regards to you both and look forward to having you to tea upon our return.
>
> He licked the stale glue and sealed the envelope. I'll give satisfaction if only illusory.

Clearly, this is an advance over the first passage quoted. Dangerfield's stream of consciousness has been augmented by Irish tributaries—e.g., "Poor Lilly, but do realize it's the awful plight made me take them"—and these contribute greatly to his regeneration. He has, in fact, so far forgotten his native tongue as to speak, whenever the opportunity presents itself, in a richly sloothering vein. "And sure," says

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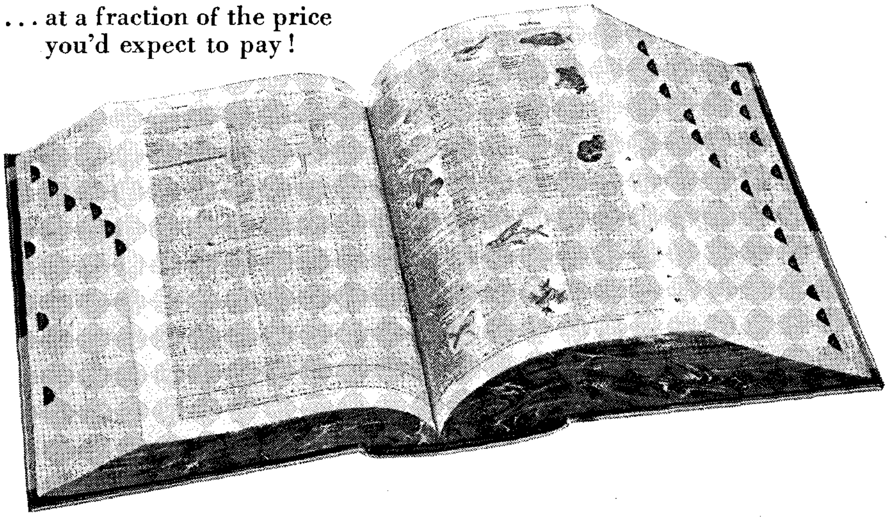

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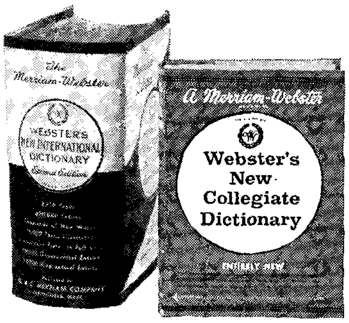

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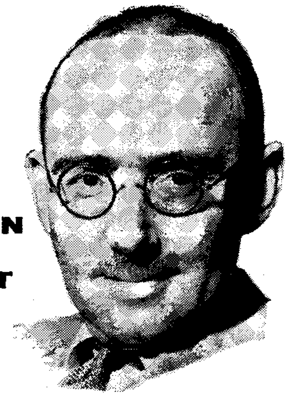

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Dangerfield, "it's only the sociability that makes me drink." Indeed, he appears to be in a state of suspended nationality. It is possible that Mr. Donleavy, after hovering about his hero for a dozen chapters in the manner of an irresolute haberdasher, fitting him out first as an Angry Young Man, then as an Expatriate Bohemian, has finally determined to clothe him in the reliable garments of the traditional Irish rogue. And it must be said that this costume fits Dangerfield to perfection. He wags his legs in it, shoots his cuffs, and steps boldly forth as one newborn—a beguiling, thieving, drunken, delectable scamp. Dangerfield's adventures in London are a triumph of comic writing and, this being Mr. Donleavy's first novel, they promise immense good things for the future. There is an irresistible gusto about this later Dangerfield, and a surprising touch of melancholy. One is sorry it wasn't possible to make his acquaintance earlier in the novel, and sorry to lose it so soon. For although his morals remain deplorable, his manner has become superb. He has acquired style. As if to emphasize the aesthetic distance he has travelled since his old wife-beating days, Dangerfield, as the novel draws to a close, is thrashing yet another defenseless woman, but in the liveliest manner imaginable. He has become a thorough rogue.

—DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HEART FLIGHTS, by Félicien Marceau, translated from the French by David Hughes and Marie-Jacqueline Mason (Abelard-Schuman). Here we have the face and movement of tragedy and the air of comedy. Denise de Gaugrand, twenty-eight years old, makes a final, desperate effort to escape the tentacles flung around her life by the lethargy and fearful greed of her parents, and fails. The parents, of good birth but with their family fortunes and all their family spirit gone, live in eccentric seclusion in a battered mansion outside Paris. Denise is the only child of the house. What Mme. de Gaugrand wants from her daughter is amusement—exactly the same amusement that some human beings get from watching a cat pat a mouse to death, except that Denise is too foolish and physically too sturdy to die. What Denise's father wants from her is in another realm of desire. His need may most simply be classified as the

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need for nourishment; he wants her young blood to give color to his days and reassurance to his declining years. Others in the story are a spineless antique dealer for whom Denise conceives her fatal passion—he is the only man she knows—and a fierce but aging maidservant, whose battle for Denise's liberation is comical and futile. M. Marceau has wit, style, humor, a sense of pity, a sense of gaiety, and a knowledge of writing.

LOVE AFFAIR, by Robert Carson (Holt). The rise, first fall, and first comeback of Kit McClaren, a charming, generally nice young movie star of limited mentality who wants to keep his stardom, and also wants to keep his integrity fresh and bright. Exactly what Kit is thinking of when he uses the word "integrity" is never made clear, because his story moves too fast among too many different scenes and people to allow any serious delving into personality, character, or motive. Kit's wife, a foulmouthed young person with a tiny but extra-sharp brain, is the other important person in the book, which is dominated by a great mass, almost a faceless mob, of Hollywood folk—directors, teachers of acting, press agents, narcissistic movie stars and nymphomaniac movie stars, imperturbable movieland servants, several creatures of different trades and sexes but all representing the lust for power, and so on. Mr. Carson, a good-humored writer, smothers his irony to a regrettable extent under a snowstorm of words, words, words, but his authority over his material is evident, and his work is generally entertaining and occasionally very funny.

EARTHSHAKER, by Robert W. Krepps (Macmillan). A pure-and-simple adventure story of Africa in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Maria, an English girl of unusual spirit and beauty, is happy but restless with her husband, a Boer farmer named Ernst Prinsloo. Ernst has his eye on an enormous hoard of diamonds belonging to Lobengula, powerful king of the Matabele tribe. The Lobengula diamonds are also coveted by Gabriel Decker, a reckless American whose arrival throws Maria into a state of confusion, because she cannot understand how she can be in love with her husband and at the same time be attracted to Decker. Fortunately, Prinsloo turns out to be a bad man—no good at all—and Maria's conscience clears

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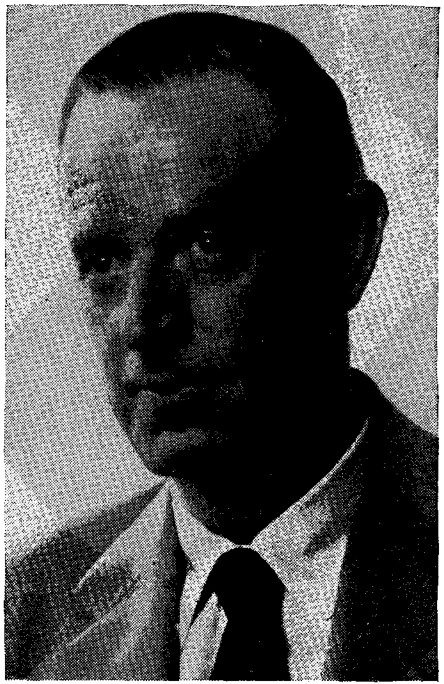

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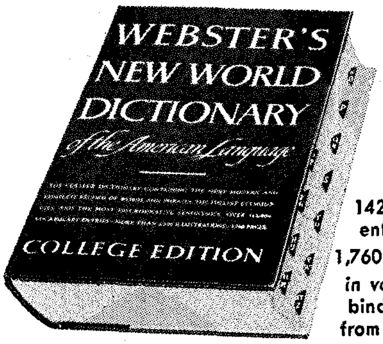

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up nicely. The whole affair has a tidy ending, with prosperity enthroned and domesticity rampant.

JACOB, by Jean Cabriès, translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins (Dutton). The hero of this novel is the Jacob of Genesis, and the story is a fictional enlargement of the Biblical text: Jacob tricks his brother Esau out of his birthright and paternal blessing; is tricked, in turn, by his uncle Laban into marrying his cousin Leah as well as his cousin Rachel; prospers; wrestles with the angel; and, returning home, finds that Esau has forgiven him. M. Cabriès' subsidiary characters, concerned with acquiring property, improving their herds, and making good matches for their children, resemble most large landowners everywhere, and Jacob differs from them only in sharing his family's peculiar preoccupation with their own God. Whatever the originals may have really been like, M. Cabriès' patriarchs are entirely convincing, and his narrative vivacity carries the familiar events along at a lively, interesting clip.

GAZELLA, by Stuart Cloete (Houghton Mifflin). A brightly colored, lavishly padded story about rich, handsome, sensitive, sophisticated, discontented people of various nationalities who meet—some by accident and some not—in Africa. The plot centers, in a fashion, on one man's determination to stalk and kill an old and legendary elephant, but Mr. Cloete's main interest seems to be in describing the tangled past lives and the present dilemmas of his glamorous cast, and he has a lively gift for such description. Among these glamorous ones are a sinuous half-Zulu dancer of extraordinary beauty and appeal, a French adventuress whose pretty glances conceal an important secret, an American millionaire with a half-broken heart, and a gigantic Englishman of ancient lineage and great wealth who has four African wives and a completely broken heart.

THE BRONC PEOPLE, by William Eastlake (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Eastlake has barricaded a rather sentimental story about the growing up in modern New Mexico of two boys—a rancher's son and an orphaned Negro—behind a nervous, seemingly wry and ironic viewpoint (which functions extremely well when he is dealing with Indians) and a style (he has obviously ab-

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sorbed, if not digested, all of Hemingway) that is invariably bridling and self-conscious. The result is a novel of mannerisms that, often as not, takes the form of mysterious, clacking dialogue like this:

"Funny?"
"Tragic."
"Tragic?"
"It was weird."
"Funny, tragic, or weird?"
"Weird is the closest."
"Then it was weird."
"Not exactly . . ."

GENERAL

THE SHELTERING DESERT, by Henno Martin, translated from the German by Edward Fitzgerald (Nelson). When the Second World War began, the author, a German geologist living at Windhoek, in South-West Africa, found himself with three possible choices of action: he could submit to internment by the British authorities, he could beat his way back to Germany and fight for the Third Reich, or he could light out and hide. He chose the last, and with a like-minded friend, also a German geologist, fled into the rocky desolation of the Namib Desert, which stretches between Windhoek and the Atlantic coast. They remained there for nearly three years, and in this book—the product of a neat hand, a scientific eye, and a perceptive mind—he describes their long, hard, and triumphantly successful experiment in adapting their bodies (muscles, nerves, and stomach) to the life of paleolithic man while remaining twentieth-century intellectuals. The result is an absorbing adventure that can hardly be too highly recommended. Illustrated with many superb photographs by the author, and end-paper maps.

EAST TO WEST: A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD, by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford). On a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, Mr. and Mrs. Toynbee travelled around the world for seventeen months during 1956 and 1957, looking for anything that might suggest revisions in Mr. Toynbee's "A Study of History." This book is a collection of impressions Mr. Toynbee sent back from the trip to the London *Observer*. For the most part, he visited places that tourists don't—Indian ruins in the Andes, Khmer ruins in the Cambodian jungles, Semitic ruins in Arabian deserts—and thus he could have been of great service to thoughtful

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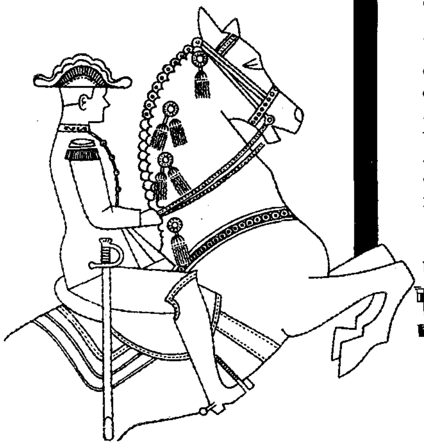

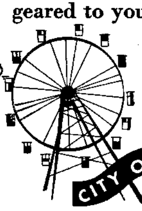

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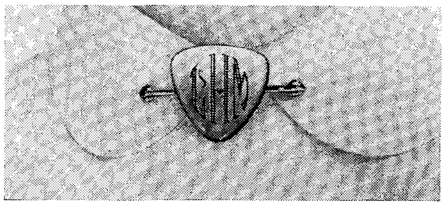
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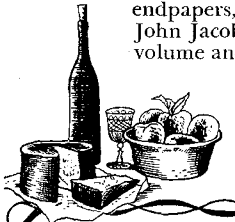

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stay-at-homes. Unfortunately, Mr. Toynbee's prose is nearly unreadable, being a hash of affectations that include bizarre exclamations ("But what about the Maharashtrian, with his masterful character and his unforgotten past political greatness? Shades of Shivaji, Ghokale and Tilak! Are their kinsmen to resign themselves to becoming Gujerat's helots?"), coy bits of autobiography ("Waking up sixty-eight years old, I found myself wondering what I could still do. When I had been only sixty-seven, I had scrambled up to the Deir. . . . That, though, had been yesterday. What could I do today?"), unlikely apostrophes ("And therefore, O termites, you had better line up with Mr. Nehru and work with all your might for compromise and coexistence"), doughy rhetorical questions ("So what is civilization? Which of us has the last word?"), and whopping anticlimaxes ("And will [India] succeed in her international policy of trying to persuade Russia and America to resign themselves to coexistence? As this is the only practical alternative to an atomic third world war, it is a major concern of the human race that the Indian policy of peace-making should not fail. And anyway, whether it fails or succeeds, it is a matter of great interest for the contemporary historian").

SOMEONE WILL DIE TONIGHT IN THE CARIBBEAN, by René Puissesseau, translated from the French by Stephen Becker (Knopf). This little book (it runs a scant two hundred pages) is an account of a singular holiday in the West Indies in the summer of 1955. Not only did M. Puissesseau, an editor of *France-Soir*, choose for his ports of call the tiniest and most uncomfortable of the Leeward Islands (Sombrero, Saint-Barthélemy, Barbuda, Saint Kitts, Nevis) but the company he kept was also out-of-the-way—beachcombers, smugglers, ex-convicts, knife-fighters, pellagrous poor whites of all nations. Just why these lame ducks so hospitably accepted him (as he says they did) and confided to him their raffish pasts (as he excitedly relates) and permitted him to accompany them on their wanderings in search of an illegal living (as he describes in full detail) is far from clear, but it cannot be denied that his progress through that sunbaked underworld, which ended with his near demise in Hurricane

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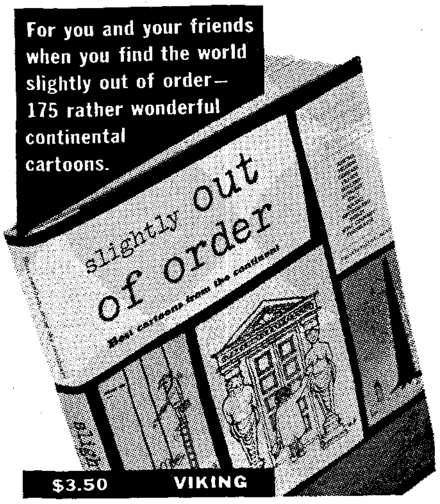

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MR. CHURCHILL'S SECRETARY, by Elizabeth Nel (Coward-McCann). In this engaging little memoir, the author tells of her four years, from 1941 to 1945, as one of Prime Minister Churchill's personal secretaries. Mrs. Nel (then Miss Elizabeth Layton) was a young Canadian girl working in wartime London when, out of the blue, she was chosen to join the secretarial staff at No. 10 Downing Street. Soon afterward, she was taking dictation from the great man both there and at Chequers, often working until four-thirty in the morning and beginning again at eight, at his bedside. It was not an easy life. Churchill was often edgy and always demanding, insistent on perfection, and impatient of any kind of inefficiency; errors, particularly in transcription or in spelling, drove him wild. ("Where on earth were you educated? Haven't you ever heard of *Trincomalee*?") Mrs. Nel, however, revered him to a point just this side of idolatry, and she draws a sympathetic and often amusing portrait of one of the great stars of our time. Photographs.

THE ZIMMERMANN TELEGRAM, by Barbara W. Tuchman (Viking). The famous incident that helped to change President Wilson's mind and put the United States into the First World War, retold in elaborate detail and with full documentation. The cryptography and espionage parts of the story are marvellous—highest jinks in Ruritania—but Mrs. Tuchman abandons them for whole chapters of chatty historical background, and her book is a shapeless and maddening confusion of flashbacks and flash-forwards. It is probably all worth it, though, just for the sake of such bits as the German Ambassador to Mexico assuring his superiors that *his* office could not have leaked the code, since all telegrams were safely read to him by his secretary "at night, in a low voice."

ARTIST'S LIFE, by Angna Enters (Coward-McCann), and AND PROMENADE HOME, by Agnes de Mille (Atlantic-Little, Brown). In these two books, two leading ladies in the world of ballet, each of an entirely different temperament, have their say about a lot of things, including art in general, their personal lives, and the people they have met. Miss Enters is—as those who know her

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work on the stage and as a painter, sculptor, and writer might expect—the more subjective of the two, and her book has the somewhat jerky character of a diary put together at odd moments of reflection. It will probably interest only those who are already fascinated by Miss Enters herself and can accept it as a string of interesting footnotes to her career. Miss de Mille's book, on the other hand, ought to entertain practically everybody, since she is a born comedienne, both as a dancer and as an author. Her rapid portraits of such collaborators of hers in the ballet and in the Broadway theatre as S. J. Perelman, Sol Hurok, Oscar Hammerstein, Sono Osato, and Anton Dolin are vivid and mordantly witty; her account of the backstage chaos that accompanies the production of a Broadway musical is engrossing; and the autobiographical part of the book—which concerns her rather frantic wartime romance with her present husband, Walter Prude, and her difficulties in trying to be a career woman and a housewife at the same time—is related with wry hilarity, even though it has its heart-wringing moments.

A CENTURY OF DARWIN, edited by S. A. Barnett (Harvard). To commemorate the centenary of the theory of natural selection, fifteen scientists and scholars have written chapters on its influence in their fields. The conclusion is that Darwin's ideas are still remarkably fertile in a wide variety of disciplines. The outstanding contributions are J. M. Thoday's on "Natural Selection and Biological Progress," which tries to determine what "the fittest" really means; J. Maynard Smith's on "Sexual Selection," which is curiously racy about fruit-fly courtship; and Donald Michie's on "The Third Stage in Genetics," which marshals some of the latest experiments in the field—among them a number of Russian ones—to support the author's bold claim that Darwin's Lamarckian genetics is still ten years in advance of our time. Illustrated.

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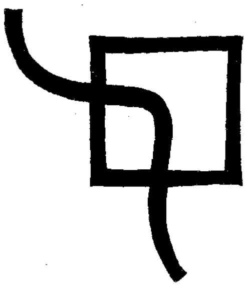

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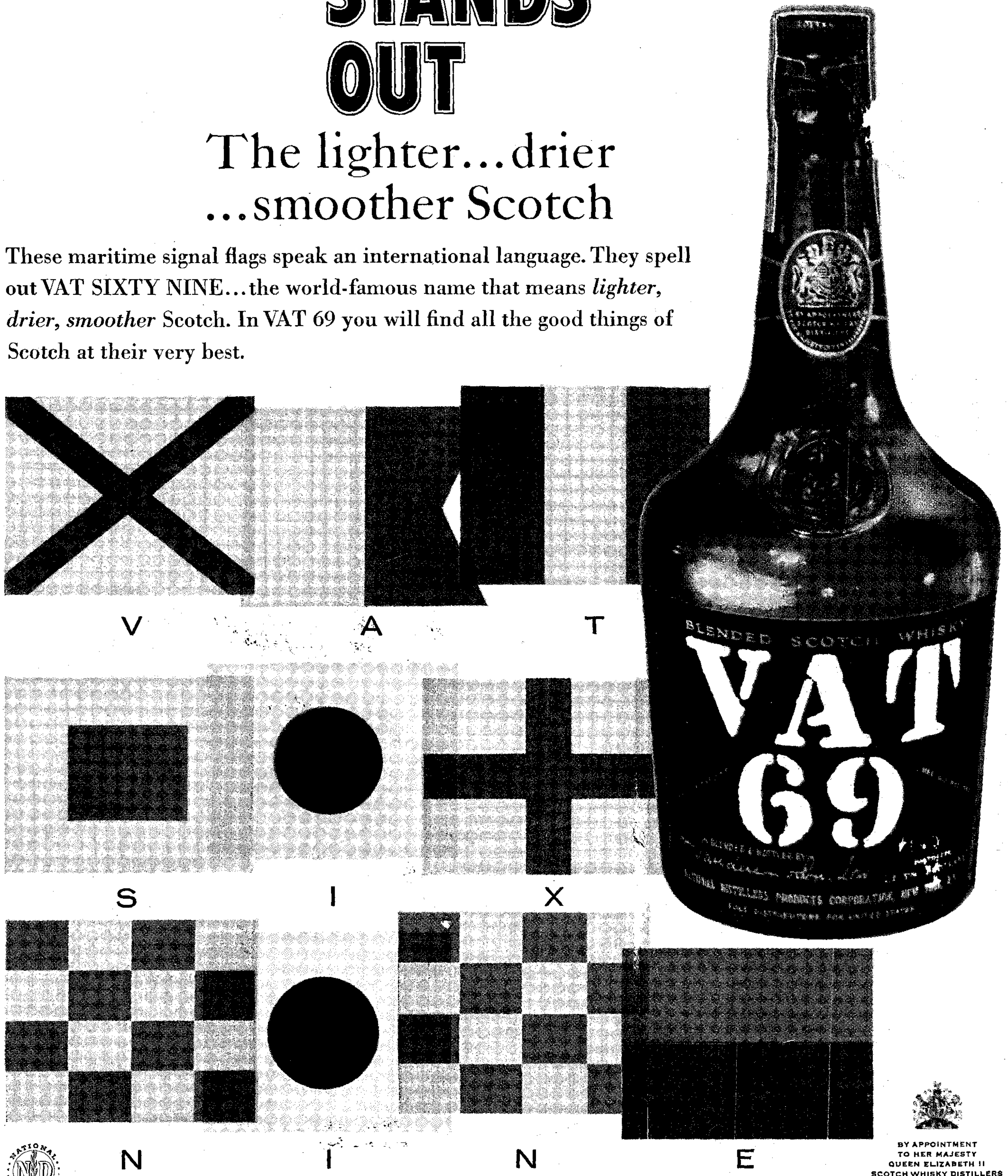
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